

THE
WORKS
OF

CELEBRATED AUTHORS,

Of whose WRITINGS there are but
small Remains.

VOLUME *the* SECOND

Containing the WORKS of

GEORGE STEPNEY, *Esq*;

WILLIAM WALSH, *Esq*;

THOMAS TICKELL, *Esq*;

AND

POEMS *by* Bishop SPRAT.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the Strand.

MDCCL.

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OF THE



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LONDON

Printed for J. and R. Gorton and S. J. A. L. R.

1811



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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE

WORKS

OF

GEORGE STEPNEY, *Esq;*

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

VOL. II.

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GEORGE STEPHENS

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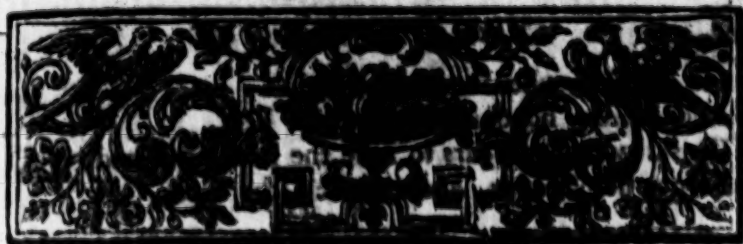
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GEORGE STEPHENS

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TO
KING JAMES II.

UPON HIS

Accession to the THRONE.

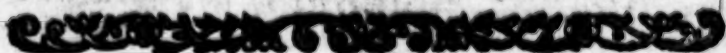
The Author then of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

A Victors lose the Trouble they sustain
In greater Trophies which the Triumphs
gain;
And Martyrs, when the joyful Crown is
giv'n,
Forget the Pain, by which they purchas'd
Heav'n:

So when the Phoenix of our Empire dy'd,
And with a greater Heir the empty Throne supply'd;
Your Glory dissipates our mournful Dew,
And turns our Grief for Charles to Joy for you.
Mysterious Fate! whose one Decree could prove,
The high Extreme of Cruelty and Love!

May then no Flight of a blaspheming Muse
Those wise Resolves of Providence accuse,
Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious Weight,
Since stronger Hercules supports the State.
England no more shall penive Thoughts employ
On him, she's lost; but him, she has, enjoy.

So *Ariadne*, when her Lover fled,
 And *Bacchus* honour'd the deserted Bed,
 Cens'd with her Tears to raise the swelling Flood,
 Forgot her *Theseus*, and embrac'd the God.



On the University of Cambridge's burning the
 Duke of MONMOUTH's Picture, 1685.
 who was formerly their Chancellor. — In
 Answer to this Question,

— Sed quid

*Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit
 Damnatos. —*

YES, fickle *Cambridge*, *Perkins* found this true
 Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
 With what Applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
 And begg'd a Copy of his godlike Face;
 But when the sage Vice-chancellor was sure
 The Original in Limbo lay secure,
 As greasy as himself he sends a Lister
 To vent his loyal Malice on the Picture.
 The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
 To save the Image of the tall young Man,
 Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
 That with strong Thoughts she might improve her Race;
 But all in vain, since the wise House conspire
 To damn the canvas Traitor to the Fire,
 Lest it, like Bones of *Scanderbeg*, incite
 Scythe-men next Harvest to renew the Fight.
 Then in comes Mayor *Eagle*, and does gravely alledge,
 He'll subscribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge:
 But the Man of *Clareball* that Proffer refuses,
 'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses;
 And orders ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
 On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James*:
 And

GEORGE STEPNEY, Esq;

And swears he will borrow of the Provost more Stuff
On the Marriage of *Anne*, if that ben't enough.
The Heads, lest he get all the Profit t'himself,
Too greedy of Honour, too lavish of Pelf,
This Motion deny, and vote that *Tite Tillet*
Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
The Kindness was common, and so they'd return it,
The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonfire together,
As they club for a Cheese in the Parish of *Cbedder*;
Confusedly crowd on the Sophs and the Doctors,
The Hangman, the Townsmen, their Wives and the
Proctors,

While the Troops from each part of the Countries in Ale,
Come to quaff his Confusion in Bumpers of Stale;
But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her Absence their Folly rebuke,
The tender Creature could not see his Fate,
With whom she'd danc'd a Minuet so late.
The Heads who never could hope for such Frames,
Out of Envy condemn'd sixscore Pounds to the Flames,
Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiss,
As if being a Traitor had alter'd his Phis:
So the Rabble of *Rome*, whose Favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and brass Kettles.

An Epistle to CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq; on his Majesty's Voyage to Holland.

S I R,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
An Art I've either lost, or never knew,
Pleas'd my past Follies kindly to commend,
And fondly lose the Critick in the Friend;
Tho' my warm Youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull insensibly betray'd,

I'll contradict the Humour of the Times,
 Inclind to Bus'ness, and averſe to Rhymes,
 And to obey the Man I love, in ſpite
 Of the World's Genius, and my own, I'll write.

But think not that I vainly do aſpire
 To rival what I only would admire,
 The Heat and Beauty of your manly Thought,
 And Force like that with which your Hero fought;
 Like *Sampſon's* Riddle is that powerful Song,
 Sweet as the Honey, as the Lion ſtrong;
 The Colours there ſo artfully are laid,
 They fear no Luſtre and they want no Shade;
 But ſhall of Writing a juſt Model give,
 While *Bojne* ſhall ſtand, and *William's* Glory live.

Yet ſince his ev'ry Act may well inſuſe
 Some happy Rapture in the humbleſt Muſe,
 Tho' mine deſpairs to reach the wondrous Height,
 She prunes her Pinions, eager of the Flight;
 The King's the Theme, and I've a Subject's Right.
 When *William's* Deeds, and reſcu'd *Europe's* Joy
 Do ev'ry Tongue and ev'ry Pen employ,
 'Tis to think Treafon ſure, to ſhew no Zeal,
 And not to write, is almoſt to rebel.

Let *Albion* then forgive her meanest Son,
 Who would continue what her beſt begun;
 Who, leaving Conqueſts, and the Pomp of War,
 Would ſing the pious King's divided Care;
 How eagerly he ſaw when *Europe's* Fate
 Did for the Seed of future Actions wait;
 And how two Nations did with tranſport boaſt,
 Which was beloved, and lov'd the Victor moſt:
 How joyful *Belgia* gratefully prepar'd
 Trophies and Vows for her returning Lord;
 How the fair *Iſle* with rival Paſſion ſtrove,
 How by her Sorrow ſhe expreſs'd her Love,
 When he withdrew from what his Arm had freed,
 And how ſhe bleſs'd his way, yet ſigh'd, and ſaid:

Is it decreed my Hero ne'er shall rest,
 Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess'd?
 Scarce had I met his Virtue with my Throne,
 By Right, by Merit, and by Arms his own,
 But *Ireland's* Freedom, and the War's Alarms,
 Call'd him from me, and his *Maria's* Charms.
 O gen'rous Prince, too prodigally kind!
 Can the diffusive Goodness of your Mind
 Be in no Bounds, but of the World confin'd?
 Should sinking Nations summon you away,
Maria's Love might justify your Stay.
 Imperfectly the many Vows are paid,
 Which for your Safety to the Gods were made,
 While on the *Boyle* they labour'd to out-do
 Your Zeal for *Albion* by their Care for you;
 When too-impatient of a glorious Ease,
 You tempt new Dangers on the winter Seas.
 The *Belgick* State has rested long secure
 Within the Circle of thy guardian Pow'r;
 Rear'd by thy Care that noble Lion, grown
 Mature in Strength, can range the Woods alone:
 When to my Arms they did the Prince resign,
 I blest'd the Change, and thought him wholly mine;
 Conceiv'd long Hopes I jointly shou'd obey
 His stronger, and *Maria's* gentle Sway:
 He fierce as Thunder, she as Lightning bright;
 One my Defence, and t'other my Delight:
 Yet go—where Honour calls the Hero go:
 Nor let your Eyes behold how mine do flow;
 Go meet your Country's Joy, your Virtue's due;
 Receive their Triumphs, and prepare for new;
 Enlarge my Empire, and let *France* afford
 The next large Harvest to thy prosp'rous Sword:
 Again in *Crecy* let my Arms be rear'd,
 And o'er the Continent *Britannia* fear'd:
 While under *Mary's* tutelary Care,
 Far from the Danger, or the Noise of War,

In honourable Pleasure I possess
 The Spoils of Conquest, and the Charms of Peace.
 As the great Lamp by which the Globe is bless'd,
 Constant in Toil, and ignorant of Rest,
 Through diff'rent Regions does his Course pursue,
 And leaves one World but to revive a new ;
 While, by a pleasing Change, the Queen of Night
 Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light :
 So when your Beams do distant Nations chear,
 The Partner of your Crown shall mount the Sphere,
 Able alone my Empire to sustain,
 And carry on the Glories of thy Reign——
 But why has Fate maliciously decreed,
 That greatest Blessings must by Turns succeed ?

Here she relented, and would urge his stay
 By all that Fondness and that Grief could say ;
 But soon did her presaging Thoughts employ
 On Scenes of Triumphs and returning Joy.
 Thus, like the Tide, while her unconstant Breast
 Was swell'd with Rapture, by Despair depress'd,
 Fate call'd ; the Hero must his way pursue,
 And her Cries lessen'd as the Shore withdrew.

The Winds were silent, and the gentle Main
 Bore an auspicious Omen of his Reign ;
 When *Neptune*, owning whom those Seas obey,
 Nodded, and bade the cheerful *Tritons* play.
 Each chose a diff'rent Subject for their Lays,
 But *Orange* was the burden of their Praise :
 Some in their Strains up to the Fountain run,
 From whence this Stream of Virtue first begun ;
 Others chose Heroes of a later Date,
 And sung the ¹ Founder of the neighb'ring State ;
 How daringly he Tyranny withstood,
 And seal'd his Country's Freedom with his Blood ;
 Then to the two illustrious ² Brethren came,
 The glorious Rivals of their Father's Fame ;

¹ William.

² Maurice and Henry.

And to the 3 Youth, whose pregnant Hopes out-ran
The Steps of Time, and early shew'd the Man;
For whose Alliance Monarchs did contend,
And gave a Daughter to secure a Friend.
But as by Nature's Law the Phenix dies,
That from its Urn a nobler Bird may rise,
So Fate ordain'd the 4 Parent soon should set,
To make the Glories of his Heir compleat.

At *William's* Name each fill'd his vocal Shell,
And on the happy Sound rejoic'd to dwell:
Some sung his Birth, and how discerning Fate
Sav'd infant Virtue against powerful Hate;
Of pois'nous Snakes by young *Alcides* quell'd,
And Palms that spread the more, the more withheld.
Some sung *Senesse*, and early Wonders done
By the bold Youth, himself a War alone;
And how his firmer Courage did oppose
His Country's foreign and intestine Foes;
The Lion he, who held their Arrows close.
Others sung *Persus*, and the injur'd Maid,
Redeem'd by the wing Warrior's timely Aid;
Or in mysterious Numbers did unfold
Sad, modern Truths wrapt up in Tales of old;
How *Saturn*, flusht'd with arbitrary Power,
Design'd his lawful Issue to devour;
But *Jove*, reserv'd for better Fate, withstood
The black Contrivance of the doating God;
With Arms he came, his guilty Father fled,
'Twas *Italy* secur'd his frightened Head,
And by his Flight resign'd his empty Throne,
And triple Empire to his worthier Son.
Then in one Note their artful Force they join,
Eager to reach the Victor and the *Boyne*.
How on the wondring Bank the Hero stood,
Lavishly bold and desperately good;
Till Fate, designing to convince the Brave
That they can dare no more than Heav'n can save,

3 William.

4 His late Majesty.

A 5

Let

10 *The Works of*

Let Death approach; and yet withheld the Sting,
Wounded the Man, distinguishing the King.

They had enlarg'd, but found the Strain too strong;
And in soft Notes ally'd the bolder Song:
Flow, gentle *Boyne*, they cry'd, and round thy Bed
For ever may victorious Wreaths be spread:
No more may Travellers desire to know
Where *Simois* and *Granica* did flow;
Nor *Rubicon*, a poor forgotten Stream,
Be or the Soldier's Rant, or Poet's Theme:
All Waters shall unite their Fame in thee,
Lost in thy Waves as those are in the Sea.

They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er,
And begg'd thick Mists long to conceal the Shore:
Smooth was the liquid Plain; the sleeping Wind,
More to the Sea, than to its Master kind,
Detain'd a Treasure, which we value more
Than all the Deep e'er hid, or Waters bore.
But he, with a superior Genius born,
Treats Chance with Insolence, and Death with Scorn;
Darkness and Ice in vain obstruct his Way,
Holland is near, and Nature must obey;
Charg'd with our Hopes the Boat securely rode,
For *Cesar* and his Fortune were the Load.

With eager Transport *Belgia* met her Son,
Yet trembling for the Danger he had run;
Till certain of her Joy, she bow'd her Head,
Confess'd her Lord, bless'd his Return, and said:

If Passion by long Absence does improve,
And makes that Rapture, which before was Love;
Think on my old, my intermitted Bliss,
And by my former Pleasure measure this:
Nor by these feeble Pillars which I raise,
Unequal to sustain the Hero's Praise;
Too faint the Colours, and too mean the Art,
To represent your Glories, or my Heart:
These humble Emblems are design'd to show,
Not how we wou'd reward, but what we owe.

Here

Here from your Childhood take a short review,
 How *Holland's* Happiness advanc'd with you;
 How her stout Vessel did in Triumph ride,
 And mock'd her Storms, while *Orange* was her Guide;
 What since has been our Fate—I need not say,
 Ill suiting with the Blessings of the Day,
 Our better Fortune with our Prince was gone,
 Conquest was only there where he led on.
 Like the *Palladium*, wheresoe'er you go,
 You turn all Death and Danger on the Foe.
 In you we but too sadly understood
 How Angels have their Spheres of doing Good;
 Else the same Soul which did our Troops possess,
 And crown'd their daring Courage with Success,
 Had taught our Fleet to triumph o'er the Main,
 And *Fleurus* had been still a guiltless Plain.
 What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an Arm and Mind
 Like yours, shou'd be to Time and Place confin'd?
 But thy Return shall fix our kinder Fate,
 For thee our Councils, thee our Armies wait;
 Discording Princes shall with thee combine,
 And center all their Interests in thine;
 Proud of thy Friendship, shalt forego their Sway
 As *Rome* her great Dictator did obey;
 And all united make a *Gordian* Knot,
 Which neither Craft shall loose, nor Force shall cut:



On the late horrid Conspiracy.

THE Youth whose Fortune the vast Globe obey'd,
 Finding his ⁶ royal Enemy betray'd,
 And in his Chariot by ⁷ vile Hands oppress'd,
 With noble Pity, and just Rage possess'd,
 Wept at his Fall from so sublime a State,
 And by the Traitor's Death reveng'd the Fate
 Of Majesty profan'd—so acted too
 The gen'rous *Cæsar*, when the *Roman* knew

5 Alexander.

6 Darius.

7 Bessus.

A ⁸ coward King had treacherously slain,
 9 Whom scarce he foil'd on the *Pharsalian* Plain:
 The Doom of his fam'd Rival he bemoan'd,
 And the base Author of the Crime deithron'd.
 Such were the virtuous Maxims of the Great,
 Free from the servile Arts of barb'rous Hate:
 They knew no Foe, but in the open Field,
 And to their Cause, and to the Gods appeal'd.
 So *WILLIAM* acts—and if his Rivals dare
 Dispute his Reign by Arms, he'll meet 'em there,
 Where *Jove*, as once on *Ida*, holds the Scale,
 And lets the Good, the Just, and Brave prevail.



To the Earlof *CARLISLE*, upon the Death
 of his Son before *Luxemburgh*.

HE's gone! and was it then by your Decree,
 Ye envious Pow'rs, that we should only see
 This Copy of your own Divinity?
 Or thought ye it surpassing human State,
 To have a Blessing lasting as 'twas great?
 Your cruel Skill you better ne'er had shown,
 Since you so soon design'd him all your own.
 Such fost'ring Favours to the Damn'd are giv'n,
 When, to increase their Hell, you show 'em Heav'n.
 Was it too godlike, he shou'd long inherit
 At once his Father's, and his Uncle's Spirit?
 Yet as much Beauty, and as calm a Breast
 As the mild Dame, whose teeming Womb he blest.
 H' had all the Favours Providence cou'd give,
 Except its own Prerogative to live;
 Reserv'd in Pleasures, and in Dangers bold,
 Youthful in Action, and in Prudence old;
 His humble Greatness, and submissive State,
 Made his Life full of Wonder, as his Fate;

8 Ptolemy.

9 Pompey.

One,

One, who to all the Heights of Learning bred,
 Read Books, and Men, and practis'd what he read.
 Round the wide Globe scarce did the busy Sun
 With greater Haste, and greater Lustre run.
 True Gallantry and Grandeur he describ'd,
 From the *French* Fopperies, and *German* Pride.
 And like th' industrious Bee, where-e'er he flew,
 Gather'd the Sweets which on sweet Blossoms grew.
Babel's confused Speeches on his Tongue,
 With a sweet Harmony and Concord hung.
 More Countries than for *Homer* did contest,
 Do strive who most were by his Presence blest.
 Nor did his Wisdom damp his martial Fire,
Minerva both her Portions did inspire,
 Use of the warlike Bow, and peaceful Lyre.
 So *Cæsar* doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
 Showing like Wit, as Valour when he fought.

If God, as *Plato* taught, Example takes
 From his own Works, and Souls by Patterns makes,
 Much of himself in him he did unfold,
 And cast them in his darling *Sidney's* Mold,
 Of too refin'd a Substance to be old.
 Both did alike disdain an Hero's Rage,
 Shou'd come like an Inheritance by Age.
 Ambitiously did both conspire to twist
 Bays with the Ivy, with their Temples kist :
 Scorning to wait the slow advance of Time,
 Both fell like early Blossoms in their Prime,
 By blind Events, and Providence's Crime.
 Yet both, like *Cædus*, o'er their yielding Foe
 Obtain'd the Conquest, in their Overthrow ;
 And longer Life do purchase by their Death,
 In Fame compleating what they want in Breath.
 Oh ! had kind Fate stretch'd the contracted Span,
 To the full Glories of a perfect Man ;
 And as he grew, cou'd ev'ry rolling Year
 A new Addition to our Wonder bear,

H' had paid to his illustrious Line that Stock
 Of antient Honour, which from thence he took.
 But oh!
 So hasty Fruits, and too ambitious Flow'rs,
 Scorning the midwifry of rip'ning Show'rs,
 In spite of Frosts, spring from th' unwilling Earth;
 But find a Nip untimely as their Birth:
 Abortive Issues so delude the Womb,
 And scarce have being, ere they want a Tomb.

Forgive, my Lord, the Muse, that does aspire
 With a new Breath to fan your raging Fires;
 Whose each officious and unskillful Sound
 Can with fresh Torture but enlarge the Wound.
 Cou'd I, with *David*, curse the guilty Plain,
 Where once more lov'd than *Jonathan* was slain;
 Or cou'd I Flights high as his Merits raise,
 Clear as his Virtue, deathless as his Praise;
 None who, tho' Laurels crown'd their aged Head,
 Ador'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
 With more Devotion shou'd enrol his Name
 In the long-consecrated List of Fame.
 But since my artless and unhallow'd Strain
 Will the high Worth, it shou'd commend, profane;
 Since I despair my humble Verse shou'd prove
 Great as your Love, or tender as your Love;
 My Heart with Sighings, and with Tears mine Eye,
 Shall the Defect of written Grief supply.

*A P O E M dedicated to the Blessed Memory of
 her late Gracious Majesty Queen M A R Y.*

O N C E more, my Muse, — we must an Altar raise;
 May it prove lasting, as *Maria's* Praise;
 And, the Song ended, be the Swan's thy Doam;
 Rest ever silent, as *Maria's* Tomb.

But

But whence shall we begin? or whither steer?
Her Virtues like a perfect Round appear,
Where Judgment lies in Admiration lost,
Not knowing which it should distinguish most.

Some Angel from your own, describe her Frame,
For sure your godlike Beings are the same:
All that was charming in the fairer kind,
With manly Sense, and Resolution join'd;
A Mien compos'd of Mildness and of State,
Not by Constraint, or Affliction, great;
But form'd by Nature for supreme Command;
Like *Eve* just moulded by the Maker's Hand;
Yet such her Modesty, as half-vail'd the Throne,
Lest being in too great a Lustre shown,
It might debar the Subject of Access,
And make her Mercies, and our Comforts less.
So Gods, of old, descending from their Sphere
To visit Men, like Mortals did appear:
Lest their too awful Presence should affright
Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight.

Thus to the Noon of her high Glory run,
From her bright Orb, diffusive like the Sun,
She did her healing Influence display,
And cherish'd all our nether World, that lay
Within the Circle of her radiant Day:
Reliev'd not only those who Bounty sought,
But gave unask'd, and as she gave, forgot;
Found modest Want in her obscure Retreat,
And courted tim'rous Virtue to be great.
The Church, which *William* sav'd, was *Mary's* Care,
Taught by her Life, and guarded by her Pray'r;
What her Devotions were, you Cherubs, tell,
Who ever round the Seat of Mercy dwell;
For here she wou'd not have her Goodness known,
But you beheld how she address'd the Throne,
And wonder'd at a Zeal so like your own.
Since she was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like you,
She shou'd, alas! have been immortal too.

A Mind so good, in beauteous Strength array'd,
 Assur'd our Hopes she might be long obey'd,
 And we, with heightned Rev'rence, might have seen
 The hoary Grandeur of an aged Queen,
 Who might, with *William*, jointly govern here,
 As that bright Pair which rules the heav'nly Sphere.

Grace and mild Mercy best in her were shown,
 In him the rougher Virtues of the Throne;
 Of Justice she at home the Balance held;
 Abroad, Oppression by his Sword was quell'd;
 The gen'rous Lion, and the peaceful Dove;
 The God of Battle, and the Queen of Love,
 Did in their happy Nuptials well agree;
 Like *Mars*, he led our Armies out; and she
 With Smiles presid'd o'er her native Sea.

Such too their Meetings, when our Monarch came
 With Laurels loaden, and immortal Fame;
 As when the God on *Hemus* quits his Arms,
 Softning his Toils in *Cythera's* Charms:
 Then with what Joy did she the Victor meet,
 And lay the Reins of Empire at his Feet?
 With the same Temper as the * *Latian* Hind
 Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd:
 So *Pallas* from the dusty Field withdrew,
 And when imperial *Jove* appear'd in view,
 Resum'd her female Arts, the Spindle and the Clew;
 Forgot the Scepter she so well had sway'd,
 And with that Mildness, she had rul'd, obey'd:
 Pleas'd with the Change, and unconcern'd as *Jove*,
 When in disguise he leaves his Pow'r above,
 And drowns all other Attributes in Love.

Such, mighty Sir, if yet the sacred Ear
 Of Majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,
 Was the lov'd Consort of thy Crown and Bed,
 Our Joy while living; our Despair now dead.

Yet tho' with *Mary* one Supporter fall,
 Thy Virtue can alone sustain the Ball.

* *Lucius Quintius*.

Of

Of *Sibyl's* Books, that Volume which remain'd,
 The perfect Value of the whole retain'd.
 When in the fiery Car *Elijah* fled,
 His Spirit doubled on his Partner's Head:
 So will thy People's Love, now *Mary's* gone,
 Unite both Streams, and flow on thee alone.
 The grateful Senate with one Voice combine
 To breathe their Sorrows, and to comfort thine,
 By bringing to thy view how *Europe's* Fate
 Does on thy Counsels, and thy Courage wait:
 But when the Vastness of thy Grief they see,
 They own 'tis just, and melt in Tears with thee.

Blush not, great Soul, thus to reveal thy Woe;
 Sighs will have Vent, and Eyes too full o'erflow;
 Shed by degrees, they pass unfelt away;
 But raise a Storm and Deluge where they stay.

The bravest Heroes have the softest Mind,
 Their Natures like the Gods, to love inclin'd.
Homer, who human Passions nicely knew,
 When his illustrious *Grecian* Chief he drew,
 Left likewise in his Soul one mortal Part,
 Whence Love and Anguish no might reach his Heart;
 For a lost Mistress, in Despair he sat,
 And let declining *Troy* still struggle with her Fate:
 But when the Partner of his Cares lay dead,
 Like a rous'd Lion from his Tent he fled,
 Whole Hecatombs of trembling *Trojans* slew,
 And mangled *Heber* at his Chariot drew.

Still greater is thy Loss,—— be such thy Rage,
 As conquer'd *Gallia* only may assuage.

She who on Earth secur'd thee by her Pray'r,
 Return'd to Heaven, shall prove thy guardian Angel there;
 And hov'ring round thee with her heav'nly Shield,
 Unseen protect thee in the doubtful Field.
 Go then, by different Paths to Glory go,
 The Church's both Estates with *Mary* show;
 And while above she triumphs, fight below.——

'Tis done — our Monarch to the Camp returns,
The Gallic Armies fly — their Navy burns,
And Earth and Seas all bow at his Command,
And Europe owns her Peace from his victorious Hand.



The AUSTRIAN Eagle.

AT Anna's call the Austrian Eagle flies,
Bearing her Thunder to the southern Skies;
Where a rash Prince with an unequal Sway,
Inflames the Region, and misguides the Day;
'Till the Usurper from his Chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to command the World.



The Nature of DREAMS.

AT dead of Night imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her Train loose Revels keeps,
Then airy Phantoms a mixt Scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by Day;
For Memory those Images retains,
Which Passion form'd, and still the strongest binds;
Huntsmen renew the Chase they lately ran,
And Gen'als fight again their Battles won;
Spectres and Furies hunt the Murderers Dreams;
Grants or Disgraces are the Courtier's Themes;
The Miser spies a Thief, or a new Hoard;
The Cit's a Knight, the Sycophant a Lord;
Thus Fancy's in the wild Distraction lost,
With what we most abhor, or covet most.
But of all Passions that our Dreams control,
Love prints the deepest Image in the Soul;

For

GEORGE STEPNEY, Esq; 19

For vigorous Fancy, and warm Blood dispense
Pleasures so lively that they rival Sense,
Such are the Transports of a willing Maid,
Not yet by Time and Place, to set betray'd,
Whom Spies, or some faint Virtue force to fly
That Scene of Joy, which yet she dies to try.
Till Fancy bawds, and-by mysterious Charms,
Brings the dear Object to her longing Arms;
Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce Delight,
And curses the Returns of envious Light:
In such blest Dreams *Bibly* enjoys a Flame,
Which waking she detests, and dares not name!
Ixion gives a loose to his wild Love,
And in his airy Visions cuckolds *Jove*.
Honours and State before this Phantom fall,
For Sleep, like Death, its Image, equals all.

*Verses imitated from the French of Monsieur
Maynard, to Cardinal Richelieu.*

I.

WHEN Money and my Blood ran high,
My Muse was reckon'd wondrous pretty;
The Sports and Smiles did round her fly,
Enamour'd with her smart *Conceits*.

II.

Now (who'd have thought it once!) with pain
She strings her Harp, whilst freezing Age
But feebly runs thro' ev'ry Vein,
And chills my brisk poetic Rage.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
To Wine and Women, dead in Law;
And soon from Fate I shall receive
A Summons to the Shades to go.

IV. The

IV.

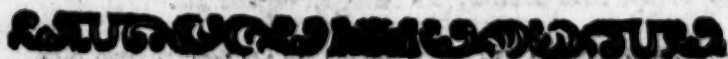
The warrior Ghosts will round me come
To hear of fam'd *Ramillia's* Fight,
Whilst the vex'd *Bourbons* thro' the Gloom
Retire to th' utmost Realms of Night.

V.

Then I, my Lord, will tell how you
With Pensions every Muse inspire;
Who *Marlb'rough's* Conquests did pursue,
And to his Trumpets tun'd the Lyre.

VI.

But should some drolling Sprite demand,
Well, Sir, what Place had you, I pray?
How like a Coxcomb should I stand!
What would your Lordship have me say?



To Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

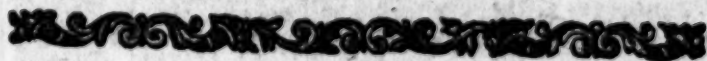
MUN, rarely credit common *Fame*,
Unheeded let her praise or blame;
As Whimsies guide the Gossip Tattles,
Of Wits, of Beauties, and of Battles;
To Day the Warrior's Brow she crowns,
For naval Spoils, and taken Towns:
To-morrow all her Spite she rallies,
And votes the Victor to the Gallies.
Nor in her Visits can she spare
The Reputation of the Fair:
For Instance,——*Chloe's* Bloom did boast
A while to be the reigning Toast:
Lean hectic Sparks abandon'd Bohea,
And in Beer-Glasses pledg'd to *Chloe*.
What Fops of Figure did she bring
To the Front-boxes and the Ring?
While Nymphs o' Quality look'd sullen,
As breeding Wives, or moulting Pullen.

Bless'd

Bless'd Charmer She, till prying *Fame*
Incog. to Miss's Toilet came;
 Where in the Gally-pots she spy'd
 Lillies, and Roses that defy'd
 The Frost of Age with certain Pickles,
 They call—*Cosmetics* for the Freckles;
 Away she flew with what she wanted,
 And told at Court that *Chloe* painted.

' Then who'd on common *Fame* rely?
 ' Who's chief Employment's to decry;
 ' A cogging, fickle, jilting Female,
 ' As ever ply'd at six in the *Mall*;
 ' The Father of all Fibs begat her
 ' On some old News-man's fussy Daughter.
 O CAPTAIN! *Taisez vous*— 'Twere hard
 Her Novels ne'er should have regard:
 One Proof I'll in her Favour give,
 Which none but you will disbelieve.

When *Phœbus* sent her to recite
 The Praises of the most Polite,
 Whose Scenes have been, in ev'ry Age,
 The Glories of the *British* Stage;
 Then she, to rigid Truth confin'd,
 Your Name with lofty *Shakespear* join'd;
 And speaking, as the God directed,
 The Praise she gave was unsuspected.



The SPELL.

WHENE'ER I *Wine*, young *Strephon* cry'd,
 'Tis *Pow'rs* that o'er the *Noose* preside!
Wis, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, and *Humour* give,
 Or let me still a *Rover* live:
 But if all these no Nymph can share,
 And I'm predestin'd to the Snare,
 Let mine, ye *Pow'rs*! be doubly Fair.

}
 Thus

Thus pray'd the Swain in heat o' Blood,
 Whilst *Cupid* at his Elbow stood;
 And twiching him, said, Youth be wise,
 Ask not Impossibilities:
 A faultless Make, a manag'd Wit,
 Humour and Fortune never met:
 But if a Beauty you'd obtain,
 Court some bright *Phyllis* o' the Brain;
 The dear *Idea* long enjoy,
 Clean is the Bliss, and will not cloy.
 But trust me, Youth, for I'm sincere,
 And know the Ladies to a Hair;
 Howe'er small Poets whine upon it,
 In Madrigal, and Song, and Sonnet;
 Their Beauty's but a SPELL to bring
 A Lover to th' enchanted Ring,
 Ere the Sack-possiet is digested,
 Or half of *Hymen's* Taper wasted,
 The winning Air, the wanton Trip,
 The radiant Eye, the velvet Lip,
 From which you fragrant Kisses stole,
 And seem to suck her springing Soul.—
 These, and the rest, you doted on,
 Are nauseous or insipid grown;
 The SPELL dissolves, the Cloud is gone,
 And *Sacharissa* turns to *Jaen*.



JUVENAL.

THE EIGHTH SATIRE.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Satire, the Poet shows, that Nobility does not consist in Statues and Pedigrees, but in honourable and good Actions: He lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being insolent, by reason of his high Birth; and lays down an Instance that we ought to make the like Judgment of Men, as we do of Horses, who are valued rather according to their personal Qualities, than by the Race of whence they come. He advises his noble Friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the Satire), to lead a virtuous Life, dissuading him from Debauchery, Luxury, Oppression, Cruelty, and other Vices, by his severe Censures on Lutatius, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and in opposition to these, displays the Worth of Persons meanly born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

The Translator of this Satire industriously avoided imposing upon the Reader, and perplexing the Printer with tedious Common-place Notes; but finding towards the latter End many Examples of Noblemen who disgraced their Ancestors by vicious Practices, and of Men meanly born, who ennobled their Families by virtuous and brave Actions, he thought some historical Relations were necessary towards rendering those Instances more Intelligible; which is all

be

he pretends to by his Remarks. He wou'd gladly have left out the heavy Passage of the Mirmillo and Retiarius, which he honestly confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confin'd himself to the strict Rules of Translation, but has frequently taken the Liberty of Imitating, Paraphrasing, or Reconciling the Roman Customs to our Modern Usage; he hopes this Freedom is pardonable, since he has not us'd it, but when he found the Original flat, obscure, or defective; and where the Humour and Connection of the Author might naturally allow of such a Change.

WHAT's the Advantage, or the real Good,
In tracing from the Source our ancient Blood?
To have our Ancestors in Paint or Stone,
Preserv'd as Relicks, or like Monsters shewn?
The brave *Æmilii*, as in Triumph plac'd,
The virtuous *Curii*, half by Time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mouldring Nose, that bears
Injurious Scars, the sad Effects of Years;
And *Galba* grinning without Nose or Ears?

Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit
By Trees of Pedigrees, or Fame, or Merit:
Tho' plodding Heralds thro' each Branch may trace
Old Captains and Dictators of their Race,
While their Ill Lives that Family bely,
And grieve the Brass which stands dishonour'd by.

'Tis meer Burlesque, that to our Gen'ral's Praise
Their Progeny immortal Statues raise,
Yet (far from that old Gallantry) delight
To game before their Images all Night,
And steal to Bed at the Approach of Day,
The Hour when these their Ensigns did display.

Why should soft *Fabius* impudently bear
Names gain'd by Conquests in the *Gallick* War?
Why lays he claim to *Hercules* his Strain,
Yet dares be base, effeminate and vain?

The glorious Altar to that Hero built,
Adds but a greater Lustre to his Guilt,
Whose tender Limbs and polish'd Skin disgrace
The grisly Beauty of his manly Race;
And who by practising the dismal Skill
Of Pois'ning, and such treach'rous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy Kindred-Marble sweat,
When his degen'rate Head by theirs is set.

Long Galleries of Ancestors, and all
The Follies which ill-grace a Country Hall,
Challenge no Wonder or Esteem from me;
'Virtue alone is true Nobility.'

Live therefore well: to Men and Gods appear,
Such as good *Paulus, Cossus, Drusus*, were;
And in thy Consular triumphal Show,
Let these before thy Father's Statues go;
Place 'em before the *Ensigns of the State*,
As choosing rather to be Good than Great.
Convince the World that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, and all you do;
Whatever be your Birth, you're sure to be
A Peer of the first Magnitude to me:

Rome for your sake shall push her Conquests on,
And bring a new Titles home from Nations won,
To dignify so eminent a Son.
With your blest Name shall ev'ry Region sound,
Loud as mad *Egypt*, when her Priests have found
A new *Osiris*, for the Ox they drown'd.

But who will call those Noble, who deface,
By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race;
Whose only Title to our Father's Fame
Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name?
A Dwarf as well may for a Giant pass;
A Negro for a Swan; a Crook-back'd Lame
Be call'd *Erebus*; and a Cur may bear
The Name of Tiger, Lion, or what'er
Denotes the noblest or the fiercest Beast:
Be therefore careful, lest the World in jest

Shou'd thee just so with the Mock-titles greet,
Of *Camerinus*, or of Conquer'd *Cott*.

To whom is this Advice and Censure due?

Rubellius Plancus, 'tis apply'd to you;
Who think your Person second to Divine,
Because descended from the *Drusian* Line;
Tho' yet you no Illustrious Act have done,
To make the World distinguish *Julia's* Son
From the vile Offspring of a Trull, who sits
By the Town-Wall, and for her Living knits.

You are poor Ragues (you cry) *the baser Scum*
And inconsiderable Dregs of Rome;

Who knows not from what Corner of the Earth
The obscure Wretch, who got you, stole his Birth:
Mine I derive from Cecrops ——— May your Grace
Live, and enjoy the Splendor of your Race——

Yet of these base Plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming Eloquence, have grown
Great Senators, and Honours to that Gown:

Some at the Bar with Subtilty defend
The Cause of an unlearned noble Friend;
Or on the Bench the knotty Laws untie:
Others their stronger Youth to Arms apply,
Go to *Euphrates*, or those Forces join
Which garrison the Conquests near the *Rhine*.

While you, *Rubellius*, on your Birth rely:
Tho' you resemble your great Family
No more, than those rough Statues on the Road
(Which we call *Mercuries*) are like that God:
Your Blockhead tho' excels in this alone,
You are a living Statue, that of Stone.

Great Son of *Troy*, who ever prais'd a Beast
For being of a Race above the rest,
But rather meant his Courage, and his Force?
To give an Instance —— We commend a Horse
(Without Regard of Pasture or of Breed)
For his undaunted Mettle and his Speed;

Who

Who 7 wins most Plates with greatest Ease, and first
Prints with his Hoofs his Conquest on the Dust.

But if fleet *Dragons*'s Progeny at last
Prove jaded, and in frequent Matches cast,
No Favour for the Stallion we retain,
And no Respect for the degenerate Strain;
The worthless Brute is from *New-Market* brought,
And at an under-rate in *Smithfield* bought,
To turn a Mill, or drag a loaded Life
Beneath two Panniers and a Baker's Wife.

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
First, Sir, some Honour of your own acquire;
Add to that Stock which justly we bestow
On those 8 blest Shades to whom you all things owe.

This may suffice the haughty Youth to shame,
Whose swelling Veins (if we may credit Fame)
Burst almost with the Vanity and Pride,
That their rich Blood to *Nero's* is ally'd:
The Rumour's likely; for "We seldom find
Much Sense with an exalted Fortune join'd.

But *Ponticus*, I wou'd not you shou'd raise
Your Credit by hereditary Praise;
Let your own Acts immortalise your Name;
'Tis poor relying on another's Fame;
For, take the Pillars but away, and all
The Superstructure must in Ruins fall;
As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd
From the Embraces of the Elm she lov'd.

Be a good Soldier, or upright Trustee,
An Arbitrator from Corruption free,
And if a Witness in a doubtful Cause,
Where a brib'd Judge means to elude the Laws;
Tho' 9 *Phalaris* his brazen Bull were there,
And he wou'd dictate what he'd have you swear,
Be not so Profligate, but rather choose
To guard your Honour, and your Life to lose,
Rather than let your Virtue be betray'd;
Virtue the noblest Cause for which you're made.

' † Improperly we measure Life by Breath;
 ' Such do not truly live who merit Death;
 Tho' they their wanton Senses nicely please
 With all the Charms of Luxury and Ease;
 Tho' mingled Flow'rs adorn their careless Brow,
 And round 'em costly Sweets neglected strow,
 As if they in their funeral State were laid,
 And to the World, as they're to Virtue, dead.

When 'o you the Province you expect, obtain,
 From Passion and from Avarice refrain;
 Let our Associates Poverty provoke
 Thy generous Heart not to increase their Yoke,
 Since Riches cannot rescue from the Grave,
 Which claims alike the Monarch and the Slave.

To what the Laws enjoin, Submission pay;
 And what the Senate shall command, obey;
 Think what Rewards upon the Good attend,
 And how those fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and *Capito* may Warnings be,
 Who felt the Thunder of the States Decree,
 For robbing the *Gilicians*, tho' they
 (Like lesser Pikes) only subsist on Prey.
 But what avails the Rigour of their Doom?
 Which cannot future Violence o'ercome,
 Nor give the miserable Province Ease,
 Since what one Plund'rer left, the next will seize.

Cherippus, 't' then, in time yourself bethink,
 And what your Rags will yield by Auction, sink;
 Ne'er put yourself to Charges to complain
 Of Wrong which heretofore you did sustain,
 Make not a Voyage to detect the Theft:
 'Tis mad to lavish what their Rapine left.

When *Rome* at first our rich Allies subdu'd,
 From gentle Taxes noble Spoils accru'd;
 Each wealthy Province, but in part oppress'd,
 Thought the Loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
 All Treasuries did then with Heaps abound;
 In ev'ry Wardrobe costly Silks were found;

The least Apartment of the meanest House
 Cou'd all the wealthy Pride of Art produce;
 Pictures which from ¹ *Parrhasius* did receive
 Motion and Warmth; and Statues taught to live;
 Some ² *Polyclete's*, some *Myron's* Work declar'd,
 In others ³ *Pbidias'* Masterpiece appear'd;
 And crowding Plate did on the Cupboard stand,
 Emboss'd by curious ⁴ *Mentor's* artful Hand.
 Prizes like these Oppressors might invite,
 These ⁵ *Delabella's* Rapine did excite,
 These ⁶ *Antony* for his own Theft thought fit,
⁷ *Verres*, for these did Sacrilege commit;
 And when their Reigns were ended, Ships full fraught
 The hidden Fruits of their Exaction brought,
 Which made in Peace a Treasure richer far,
 Than what is plunder'd in the Rage of War.

This was of old; but our Confed'rates now
 Have nothing left but Oxen for the Plough,
 Or some few Mares reserv'd alone for Breed;
 Yet lest this provident Design succeed,
 They drive the Father of the Herd away,
 Making both Stallion, and his Pasture, Prey.
 Their Rapine is so abject and prophane,
 They not from Trifles, nor from Gods refrain;
 But the poor *Lares* from the Niches seize,
 If they be little Images that please.
 Such are the Spoils which now provoke their Theft,
 And are the greatest, nay, they're all that's left.

Thus may ⁸ you ⁹ *Corinth*, or weak *Rhodes* oppress,
 Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:
 For how can Fops thy Tyranny control,
 Smooth Limbs are Symptoms of a servile Soul.
 But trespass not too far on sturdy *Spain*,
Sclawonia, *France*; thy Gripes from those restrain,
 Who with their ¹⁰ Sweat *Rome's* Luxury maintain,
 And send us Plenty, while our wanton Day
 Is lavish'd at the *Circus*, or the Play.

For, shou'd you to Extortion be inclin'd,
Your cruel Guilt will little Bosty find,
Since gleanings ¹⁷ *Marius* has already seiz'd
All that from Sun-burnt *Affric* can be squeez'd.

But above all, * Be careful to withhold
* Your Talons from the Wretched and the Bold;
* Tempt not the Brave and Needy to Despair;
* For, tho' your Violence shou'd leave 'em bare
* Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
* And will revenge the Wrongs which they sustain:
* The Plundred still have Arms.—

Think not the Precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain Notion of my own;
No, 'tis a Sibyl's Leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and sure, as the Decrees of Fate.

Let none but Men of Honour you attend;
Choose him that has most Virtue for your Friend,
And give no way to any darling Youth
To sell your Favour, and pervert the Truth.
Reclaim your Wife from strolling up and down,
To all Affizes, and through ev'ry Town,
With Claws like Harpies, eager for the Prey;
(For which your Justice, and your Fame will pay.)
Keep yourself free from Scandals such as these;
Then trace your Birth from ¹⁸ *Picus*, if you please:
If he's too Modern and your Pride aspire
To seek the Author of your Being higher,
Choose any *Titan* who the Gods withstood
To be the Founder of your ancient Blood,
Prometheus, and that Race before the Flood,
Or any other Story you can find
From Heralds, or in Poets, to your Mind.

But shou'd you prove Ambitious, Lustful, Vain;
Or cou'd you see with Pleasure and Disdain,
Rods broke on our Associates bleeding Backs,
And Heads-men lab'ring till they blunt their Ax:
Your Father's Glory will your Sin proclaim,
And to a clearer Light expose your Shame;

* For

GEORGE STEPNEY, Esq; 31

- For still more public Scandal Vice extends,
- As he is Great and Noble who offends.

How dare ¹⁰ you then your high Extraction plead?
Yet blush not when you go to forge a Deed,
In the same Temple which your Grandfire built;
Making his Statue privy to the Guilt.
Or in a bawdy Masquerade are led
Muffled by Night to some polluted Bed.

Fat *Lutetianus* does his Revels keep
Where his Forefathers peaceful Ashes sleep;
Driving himself a Chariot down the Hill,
And (tho' a Consul) links himself the Wheel:
To do him Justice, 'tis indeed by Night,
Yet the Moon sees, and ev'ry smaller Light
Pries as a Witness of the shameful Sight:
Nay, when his Year of Honour's ended, soon
He'll leave that Nicety, and mount at Noon;
Nor blush should he some grave Acquaintance meet,
But, proud of being known, will Jerk and Greet:
And when his Fellow-Beasts are weary grown,
He'll play the Groom, give Oats, and rub 'em down.
If after ²⁰ *Numa's* Ceremonial Way,
He at *Jove's* Altar would a Victim slay,
To no clean Goddess he directs his Pray'rs,
But by ³⁰ *Hippocras* most devoutly swears,
Or some rank Deity, whose filthy Face
We suitably o'er stinking Stables place.

When he has run his Length, and does begin
To steer his Course directly for the Inn,
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all Night)
A greasy Syrian, ere he can alight,
Presents him Essence, while his courteous Host
(Well knowing nothing by Good-breeding's lost)
Tags ev'ry Sentence with some fawning Word,
Such as *My King*, *My Prince*, at least *My Lord*;
And a tight Maid, ere he for Wine can ask,
Guesses his Meaning, and uncorks the Flask.

Some, Friends to Vice, industriously defend
 These innocent Diversions, and pretend
 That I the Tricks of Youth too roughly blame,
 Alledging that when young we did the same.
 I grant we did; yet when that Age was past,
 The frolic Humour did no longer last;
 We did not cherish and indulge the Crime:
 What's foul in acting, shou'd be left in time.
 'Tis true, some Faults, of Course, with Childhood end,
 We therefore wink at Wags when they offend,
 And spare the Boy, in hopes the Man may mend.

But *Lateranus* (now his vig'rous Age
 Shou'd prompt him for his Country to engage,
 The Circuit of our Empire to extend,
 And all our Lives in *Cæsar's* to defend)
 Mature in Riots, places his Delight
 All Day in plying Bumpers, and at Night
 Reels to the Bawds, over whose Doors are set
 Pictures and Bills, with *Here are Whores to let*.
 Shou'd any desperate unexpected Fate
 Summon all Heads and Hands to guard the State,
Cæsar, send quickly to secure the *as Port*;
 But *where's the General?* *where does he resort?*
 Send to the Sutler's; there y'are sure to find
 The Bully match'd with Rascals of his kind,
 Quacks, Coffin-makers; Fugitives and Sailors;
 Rooks, common Soldiers, Hangmen, Thieves and Tailors;
 With *Cybele's* Priests, who, weary'd with Processions,
 Drink there, and sleep with Knaves of all Professions,
 A friendly Gang! each equal to the best;
 And all, who can, have liberty to jest:
 One Flaggon walks the round, that none shou'd think
 They either change, or stint him of his Drink:
 And lest Exceptions may for Place be found,
 Their Stools are all alike, their Table round.

What think you, *Ponticus*, yourself might do,
 Shou'd any Slave, so lewd, belong to you?

No doubt, you'd send the Rogue in Fetters bound
To work in *Bridewell*, or to plough your Ground :
But, Nobles, you who trace your Birth from *Troy*,
Think, you the great Prerogative enjoy
Of doing Ill, by virtue of that Race ;
As if what we esteem in Coblers base,
Wou'd the high Family of *Brutus* grace.

Shameful are these Examples, yet we find
(To *Rome's* Disgrace) far worse than these behind :
Poor *Damaspis*, whom we once have known
Flutt'ring with Coach and Six about the Town,
Is forc'd to make the Stage his last Retreat,
And pawns his Voice, the All he has, for Meat ;
For now he must (since his Estate is lost)
Or represent, or be himself, a Ghost :
And *Lentulus* acts Hanging with such Art,
Were I a Judge, he shou'd not feign the Part.
Nor wou'd I their vile Insolence acquit,
Who can with Patience, nay Diversion, sit,
Applauding my Lord's Buffoonry for Wit.
And clapping Farces acted by the Court,
While the Peers Cuff, to make the Rabble sport :
Or Hirelings, at a Prize, their Fortunes try ;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they die ;
Since none can have the favourable Thought
That to obey a Tyrant's Will they sought,
But that their Lives they willingly expose,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their Shows.

Yet say, the Stage and Lists were both in sight,
And you must either choose to act, or fight :
Death never sure bears such a ghastly Shape,
That a rank Coward basely wou'd escape
By playing a foul Harlot's jealous Tool,
Or a feign'd Andrew to a real Fool.
Yet a Peer Actor is no monstrous thing,
Since *Rome* has own'd a Fidler for a King :
After such Pranks, the World itself at best
May be imagin'd nothing but a Jest.

Go ²⁴ to the Lists where Feats of Arms are shown,
 There you'll find *Gracchus*, (from Patrician,) grown
 A Fencer and the Scandal of the Town,
 Nor will he the *Mirmillo's* Weapons bear,
 The Modest Helmet he disdains to wear;
 As *Retiarius* he attacks his Foe:
 First waves his Trident ready for the Throw,
 Next casts his Net, but neither levell'd right,
 He stares about expos'd to public Sight,
 Then places all his Safety in his Flight.
 Room for the noble Gladiator! See
 His Coat and Hatband shew his Quality.
 Thus when at last the brave *Mirmillo* knew
 'Twas *Gracchus* was the Wretch he did pursue,
 To Conquer such a Coward griev'd him more,
 Than if he many glorious Wounds had bore.

Had ²⁵ we the Freedom to express our Mind,
 There's not a Wretch so much to Vice inclin'd,
 But will own ²⁶ *Seneca* did far excel
 His Pupil, by whose Tyranny he fell:
 To expiate whose complicated Guilt,
 With some Proportion to the Blood he spilt,
Rome ²⁷ shou'd more Serpents, Apes, and Sacks provide
 Than one, for the compendious Parricide.
 'Tis true, ²⁸ *Orestes* a like Crime did act;
 Yet weigh the Cause, there's difference in the Fact:
 He ²⁹ slew his Mother at the Gods' Command,
 They bid him strike, and did direct his Hand;
 To punish Falshood, and appease the Ghost
 Of his poor Father treacherously lost,
 Just in the Minute when the flowing Bowl
 With a full Tide enlarg'd his cheerful Soul.
 Yet kill'd he not his ³¹ Sister, or his ³⁰ Wife,
 Nor ³² aim'd at any near Relation's Life;
Orestes, in the Heat of all his Rage,
 Ne'er ³³ Play'd or Sung upon a Publick Stage;
 Never ³⁴ on Verse did his wild Thoughts employ,
 To paint the horrid Scene of burning Troy,

Like

Like *Nero*, who to raise his Fancy higher,
And finish the great Work, set *Rome* on Fire.
Such ³⁵ Crimes make Treason just, and might compel
Virgilius, *Vindex*, *Galba*, to Rebel:
For what cou'd *Nero*'s self have acted worse,
To aggravate the wretched Nation's Curse?

These are the blest Endowments, Studies, Arts,
Which exercise our mighty Emperor's Parts:
Such Frolics with his roving Genium suit,
On ³³ foreign Theatres to prostitute
His Voice and Honour, for the poor Renown
Of putting all the *Grecian* Actors down,
And winning at a Wake their Parsley-Crown.
Let ³¹ this Triumphal Chaplet find some Place
Among the other Trophies of thy Race;
By the *Domitian's* Statues shall be laid,
The Habit and the Mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold *Thyestes'* Part,
(While your wild Nature little wanted Art)
And on the Marble Pillar shall be hung
The Lute to which the Royal Madman Sung.

Who, ³⁶ *Calpurnius*, can boast a nobler Line,
Than thy lewd Friend *Cicero* his, and thine?
Yet you took Arms, and did by Night conspire
To set our Houses and our Gods on Fire:
(An Enterprize which might indeed become
Our Enemies, the *Gauls*, not Sons of *Rome*,
To recompense whose barbarous Intent
Pitch'd ³⁷ Shirts wou'd be too mild a Punishment)
But ³⁸ *Tully*, our wise Consul, watch'd the Blow,
With Care discover'd, and disarm'd the Foe:
Tully, the humble Mushroom, scarcely known:
The lowly Native of a Country Town,
(Who till of late cou'd never reach the height
Of being honour'd as a *Roman* Knight
Throughout the trembling City plac'd a Guard,
Dealing an equal Share to every Ward,

And

And by the peaceful Robe got more Renown
 Within our Walls, than young *Obavius* won
 By 3^d Victories at *Arrium*, or the Plain
 Of *Thessaly* 4^o discolour'd by the Slain :
 Him therefore *Rome* in Gratitude decreed
 The Father of his Country, which he freed.

Marius 4¹ (another Consul we admire)
 In the same Village born, first plow'd for Hire ;
 His next Advance was to the Soldier's Trade,
 Where, if he did not nimbly ply the Spade,
 His surly Officer ne'er fail'd to crack
 His knotty Cudgel on his tougher Back.
 Yet he alone secur'd the tott'ring State,
 Withstood the *Cimbrians*, and redeem'd our Fate :
 So when the Eagles to their Quarry flew
 (Who never such a goodly Banquet knew)
 Only a second Laurel did adorn
 His Colleague *Catulus*, tho' Nobly Born ;
 He shar'd the Pride of the Triumphal Bay,
 But *Marius* won the Glory of the Day.

From 4² a mean Stock the Pious *Dacti* came :
 Small their Estates, and Vulgar was their Name ;
 Yet such their Virtues, that their Loss alone
 For *Rome* and all our Legions did atone ;
 Their Country's Doom they by their own retriev'd,
 Themselves more worth than all the Host they sav'd.
 The 4³ last good King whom willing *Rome* obey'd,
 Was the poor Offspring of a Captive Maid ;
 Yet he those Robes of Empire justly bore,
 Which *Romulus*, our sacred Founder, wore :
 Nicely he gain'd, and well possess'd the Throne,
 Not for his Father's Merit, but his own,
 And reign'd, himself a Family alone.

When 4⁴ *Tarquin*, his proud Successor, was quell'd,
 And with him Lust and Tyranny expell'd ;
 The Consul's 4⁵ Sons (who for their Country's Good,
 And to inhance the Honour of their Blood,

Shou'd

Shou'd have asserted what their ⁴⁶ Father won;
 And, to confirm that Liberty, have done
 Actions which ⁴⁷ *Cæsar* might have wish'd his own;
 What might to ⁴⁸ *Mutius* wonderful appear;
 And what bold ⁴⁹ *Clelia* might with Envy hear)
 Open'd the Gates, endeavouring to restore
 Their banish'd King, and arbitrary Power.
 Whilst a poor ⁵⁰ Slave, with scarce a Name, betray'd
 The horrid Ills, these well-born Rogues had laid;
 Who therefore for their Treason justly bore
 The Rods and Ax, ne'er us'd in *Rome* before.

If you have Strength *Achilles'* Arms to bear,
 And Courage to sustain a Ten Years War;
 Tho' foul ⁵¹ *Thersites* got thee, thou shalt be
 More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
 Than if by Chance you from some Hero came,
 In nothing like your Father but his Name.

Boast then your Blood, and your long Lineage stretch
 As high as *Rome*, and its great Founders reach;
 You'll find, in these Hereditary Tales,
 Your Ancestors the ⁵² Scum of broken Jails:
 And ⁵³ *Romulus*, your Honour's antient Source,
 But a poor Shepherd's Boy, or something worse.



REMARKS



REMARKS

ON THE

EIGHTH SATIRE of JUVENAL.

1 THE Family of the *Fabii* were descended of *Hercules*, in Honour of whom the *Romans* built a Temple in the *Forum Boarium*. *Fabius Maximus*, in Remembrance of his Services in the Wars, against the People of *Provence*, *Languedoc*, *Dauphiny*, and other Provinces of *France*, (formerly known by the Name of *Allobroges*) was surnam'd *Allobrogicus*, which Title his Son wou'd have assumed, whom our Author here censures as a Man of an effeminate Person, a profligate Life, and of dangerous Practices.

2 Brave and virtuous *Romans*.

3 The Rods and Ax which were carried in Processions as Badges of the Consular Dignity.

4 Such as *Getulicus*, *Africanus*, *Numantinus*, *Creticus*.

5 *Osiris*, for teaching the *Egyptians* Husbandry, had a Temple built at *Memphis*; where he was worship'd in the Shape of an Ox, which the Priests used to drown at a certain Age; and gave out, their God was withdrawn, and absented himself for a few Days; during which time 'twas their Custom to go mourning and searching up and down till they found another Ox to supply his Place, and then they broke out with these Exclamations, *We have found him, let's rejoice*.

6 The first King of *Athen*.

7 I have taken the Liberty to give this Simile a modern Air, because it happens to agree exactly with the Humour of our Author.

8 Meaning your Ancestors, *Rubellius Plancus*.

9 *Phalaris* was a Tyrant of *Agrigentum* in *Sicily*; to flatter whose Cruelty, *Perillus* invented a Brazen Bull, wherein People might be roasted alive, and their Cries were not unlike the Bel-lowings

lowings of an Ox: But the Tyrant had the Justice to reward the Artisan as he deserv'd, by making him first try the Experiment.

† This and the seven following Verses are a sort of Paraphrase upon two Lines of the Original, which I was forced to enlarge, because the Sense of the Author is too close and obscure.

10 Speaking to *Ponticus*.

11 Any poor Man who is oppress'd.

12 Famous Painters, Statuaries, and other Artisans.

13 Proconsuls of *Asia* and *Sicily*.

14 Returning to *Ponticus*.

15 The Inhabitants of these Places were effeminate and easy to be enslav'd.

16 The People of *Afric*, who supply *Rome* with Corn.

17 *Marinus Pristus*.

18 The first King of the *Latins*.

19 The Poet in this Place speaks neither to *Rubellius* nor *Ponticus*, but in general to any perjur'd or debauch'd Nobleman.

20 *Numa Pompilius* (the second King of *Rome*) the better to civilise the savage Humour of the People, first introduced among them the Fear and Worship of the Gods, and instituted the Rites and Ceremonies of Priests, Oaths, and Sacrifices.

21 *Hippens* was the Goddess of Jockies and Horses.

22 *Ofia*, the Mouth of the River *Tiber*.

23 Meaning *Nero*, whom he censures severely in the Pages following, Fig. 33.

24 This Period is perplexed, and I fear will not be understood in our Language, being only a Description of the *Roman* Gladiators, who were of two sorts, and had different Names according to the Arms and Habit they appear'd with; one fought with a Scimitar in his right Hand, a Target on his left Arm, and an Helmet on his Head; he was call'd *Mirmillo*, or *Secutor*. The other wore a short Coat without Sleeves, call'd *Tunica*; a Hat on his Head; he carried in his right Hand a Javelin fork'd like a *Trident*, call'd *Fusina*; and on his left Arm a *Net*, in which he endeavour'd to catch his Adversary, and from thence was call'd *Retarius*. The meaning of the Poet is, to reprehend *Gracchus* (whom he had before rebuked in the second Satire) for three Vices at once: For his Baseness, forasmuch as being a Nobleman he will condescend to fight upon the public Theatre: For his Impudence, in not choosing an Habit which might have kept him disguis'd, and hindered him from being known: And for his Cowardice in running away.

25 For the clearer understanding of what follows, it may be necessary to give a short Abridgment of *Nero's* Cruelties, Follies and End: Which may be found at large in his Life, written by *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*, and in the Continuation which *Mr. Sewall* has added to his Translation of the last of these Authors, by way of Supplement to what is wanting betwixt the Annals and the History. But I shall only relate what I find mention'd in this Satire, and shall begin with his Parricides.

26 Upon Suspicion that *Seneca* his Tutor had some Knowledge of the Conspiracy which *Piso* was carrying on against his Person, *Nero* laid hold on this Opportunity to rid himself of the uneasy Censurer of his Vices, yet allow'd him the Liberty of choos'd the Manner of his Death. *Seneca* was apprehensive of Pain, and therefore desir'd to have his Veins open'd, which he judg'd might be the most easy and pleasant Method of Dying; but finding it too tedious, he prevail'd with his Friend and Physician, *Annaeus Silius*, to give him a Draught of Poison, which too operating very slowly, by reason his Veins were exhausted, and his Limbs chill'd, the Standers-by, to make quicker Dispatch, smother'd him with the Steam of an hot Bath. *Juvenal* not unjustly places this Murder of *Seneca* among *Nero's* Parricides, since a Tutor ought to be esteem'd as a civil Parent.

27 This bold Thought and Expression of *Juvenal* is grounded on the Roman Laws, whereby Parricides were condemn'd to be sow'd up in a Bag, call'd *Culeus*, with a Cock, a Monkey, a Serpent and a Dog, and thrown together into the Sea, or any neighbouring River. This Punishment of drowning in a Sack is still us'd in several Parts of Germany, but without the Company of those Creatures above mention'd.

28 The Story of *Orestes* (betwixt whom and *Nero*, *Juvenal* wou'd draw a Parallel) is this; his Mother *Clytemnestra* finding her Husband *Agamemnon* was return'd alive from the Siege of *Troy*, and fearing he might Revenge her Amours with *Egyfthus*, with whom she had lived in Adultery during her Husband's Absence, she thought the safest way might be to assassinate *Agamemnon*, by the help of *Egyfthus*, at his first Reception, and before he could suspect such an Attempt. The Manner how they dispatch'd him, is reported differently. Some Authors relate that, as he was changing his Linen, he was stifled in a Shirt sow'd together at the Neck. But *Homer* in the 4th and 11th Books of his *Odyssey*, where he describes this Murder, is of *Juvenal's* Opinion, that he was kill'd at a Banquet, when he little expected such Treatment. *Egyfthus* after this Murder married *Clytemnestra*, and usurp'd the Kingdom of *Mycenae* seven

Years.

Years: During which time *Orestes* grew up to Man's Estate, and by the Instigation of his Sister *Electra*, and the Assistance of some neighbouring Princes, march'd from *Athens*, destroy'd and murder'd the Usurper; and at last, under pretence of being mad, stabb'd his Mother. *Essex*, as well as our Author, justifies this Revenge, as being undertaken by the Advice of the Gods: And *Paterculus* infers, they must needs have approved the Action, since *Orestes*, after it, lived long, and reigned happy.

29 *Nero* cou'd not suffer his Mother *Agrippina*, because of her encroaching on his Government; for which Reason he made frequent Attempts upon her Life, but without Success, till at last *Acidestus* his Bondman undertook to stab her; which she perceiving, and guessing by whose Orders he came, clapt her Hand upon her Belly, and bid him (with great Presence of Mind) strike there, supposing it deserv'd that Punishment for bearing such a Monster.

30 He ordered his first Wife *Othavia* to be publicly executed upon a false Accusation of Adultery, and kill'd his second Wife *Poppaea* when she was big with Child, by a kick on the Belly.

31 *Britannicus*, his Brother by Adoption, was poison'd by his Orders, out of Jealousy lest he should supplant him. And *Antonia*, *Claudius*'s Daughter, was executed under pretence of a Conspiracy, but in truth because she refused to marry *Nero* after the Death of *Poppaea*.

32 He caus'd *Rufinus Crispinus*, Son to *Poppaea*, to be drown'd as he was fishing; and *Aulus Plautus*, a Relation of his Mother's, to be kill'd because she was fond of him.

I need mention no more of these unnatural Murders, but go on to his other Extravagancies.

33 He was industrious to be esteem'd the best Musician of his Age; and at his Death regretted nothing more sensibly than that the World should lose so great a Master. To maintain this Reputation, he frequently condescended to Act and Sing upon the Theatre among the ordinary Comedians, and took a Journey to *Greece* on purpose to try his Skill against the most famous Artists of that Country; from whom he bore away the Garland, which was the usual Recompence of the best Performer, return'd to *Rome* in Triumph as if he had conquer'd a Province, and order'd both the Garland and Instrument to be hung up among the Banners and Honours of his Family.

34 He had likewise a great Vanity towards being thought a good Poet, and made Verses on the Destruction of *Troy*, call'd *Troica*; and 'tis reported he burnt *Rome*, to be more lively and natural in his Description: Tho' 'tis more probable he destroy'd

the

the Old-fashion'd Buildings, out of dislike to the narrowness and crookedness of the Streets, and to have the Honour of rebuilding the City better, and calling it by his own Name.

35 These monstrous Frolicks and Cruelties cou'd not but make his People weary of his Government. *Virginus Rufus*, who was his Lieutenant-General in *Gaul*, by the Assistance of *Junius Vindex* (a Nobleman of that Country) soon persuaded the Armies under his Command to fall from their Allegiance; and solicited *Sergius Galba*, who was Lieutenant-General in *Spain*, to do the like, by offering him the Empire in Favour of Mankind; which he at last accepted, upon intimation that *Nero* had issu'd out secret Orders to dispatch him; and march'd with all the Forces he cou'd gather, towards *Rome*. *Nero* not being in a Condition to oppose such Troops, fell into Despair, which turn'd to an Uncertainty what Measures to take, whether to Poison himself, or beg Pardon of the People, or endeavour to make his Escape. The last of these Methods seem'd most adviseable; he therefore put himself into Disguise, and crept with four Attendants only into a poor Cottage; where perceiving he was pursued, as a Sacrifice to the Public Vengeance, and apprehending the Rabble wou'd treat him barbarously, if he fell into their Hands; with much-ado he resolv'd to Stab himself.

36 *Catiline's* Conspiracy is a Story too well known to be insisted on: He was of a Noble Family, but by his Extravagancies had reduced himself to great Want, which engaged him in bad Pastimes. The Roman Armies were then pursuing Conquests in remote Provinces, which *Catiline* judg'd the most seasonable Opportunity for undertaking some desperate Design: He therefore entred into a Conspiracy with *Cetbegus*, *Lentulus*, and other Senators, and Persons considerable by their Births and Employments, to make themselves absolute Masters of their Country, by seizing the Senate, plundering the Treasury, and burning the City.

37 Incendiaries by the Roman Law were wrap'd in a pitch'd Coat (which they call'd *Tunica Molesta*) and Burnt alive: As we see by *Tacitus*, *Ann. Sect. 44.* where *Nero* after having set *Rome* on Fire, lays the Blame and Punishment upon the Christians, by ordering them, with a cruel Jest, to be light up, and serve as Torches, when it was dark.

38 One *Fulvia* (whom *Livy* calls a common Whore, tho' *Plutarch* makes her pass for a Lady of Quality) came to have some knowledge of this Enterprize, and discover'd it to *Cicero*, (a Person whom *Paterculus* elegantly calls *Virum Novitatis Nobilissimum*)

lissimum

iffima, since he was a Man of a mean Parentage, born at *Arpinum*, an inconsiderable Town among the *Volscians*, but by his Eloquence rais'd himself to the chief Dignities of State, and happened to be Consul at that time) who assembled the Senate, and by a severe Oration accused and convicted *Catiline*: However he, with a few of his Party, found means to make his Escape towards *Tuscany*, and put himself at the Head of some Troops which *Manlius* had got together in those Parts, threatening publicly that he wou'd put out the Fire of the City by the Ruins of it. In the mean time *Cethegus*, *Lentulus*, and several other Complices were seized and strangled in Prison by order of the Senate, at *Cato's* Persuasion: And *Caius Antonius Nepos*, who was joint Consul with *Tully*, march'd with what Forces he could raise against *Catiline*, who in a sharp Battle was kill'd upon the Spot, with most of his Followers, (as *Paterculus* observes) *Quem spiritum supplicio debuerat, praelio reddidit.*

39 A Promontory of *Epirus*, near the Island *Leucas*, where *Antony* and *Cleopatra* were ruin'd by a famous Sea Fight.

40 The Fields near *Philippi* in *Thessaly*, where *Brutus* and *Cassius* were defeated.

41 *Caius Marius*, was likewise born at *Arpinum*, and of such poor Parents, that he was first a Plowman, then a common Soldier, yet at last by his Merit arrived to the highest Employments. Once while he was Consul (for that Honour was seven Times conferr'd on him) the *Cimbrians* attempted to make an Excursion into *Italy*: But he kill'd 140000 of them, and made 60000 Prisoners: For which Victory a Triumph was ordain'd him by the Senate; but to decline the Envy which might be rais'd by his good Fortune, he solicited that *Q. Lucatius Catulus*, his Collegue, who was of a Noble Family, might be permitted to Triumph with him, tho' he had no Share in the Action.

42 Among the *Romans* there was a Superstition, that if their General would consent to be Devoted, or Sacrificed to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, the Earth, and the Infernal Gods, all the Misfortunes which otherwise might have happened to his Party, would by his Death be transferred on their Enemies. This Opinion was confirmed by several successful Instances, particularly two, in the Persons of the *Decii*, the Father and Son here mentioned. The first being Consul with *Manlius* in the Wars against the *Latins*; and perceiving the Left Wing, which he commanded, give back, he called out to *Valerius* the High Priest to perform on him the Ceremony of Consecration, (which we find describ'd by *Livy* in his 8th Book) and immediately spur'd his Horse

Horse into the thickest of his Enemies Forces, where he was killed, and the Roman Army gain'd the Battle. His Son died in the same manner in the Wars against the Gauls, and the Romans likewise obtain'd the Victory.

43 *Servius Tullius* was Son to *Oriculus*, whom *Juvenal* calls a Serving-Maid, but *Livy* supposes her to have been Wife to a Prince of *Corniculum*, who was kill'd at the taking of the Town, and his Wife was carried away Captive by *Tarquinius Priscus*, and presented as a Slave to his Wife *Tanaquil*, in whose Service she was delivered of this *Tullius*. The Family had a great Respect for the Child, because of a Lambent Fire they observed to play about his Head while he slept, which was interpreted as an Omen of his future Greatness; therefore Care was taken of his Education, and at last he was Contracted to the King's Daughter: Whereupon *Ancus Martius* his two Sons (who were the true Heirs of the Crown) fearing his Marriage might hinder their Succession, hired two Shepherds to assassinate *Tarquinius*, which they undertook, but could not execute so dexterously as was expected; for the King lived some Days after the Blow was given, during which Time *Tanaquil* caus'd the Gates of the Palace to be kept shut, and amus'd the People (who were eager on a new Election) with Assurances that the Wound was not Mortal; that the King was in a fair way of Recovery, and till he could appear Abroad, required them to pay Obedience to *Servius Tullius*; who by this Means first got Possession of the Government in the King's Name, and after his Death usurp'd it 44 Years in his own. At last he was forced out of the Senate by *Lucius Tarquinius*, thrown down Stairs, and murdered by his Orders. *Livy* adds this Commendation, That with him *Iusta ac legitima regna occiderunt*; which agrees with *Juvenal's* calling him *The last good King*. For (44) *Tarquin*, who reigned 25 Years after him, was hated for his Pride and Cruelty, and for the barbarous Rape which his Son *Sextus* committed on *Lucretia*, Wife to *Collatinus*; who by the Help of (46) *L. Junius Brutus* reveng'd this Injury, by driving *Tarquin* and his whole Race out of *Rome*, which from that Time began to be governed by Consuls: and the better to secure their Liberty, *Brutus* administered an Oath by which the Romans oblig'd themselves never to suffer any more Kings, and made a Decree (which proved fatal to his Family) whereby it was declared a Capital Crime in any Person who should endeavour by any means to bring back the *Tarquins*. However, they gave not over their Pretensions, but sent Ambassadors under Pretence of soliciting that their Estates at least might be restored to them, but underhand to

to insinuate themselves among the loose young Noblemen (who grew weary of a Commonwealth, because the Rigor of their new Laws did not tolerate that licentious way of Living, which they enjoy'd under the Government of their Kings) and to concert with them the best Methods towards their Restoration. This Design was first propos'd to the *Aquilii* and *Vitellii*: The last of these were Brothers to *Brutus's* Wife, and by that Alliance easily engaged (45) *Titus* and *Tiberius* (two Sons he had by her) in the Conspiracy, the Sum of which was, That the Gates of the City should be left open for the *Tarquins* to enter in the Night-time; and that the Ambassadors might be assur'd of their Sincerity, each Member of the Cabal delivered them, the Night before they were to return, Letters under their own Hands for the *Tarquins*, with Promises to this Effect.

47 *Horatius Cocles* being posted to guard a Bridge, which he perceived the Enemy would soon be Master of, he stood resolutely and oppos'd Part of their Army, while the Party he commanded repass'd the Bridge, and broke it down after them; and then threw himself, armed as he was, into the *Tiber*, and escaped to the City.

48 *Mutius Scaevola* went into the Enemies Camp with a Resolution to kill their King *Porfenna*, but instead of striking him, stabb'd one of his Guards; and being brought before the King, and finding his Error, in Indignation he burned off his Right Hand as a Penalty for his Mistake.

49 *Clelia*, a Roman Virgin, who was given to *Porfenna* as an Hostage, made her Escape from the Guards, and swam over the *Tiber*.

50 *Vindicius*, a Slave who waited at Table, by Chance overheard Part of their Discourse; and comparing these Circumstances with some others he had observ'd in their former Conferences, he went straight to the Consuls, and told what he had discovered. Orders were immediately issued out for searching the Ambassadors, the Letters above-mentioned were intercepted, the Criminals seiz'd, and the Proof being evident against them, they suffered the Punishment (which was newly introduced) of being tied Naked to a Stake, where they were first whipt by the Lictors, then Beheaded: And *Brutus*, by Virtue of his Office, was unhappily obliged to see this rigorous Sentence on his own Children.

To pursue the Story; the *Tarquins* finding their Plot had miscarried, and fearing nothing could be done by Treachery, struck up an Alliance with *Porfenna*, King of *Tuscany*, who pretending to restore them by open Force, march'd with a numerous

merous Army, and besieged Rome: But was soon surpris'd with three such Instances of the Roman Bravery, in the Persons of *Cocles*, *Mutius*, and *Clelia*, that he withdrew his Army, and courted their Friendship.

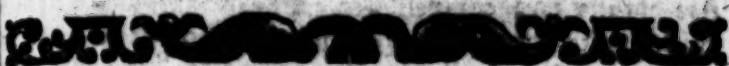
51 The ugly Buffoon of the *Grecian* Army.

52 *Remulus* finding the City, call'd by his Name, not sufficiently Peopled, established an *Ashlum*, or Sanctuary, where all Out-Laws, Vagabonds, and Criminals of what Nature soever, who could make their Escape thither, might live in all Freedom and Security.

53 The Author either means the *Bastard of Mars* and *Rhea Silvia* a Vestal Virgin, of whose Rape we have a Relation in the Beginning of *Ovid's* Third Book *de Fastis*, or a *Parricide*, for killing his Brother *Remus*.



HORACE.



HORACE. BOOK III.

ODE VII.

IMITATED.

I.

DEAR *Molly*, why so oft in Tears?
Why all these Jealousies and Fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have Patience till we've conquer'd *France*,
Thy Closet shall be stor'd with *Nants*;
Ye Ladies like such Plunder.

II.

Before *Toulon* thy Yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long Night he fights
For thee in lousy Cabbin:
And tho' the Captain's *Cries* cries,
'Tis I, dear *Bully*, pr'ythee rise—
He will not let the Drab in.

III.

But she, the cunning'st Jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By sharing female Bounties:
And, if he'll be but kind one Night,
She vows, he shall be dubb'd a Knight,
When she is made a Countess.

IV.

Then tells of smooth young Pages whipp'd,
Cashier'd and of their Liv'ries stripp'd;
Who late to Peers belonging,

Are

Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With Links, because they would not drudge
To save their Ladies longing.

V.

But *Val* the Eunuch cannot be
A colder Cavalier than he,
In all such Love-adventures:
Then pray do you, dear *Molly*, take
Some christian Care, and do not break
Your conjugal Indentures.

VI.

Bellair! (who does not *Bellair* know?
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau,)
Gives out, he loves you dearly:
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,
And soft Impertinence and Noise,
Full oft has beat a Parley.

VII.

But, pretty Turtle, when the Blade
Shall come with am'rous Serenade,
Soon from the Window rate him:
But if Reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to scale,
Discharge the *Jordan* at him.



HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IX.

I.

Verfes immortal as my Bays I fing,
When suited to my trembling String:
When by strange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
To make one pleasing Harmony.

All Poets are by their blind Captain led ;
 (For none e'er had the sacrilegious Pride
 To tear the well-plac'd Laurel from his aged Head.)

Yet *Pindar's* rolling dithyrambic Tide
 Hath still this Praise, that none presume to fly
 Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.

Still does *Stesichorus's* Tongue
 Sing sweeter than the Bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
 Love from every Verse does flow ;
 Still *Sappho's* Strings do seem to move,
 Instructing all her Sex to love.

II.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair
 More than *Hellen* did ensnare ;
 Others a Prince's Grandeur did admire,
 And wond'ring, melted to Desire.
 Not only skilful *Tenecer* knew
 To direct Arrows from the bended Yew:
Troy more than once did fall,
 Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.

Was *Sthenelus* the only valiant he,
 A Subject fit for lasting Poetry ?
 Was *Hector* that prodigious Man alone,
 Who, to save others Lives, expos'd his own ?
 Was only he so brave to dare his Fate,
 And be the Pillar of a tot'ring State ?

No ; others bury'd in Oblivion lie,
 As silent as their Grave,
 Because no charitable Poet gave
 Their well-deserved Immortality.

III.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,
 Are levell'd in th' impartial Grave,
 If they no Poet have.

}

But I will lay my Musick by,
 And bid the mournful Strings in Silence lie:
 Unless my Songs begin and end with you,
 To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
 No Pride does with your rising Honours grow,
 You meekly look on suppliant Crowds below.
 Should Fortune change your happy State,
 You could admire, yet envy not, the Great.
 Your equal Hand holds an unbiass'd Scale,
 Where no rich Vices, gilded Baits, prevail.
 You with a gen'rous Honesty despise
 What all the meaner World so dearly prize:
 Nor does your Virtue disappear,
 With the small Circle of one short-liv'd Year:
 Others, like Comets, visit and away;
 Your Lustre, (great as theirs) finds no Decay,
 But with the constant Sun makes an eternal Day.

IV.

We barbarously call those blest,
 Who are of largest Tenements posselt,
 Whilst swelling Coffers break their Owner's Rest.
 More truly happy those! who can
 Govern that little Empire, Man;
 Bridle their Passions and direct their Will
 Thro' all the glitt'ring Paths of charming Ill;
 Who spend their Treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
 By the large Bounty of indulgent Heav'n;
 Who in a fixt unalterable State,
 Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
 And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate;
 Who Poison less than Falshood fear,
 Loth to purchase Life so dear;
 But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
 And seal their Country's Love with their departing
 Breath.

ELEGY upon the Death of TIBULLUS.

From OVID.

IF Memnon's Fate, bewail'd with constant Dew,
Does, with the Day, his Mother's Grief renew;
If her Son's Death mov'd tender *Thetis*' Mind
To swell with Tears the Waves, with Sighs the Wind;
If Mighty Gods can Mortals Sorrow know,
And be the humble Partners of our Woe;
Now loose your Tresses, pensive Elegy,
(Too well your Office and your Name agree.)
Tibullus, once the Joy and Pride of Fame,
Lies now rich Fuel on the trembling Flame.
Sad *Cupid* now despairs of conqu'ring Hearts,
Throws by his empty Quiver, breaks his Darts:
Eases his useless Bows from idle Strings;
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging Wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond Lovers, Rest;
And wounds with furious Hands his pensive Breast.
Those graceful Curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter Rivals of the falling Snow,
Forget their Beauty, and in Discord lie,
Drunk with the Fountain from his melting Eye.
Not more *Aeneas*' Loss the Boy did move;
Like Passions for them both, prove equal Love.
Tibullus' Death grieves the fair Goddess more,
More swells her Eyes, than when the savage Boar
Her beautiful, her lov'd *Adonis* tore.

Poets large Souls Heav'n's noblest Stamps do bear;
(Poets, the watchful Angels darling Care)
Yet Death (blind Archer) that no Diff'rence knows,
Without Respect his roving Arrows throws.
Nor *Phaëbus*, nor the Muses Queen, could give
Their Son, their own Prerogative, to live.

Orpheus, the Heir of both his Parents Skill,
Tam'd wond'ring Beasts; not Death's more cruel Will.

Linus' sad Strings on the dumb Lute do lie,
In Silence forc'd to let their Master die.

Homer (the Spring, to whom we Poets owe
Our little All, does in sweet Numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his Fame,
His Works alone survive the envious Flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needless Victims prodigally pay,
Worship their sleeping Deities: Yet Death
Scorns Votaries, and stops the praying Breath.
To hallow'd Shrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the Altar to the Tomb.

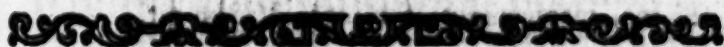
Go, frantick Poet, with Delusions fed,
Think Laurels guard your consecrated Head,
Now the sweet Master of your Art is dead.
What can we hope? since that a narrow Span
Can measure the Remains of thee, Great Man.
'The bold, rash Flame that durst approach so nigh,
And see *Tibullus*, and not trembling die,
Durst seize on Temples, and their Gods defy.
Fair *Venus* (fair ev'n in such Sorrows) stands,
Closing her heavy Eyes with trembling Hands.
Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
To quench the Flame with Rivers from her Eyes.

His Mother weeping does his Eye-lids close,
And on his Urn Tears, her last Gift, bestows.
His Sister too, with Hair dishevell'd, bears
Part of her Mother's Nature, and her Tears.

With those, two Fair, two mournful Rivals come,
And add a greater Triumph to his Tomb:
Both hug his Urn, both his lov'd Ashes kiss,
And both contend which reap'd the greater Bliss.
Thus *Delia* spoke (when Sighs no more could last)
Renewing by Remembrance Pleasures past;
" When Youth with Vigour did for Joy combine,
" I was *Tibullus*' Life, *Tibullus* mine:

" I entertain'd his hot, his first Desire,
 " And kept alive, till Age, his active Fire.
 To her then *Nemesis* (when Groans gave leave)
 " As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
 " Spare your vain Tears, *Tibullus*' Heart was mine,
 " About my Neck his dying Arms did twine;
 " I snatch'd his Soul, which true to me did prove;
 " Age ended yours, Death only stopp'd my Love.

If any poor Remains survive the Flames,
 Except thin Shadows, and more empty Names;
 Free in *Elysium* shall *Tibullus* rove,
 Nor fear a second Death should cross his Love.
 There shall *Catullus*, crown'd with Bays, impart
 To his far dearer Friend his open Heart.
 There *Gallus* (if Fame's Hundred Tongues all lye)
 Shall, free from Censure, no more rashly die.
 Such shall our Poet's blest'd Companions be,
 And in their Deaths, as in their Lives, agree.
 But thou, rich Urn, obey my strict Commands,
 Guard thy great Charge from Sacrilegious Hands.
 Thou, Earth, *Tibullus*' Ashes gently use,
 And be as soft and easy as his Muse.

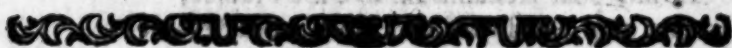


To the EVENING-STAR.

English'd, from a Greek Idyllium.

BRight Star! by *Venus* fix'd above,
 To rule the happy Realms o' Love:
 Who in the dewy rear of Day,
 Advancing thy distinguish'd Ray,
 Dost other Lights as far out-shine,
 As *Cynthia*'s Silver Glories thine;
 Known by superior Beauty there,
 As much as *Pastorella* here.

Exert, bright Star, thy friendly Light,
 And guide me thro' the dusky Night;
 Defrauded of her Beams, the Moon
 Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
 I wou'd not rob the Shepherd's Fold,
 I seek no Miser's hoarded Gold;
 To find a Nymph, I'm forc'd to stray,
 Who lately stole my Heart away.



Ad Regem SUECIAE.

PACATâ Holsatiâ, Ruffoque & Saxone fractis,
 Laudis & imperii jam satis *Arctoi* habet.
 Nil Patriæ optatum tanto sub Rege maneret,
 Ni deesset vacuo Regia Sponsa toro.
 Hanc Proceres, Populique petunt, spes inde *Gothorum*
 Pendet, & *Arctoi* maxima Cura Poli.

Tolle, *Hymenæe*, moras, sacra injice vincula Regi;
 Quem nemo potuit vincere, vincat Amor.
 Utilior regnis erit omni pompa triumpho,
 Si tua, magnanimus, sub juga, Victor eat.



Subprofessor Græcæ Linguae, Cantabr.

TRES nuper Juvenes, quos nondum Gloria nigrae
 Ornârat ventosa togæ (nimis invida nondum
 Cura Patrum vêtuit) repetunt dum fortè tabernam,
 Græculus esuriens ter dicto *Χρῆσι* salutat;
 Intranses sequitur; sedem capiamus, amici:
 Mirantur; mox Vina fluunt, rogat unus et alter
 Quis fiet; exponit: doctis spes maxima Grantis
 Dicor, vos nostras miror latuisse Camœnas.
 Ille ego, Pygmæas forti conamine Turmas

1 *Alumni Trin. Col. (nondum graduati) purpureis togantur.*

Qui

Qui cecini, qui fata gruum, victasque Phalanges :
 Nec recito cuiquam nisi Amicis : incipit ultro.
 Illi compressis agitantur plurima labris,
 Se fessi extendunt : pergit jam protinus alter,
 Ohe jam satis ! expectant te Pocula, clamat.
 Ut taceat bibitur ; dant Vina in carmina Virces.
 Ille idem atque Εἰς ἡμᾶς cano, καὶ τὸν ἄλλον Ἀμυνέω,
 Τύρπερον, ἡδὲ Γοῖλα, Παμάνα τοῦ Πυτοῦ Γεγάλυς,
 Quæ (modò nè recitet) dum se legisse fatentur,
 Pumice quæ nuper polliantur habebitis, inquit ;
 Principis & Nigri promit de vestis a Volumen.
 Quò fugiant, miseris cùm sit via nulla ? queruntur,
 Conficis ! excrucias ! agitis nil, usquè tenebo ;
 Et legit invitis. Hic protinus oscitat ; alter
 Ingemit ; & somnos captat felicior alter.
 Cum jam Carminibus bis tres consumpserat horas :
 Vos lepidi fortasse sales ; & habebitis, inquit.
 3 Castigator eram vitiorum (conscia qualem
 Nuper Granta horret) nec si pateretur, erit quis,
 Qui nostras sumat Partes felicior ; ultro
 Vera canam : mensam ascendit, repetitque jocator
 Insulsus, mimusque sui : pulso pavimento,
 Quæ solvenda rogant ; dant Symbola ; protinus ille,
 Non ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse Poetis,
 Excerptam numero ; quadrans mihi nullus in arcâ,
 Nec loculis : fremuere ; tacet : jecur usere bilis
 Incipit : Haud tanti vendes mala carmina, clamant.
 Vinitor heus ! Audi, quid debeat ille, Poeta
 Non, nisi Pauperiem, quid habens : Ter versat inanes
 Vana manus oculos ; nec scit quæ pignora promat.
 Rident : ille gemit : sed Vinitor acriter instat ;
 Nulla fugæ via, nulla mora est, cùm carmina triste
 Singultans profert ; hæc sit tibi plurima merces.
 Vinitor hoc Pretium (sortem miseratus iniquam)
 Vile capit ; vacuusque foras exivit Homerus.

2 Historiam scil. quam ipso scripsit.

3 Terra-filius sive Prævaricator.



In Nuptias P. Georgii & D. Annæ.

Circumvolantum blanda *Cupidinum*
 Huc Mater axes flectat eburneos,
 Dum sævientis flagra dextræ
 Chaonizæ metuant Columbæ:

Seu, ne jugales heu! nimium pigros
 Damnent Amantès, ocyus ocyus
 Impelle currum fortiori
 Remigio volitans olorum.

Junctum Marinæ *Pelea* Conjugi,
 Senique junctam *Cyprida Troico*,
 Delira ne jactet vetustas,
 Connubio superata nostro:

Illustriori stemmate Regiam
 Ditabit aulam nobilior Parens;
 Virtute & *Ænean*, Nepotes,
 Viribus & superent *Achillem*.

Quin bellicosæ Gloria *Cimbria*,
 Nunc invidendæ spes, decus *Anglia*,
 Ira, horror, & vultus minaces
 In Dominæ turbulentur ulnis.

Cessate lites; spicula, machinæ
 Dormite lethi: libret & unicus,
 Præbent Puellæ quas ocelli,
 Armiger innocuus sagittas.

Quam dulcè vultu Virgineo rubet
 Pandora? (quantum, dùm rubet, allicit?)
 Tacetque, sed narrant vicissim
 Lumina luminibus calorea.

Liquisset

Liquisset *Evan Gnosida*, floridam
 Tu, *Phæbe*, *Daphnen* hanc peteres magis:
 Nec non *Tonantis* pluma mendax,
 Cornua seu tegerent amores.

Lacena nunquam damna modestiæ
 Tulisset, *Idæ* si Puer huc vagus
 Errâisset, ardentes videret

Funere tergemino Penates,
 Flammæque viles crederet *Ilis*.
 Mercede tali quis stadium piger
 Fatale vitet? quis timeret

OEnomai fremitum sequentis?

Te præda nullo parta periculo,
 Te gaza nullis empta laboribus
 Expectat ultrò: fata, Princeps,
 Hæc meritis statuere tantis.

Ætas ut aptis vernet amoribus,
 Blando fideles murmure turtures,
 Nexuque vites arctiori, &
 Basiolis superate Conchas.

Cùm dextra Cœli prodiga *Carolus*
 Ornârit omni dote, *Britannia*

Oblita & hæredis futuri,
 Nec dederit similem, aut secundum;

Te, spes ruentis faustior Imperi,
 Nomen beabit Patris amabile,
 Heroes illustres daturum,

Qui domitum moderentur orbem.

Infans Parenti laudibus æmulus
 Assurgat, annos dissimulans breves:
 Patris decorem mas verendum,
 Matris & os referant Puellæ.



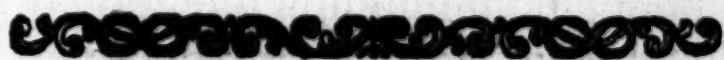
In Obitum CAROLI Secundi.

Dilaniata comas, pronisque in fata eupressa
 Cincta, fave citharæ, moesta *Thalia*, mea:
 Sed neque festivos vox deserat immemor hymnos,
 Nec laceret madidas impia dextra genas;
 Tempestiva levent insanos Gaudia Luctus:
 Conveniunt Elegis utraque, Diva, Tuis.
 Seu caneres CAROLI mores Cœlestibus æquos,
 (Heu! nimis ante diem, qui voluere Suum:)
 Debita non Impar seu carmina provocet *Hæres*;
 Quem teneat, cœlis æmula, Terra Suum!
 Nè quis deficiat, sequitur sic *Castora Pollux*,
*Fratri*sque accendit funere *Luna* facem.
 Sic pius assumpsit *Numa* Divi sceptrâ *Quirini*;
Rex solium ascendit, cum tulit ara *Deum*.
 Quàm bene *Achilleas* torserunt fata sagittas!
 Præbet, quæ dederat dextera vulnus, opem.
 Lubrica Sors facto nocet, atque indulget, eodem:
Si non errasset, fecerat illa minus.





THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WALSH, *Esq;*



THE

RIGHT

OF THE



TO

WILLIAM WATKINS

1852

L E T T E R S

A N D

P O E M S,

AMOROUS *and* GALLANT.

L E T T E R S



P O E M S

AMOROUS AND GALANT.

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P R E F A C E,

To the Letters and Poems first printed
in 1692.



IT has been so usual among modern Authors to write Prefaces, that a Man is thought rude to his Reader, who does not give him some Account before-hand of what he is to expect in the Book. That which may make somewhat of this kind more necessary in my Case than others is, That a great part of this Collection consists of familiar Letters, which sort of Writings some learned Persons among us have thought unfit to be publish'd. It must be confess'd, indeed, that a great Beauty of Letters does often consist in little Passages of private Conversation, and References to particular Matters, that can be understood by none but those to whom they are written: But to draw a general Conclusion from thence, That familiar Letters can please none but those very Persons, is to conclude against the common Experience of all the World: since besides the great Applauses have been given the Letters of *Cicero* and *Pliny* among the *Romans*; we see no Book has been better received among the *Spaniards*, than the Letters of *Guevara*, or among the *French*, than those of *Voiture* and *Balsac*: Not to mention the *Italians*, among whom there has been hardly

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hardly any considerable Man who has not publish'd Letters with good Success. What may have contributed very much to the kind Reception these things have met, is, that there is no sort of Writing so necessary for People to understand as this. A man may have a great deal of Wit, without being able to write Verses or make Harangues; and may live in very good Repute, without having Occasion of doing either. But a Man can hardly live in the World without being able to write Letters. There is no state of Life in which a Faculty of that kind is not requisite; and there are few Days pass, in which a Man has not occasion to make use of it.

The Style of Letters ought to be free, easy and natural; as near approaching to familiar Conversation as possible. The two best Qualities in Conversation are good Humour and good Breeding; those Letters are therefore certainly the best that shew the most of those two Qualities. There are some Men so surly, so ill-natur'd, and so ill-bred, that tho' we can hardly deny 'em to have Wit, yet we can say, at least, that we are sorry they have it. And indeed, as their Wit is troublesome to other People, so I can hardly imagine of what great use it can be to themselves. For if the end of Wit be not to render one self agreeable, I shall scarce envy 'em any other use they can make of it.

The second Part of this Collection consists of amorous Verses. Those who are conversant with the Writings of the Ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the Moderns have publish'd upon this Subject. The Occasions upon which the Poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every Man almost that is in Love; and the Thoughts such, as are natural for every Man in Love to think. The Moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for Occasions that none meet with but themselves, and fill their Verses with Thoughts that are surprising and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a Man in Love.

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To judge which of these two are in the right; we ought to consider the end that People propose in writing Love-Verses: And that I take not to be the getting Fame or Admiration from the World, but the obtaining the Love of their Mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forc'd Conceits, far-fetch'd Similes, and shining Points; but by a true and lively Representation of the Pains and Thoughts attending such a Passion.

— *Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia ludent.*

I would as soon believe a Widow in great Grief for her Husband, because I saw her dance a *Corant* about his Coffin, as believe a Man in Love with his Mistress for his writing such Verses, as some great modern Wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Ovid*, were in Love with their Mistresses while they upbraided them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and swore them; but I confess I cannot believe *Petrarch* in Love with his, when he writes Conceits upon her Name, her Gloves, and the Place of her Birth. I know it is natural for a Lover, in Transports of Jealousy, to treat his Mistress with all the Violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a Man, who is much in Love, to amuse himself with such Trifles as the other. I am pleas'd with *Tibullus*, when he says, he could live in a Desert with his Mistress where never any human Footsteps appear'd, because, I doubt not but he really thinks what he says; but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing when *Petrarch* tells us, he could live without any other Sustainance than his Mistress's Looks. I can very easily believe a Man may love a Woman so well as to desire no Company but hers; but I can never believe a Man can love a Woman so well as to have no need of
Meat

P R E F A C E.

Meat and Drink if he may look upon her. The fault is a Thought so natural for a Lover, that there is no Man really in Love, but thinks the same thing; the other is not the Thought of a Man in Love, but of a Man who would impose upon us with a pretended Love (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this Point; and any Man who will but give himself the Trouble to compare what the Ancients and Moderns have said upon the same Occasions, will soon perceive the Advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention *Petrarch* only, as being by much the most famous of all the Moderns who have written Love-verses: And it is indeed, the great Reputation which he has gotten, that has given Encouragement to this false sort of Wit in the World: for People seeing the great Credit he had, and has, indeed, to this Day, not only in *Italy*, but over all *Europe*, have satisfied themselves with the Imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was the right or not.

There are no modern Writers, perhaps, who have succeeded better in Love-verses than the *English*; and it is indeed just that the fairest Ladies should inspire the best Poets. Never was there a more copious Fancy or greater reach of Wit than what appears in *Dr. Donne*; nothing can be more gallant or gentle than the Poems of *Mr. Waller*; nothing more gay or sprightly than those of *Sir John Suckling*; and nothing fuller of Variety and Learning than *Mr. Cowley's*. However, it may be observ'd, that among all these, that Softness, Tenderness, and Violence of Passion, which the Ancients thought most proper for Love-verses, is wanting; and at the same time that we must allow *Dr. Donne* to have been a very great Wit; *Mr. Waller* a very gallant Writer; *Sir John Suckling* a very gay one, and *Mr. Cowley* a great Genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great Lover. And it grieves me that

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he Ancients, who could never have handsomer Women than we have, should nevertheless be so much more in Love than we are. But it is probable the great Reason of this may be the Cruelty of our Ladies; for a Man must be imprudent indeed to let his Passion take very deep root, when he has no reason to expect any sort of Return to it. And if it be so, there ought to be a Petition made to the Fair, that they would be pleas'd sometimes to abate a little of their Rigour for the Propagation of good Verse. I do not mean that they should confer their Favours upon none but Men of Wit, that would be too great a Confinement indeed; but that they would admit them upon the same foot with other People; and if they please now and then to make the Experiment, I fancy they will find Entertainment enough from the very Variety of it.

There are three sorts of Poems that are proper for Love: *Pastorals*, *Elegies*, and *Lyric Verses*; under which last I comprehend all *Songs*, *Odes*, *Sonnets*, *Madrigals* and *Stanzas*. Of all these *Pastoral* is the lowest, and, upon that Account, perhaps most proper for Love; since it is the Nature of that Passion to render the Soul soft and humble. These three sorts of Poems ought to differ, not only in their Numbers, but in the Designs, and in every Thought of them. Though we have no Difference between the Verses of *Pastoral* and *Elegy* in the modern Languages; yet the Numbers of the first ought to be looser and not so sonorous as the other; the Thoughts more simple, more easy and more humble. The Design ought to be the representing the Life of a Shepherd, not only by talking of Sheep and Fields, but by showing us the Truth, Sincerity and Innocence that accompanies that sort of Life. For though I know our Masters, *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, have not always conform'd in this Point of Innocence; *Theocritus* in his *Daphnis*, having made his Love too wanton, and *Virgil*, in his *Alexis*, plac'd his Passion upon a Boy; yet (if we may be allow'd to censure those whom we must always reverence)

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reverence) I take both those things to be Faults in their Poems, and should have been better pleas'd with the *Alexis* if it had been made to a Woman; and with the *Daphnis*, if he had made his Shepherds more modest. When I give Humility and Modesty as the Character of *Pastoral*, it is not, however, but that a Shepherd may be allow'd to boast of his Pipe, his Songs, his Flocks, and to shew a Contempt of his Rival, as we see both *Theocritus* and *Virgil* do. But this must be still in such a manner, as if the Occasion offer'd itself, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the Violence of the Shepherd's Passion, than any natural Pride or Malice in him.

There ought to be the same difference observ'd between *Pastorals* and *Elegies* as between the Life of the Country and the Court. In the first, Love ought to be represented as among Shepherds, in the other as among Gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clear, tender and passionate. The Thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated than in *Pastoral*. The Passions they represent, either more Gallant or more Violent, and less innocent than the others. The subjects of them, Prayers, Praises, Expostulations, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Threatnings, Jealousies, and in fine, all the natural Effects of Love.

Lyrics may be allow'd to handle all the same Subjects with *Elegy*, but to do it however in a different manner. An *Elegy* ought to be so entirely one thing, and every Verse ought so to depend upon the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone: Or, to make use of the Words of a * great modern Critic, there must be

———— a just Coherence made
Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid;
So right, that every Step may higher rise,
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the Skies.

* My Lord Mulgrave.

Lyrics

P R E F A C E

Cricks, on the other hand, tho' they ought to make the Body as well as the other, yet may consist of Parts that are entire of themselves. It being a Rule in modern Languages, that every *Stanza* ought to make up a compleat Sense without running into the other. Frequent sentences which are accounted Faults in *Elegies*, are Beauties here. Besides this, *Malherb*, and the French Poets after him, have made it a Rule in the *Stanzas* of six Lines, to make a pause at the third; and in those of ten Lines, at the third and the seventh. And it must be confest that this Exactness renders them much more Musical and Harmonious; tho' they have not always been so Religious in observing the latter Rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very foolish Design: Those who are Criticks, it wou'd be a Pre-emption in me to pretend I cou'd instruct; and to instruct those who are not, at the same time I write myself, (if I may be allow'd to apply another Man's Simile) like selling Arms to an Enemy in time of War. Tho' we ought, perhaps, to be more Indulgence shewn to Writings of Love and Galantry, than any others; because they are generally written when People are young, and intended for Ladies who are not supposed to be very old; and all young People, especially of the Fair Sex, are more taken with the Liveliness of Fancy, than the Correctness of Judgment. It may be also observ'd, that to write of Love well, a Man must be really in Love, and to correct his Writings well, he must be out of Love again. I am well enough satisfy'd I may be in Circumstances of writing of Love, but I am almost in despair of ever being in Circumstances of correcting it. This I hope may be a Reason for the Fair and the Young, to pass over some of the Faults; and as for the grave and wise, all the Favour I shall beg of them is, that they wou'd not read 'em. Things of this Nature are calculated only for the former. If Love-verses work upon the Ladies, a Man will not trouble himself with what

P R E F A C E.

what the Criticks say of them, and if they do not, the Commendations the Criticks can give him, will make but very little Amends. All I shall say for the Trifles is, That I pretend not to vie with any Man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living who are able to write better upon all Subjects, than I am upon any one: But I will take the boldness to say That there is no one Man among them all who shall be readier to acknowledge his own Faults, or to do Justice to the Merits of other People.



LETTERS



LETTERS

GALLANT *and* AMOROUS.

LETTER I.

To two MASQUES.

THough I cannot boast much of Particularity to the Person I love, yet as to the Love itself, I may safely say, It is one of the most particular under the Sun. Others think it enough to fall in Love with a Lady after having seen her. I am in Love with two, without having ever seen either: Not that I would willingly admit two Tyrants into my Heart; but though one of you may perhaps be Monarch here, yet neither you nor I knowing which it is, the Matter must rest in doubt till another Opportunity. For he who condemned *Paris* as too bold a Man, in daring to judge of the three Goddesses Beauties, when he saw 'em naked, would have thought me a bold one indeed, if I shou'd pretend to make a Judgment between two Ladies in Masques. Consider a little under what Difficulty you make me labour: If I shou'd commend the Colour of your Hair, and it was all the while deep

red; the smoothness and delicacy of your Skins, when they were rough and tawny; the fineness of your Shapes, while you were stuck up within Iron Bodies; the brightness of your Eyes, and they shou'd prove blear'd and squinting. Do but imagine when I had done this, what sort of an Effect it wou'd have upon you. Whatever Inconveniences of this nature happen, it is your own Faults; for my part I leave this encountering with Helmets over their Faces, to Sir *Amadis* and his Knights Errant; the way of Duelling is alter'd, People do not only encounter barefac'd, but strip when they go to it. As for this way, I can assure you, I find it not in the least fair; and had rather be in love with the most hard-hearted Beauty living, than continue in this uncertain State, and neither know what I love, why I love, nor whether I love, or no. Take pity, Ladies, upon a Lover in distress; clear the Business to me, and let me know if I am in good earnest, when I profess myself

Your most passionate Admirer.

LETTER II.

LETTER II.

To one of the former.

IT is by Faith alone that I fancy you the most charming, but I find by Experience you are one of the most unreasonable Ladies under the Sun. I concluded I had done the boldest Action in the World, to declare a Passion to two Masques; but you, Madam, set up a Title of your own, and are not satisfied without Particularity, and Constancy. Your Charms I confess, Madam, as far as I saw of them, are very great: The Masque was very good *Genoa* Velvet; the Gloves very good *Bliss* Gloves, and the Hackney-Coach, for ought I know,

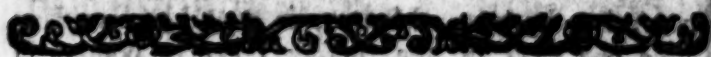
now, lin'd with very good green Plosh. Now, Madam, though so far I do stedfastly believe, yet to all constantly and particularly in love with Masques, Gloves, or Hackney-Coaches, is what I do not find a Precedent for, in any of the *French* Romances; and being naturally diffident of myself, I shou'd be loth to begin a new sort of Gallantry, without knowing how it wou'd take. Consider, Madam, a little better upon the reasonableness of your Request; for Particularity and Constancy are very hardly to be answer'd for, at our Years. It is, I doubt not, Madam, in your Power to blow my Love up to that height whenever you please; and to confess a Truth to you, I have a very great Stock of Particularity and Constancy lying upon my Hands at this time, and know not how to apply it. I have all the reason in the World to imagine it is kept for you; but however, Madam, it wou'd be necessary to have one view of you, before I can be positive in that Point. I am satisfied in my Conscience that I have done all my Duty in the thing; let it lie at your Door if the Humour break off; for my part I cannot imagine how you will be able to answer it to all the World, if you shou'd, for want of discovering yourself, lose the most constant and most faithful Lover under the Sun.

LETTER III.

To the same.

Constancy and Fidelity are, without doubt, great Virtues, though not always great Charms in a Mistress; but as to your Invisibilty, it is a Quality that does not please me at all. I grant you, Madam, it is a pretty æreal sort of Beauty, and may do very well for spiritual Lovers; but for me, Madam, who am a little embarrass'd with Matter, and who generally carry a

Body of six Foot long about with me, it wou'd be convenient to have some more corporeal Accomplishments. Descend, Madam, in this case, to your Lover's Capacity, and make use of his Senses to represent you as charming as without doubt you are, to his Imagination. For though I must confess Fancy has been very kind to you in this Point, yet it wou'd be convenient to call in the Help of the Eyes to strengthen the Evidence: I expect therefore from your next Letter, an Appointment where I may meet you in a visible manner. These are the only Terms upon which I can treat any farther with you; for tho' you write the most agreeably in the World, yet you must certainly own, that after having been monstrously in Love for a whole Week together, it is very reasonable that a Man shou'd know at last with whom it is.



LETTER IV.

To the same.

YES really, Madam, I think you are in the right of it; Hanging and Drowning are such vulgar ways of Dying, that for my part I wou'd rather live a thousand Years, than make use of either. Then, Madam, they are the most inconvenient Methods in the World: Drowning will spoil your Clothes, and Hanging your Complexion; besides several other things that might be said to dissuade you from it, but that I know a Word to the Wife is enough. I am of Opinion you had better defer all sort of dying 'till another Opportunity; though if you are positive in it, I wou'd rather recommend Mr. Boyle's Air-Pump as a newer Invention; or being poisoned in Perfumes, as somewhat that looks pleasant enough. But to be less serious, Madam, make no doubt of your own Perfections, and reckon that in having me, you have

have the most reasonable Lover, of an unreasonable Lover, in the World. I confess were I to form a Beauty to myself, she shou'd be—— let me consider a little upon it; she shou'd be—— I protest, Madam, I know not what she shou'd be: monstrously in love with me, that is certain; for the rest, I shou'd trust the Stars: I think I may say, without Flattery, I love myself so well, that I can love any body else that does so too; and shou'd prefer that single Beauty, of an immoderate Passion for me in a Mistress, to all the other Charms in the World, as *Bayes* does the single beating of Armies in his Hero, to all the Moral Virtues put together. If you can answer for this Charm, Madam, take no care for any other; he must be unreasonable indeed, who is not satisfied with that, in a Lady of Sixteen.

L E T T E R V.

To the fair Unbeliever.

ST. *Jerome* says, (St. *Jerome* I must confess is a very odd beginning of a *Billet doux*) That a Man who can with Patience suffer himself to be call'd Heretick,ought not to be esteem'd a good Christian: And in common Account you see, one who is called Coward, if he does not resent the Affront, shall always be thought such. As my Provocations are much greater than either of these, so if my Indignation were answerable to 'em, you cou'd not expect to be forgiven by me, even in the Article of Death: For after all People can say of Hereticks and Cowards, they will allow 'em to be Men; but by your Reflections upon me, you wou'd degrade me from that Rank, without allowing me any place among the inferior Creatures. Had you call'd me Brute, or Beast, I had not been so zealous in my own Justification:

Daily Experience convinces us, That Men who have more Understanding than Horses, or Mules, provided they have all the other Qualifications of those noble Animals, may be acceptable enough to some or other of the fair Sex; but want of Virility is an Imputation that will cut a Man off from all sort of Communication with 'em. Had the Husbands or old Women had this Opinion of me, I shou'd not have been so violent in my own Defence. Scandals, as well as Oaths, ought to be taken in the Sense of those that impose 'em; I shou'd not be angry at a Turk, or a Jew, for thinking me of their Religion; because whatever I thought, it was what made them like me the better; but this wou'd be no Reason to make me forgive a Christian for calling me so. In like manner, Madam, though I cou'd have pardon'd the Husbands and old Women for saying such a thing of me, yet I can very hardly pardon you for it. It were vain to call Witnesses in this Case, or turn you over to another hand for Satisfaction in that Point, which can only properly be resolv'd by myself; and it were vain to think to clear myself by Words from an Imputation that ought to be done by Actions; I shall therefore only challenge you to meet me at your own Place and Time; where I doubt not to give you full Satisfaction in this Point, and convince you that I am not the Man (or rather indeed the No Man) that you take me to be. In the mean time I shall remain your most Humble, (a Curse on that Humble) but I mean,

Madam,

Your most affectionate and passionate

Lover and Servant.



LETTER

L E T T E R VI.

I Have been waiting these three Months to tell you a thing that may be said in three Words; it is, I love you. I will grant you, Madam, that this is no necessary Reason why you shou'd love me again; but you must grant me in recompence, That it is a very sufficient Reason why I shou'd tell you of it. I do not expect you shou'd write me a Letter in return to this, and therefore venture it without a Name: It is from your Eyes alone, I shall attend my Answer. But, Madam, that we may not mistake one another in this Point, and that I may not take for an Encouragement of my Passion, what you intend for a Discouragement of it; I must tell you, That if you do not look upon me after this, I shall believe you are in Love, and that makes you bashful: If you look angrily, I shall think it is to give me occasion to come and justify myself; and if you look negligently, I shall conclude 'tis management to disguise the Amour from the World: In fine, Madam, I shall take nothing for a Refusal of my Heart, but looking very kindly upon me. But that you may not be mistaken in the Person who sends this, and imagine it to come from some Lord with a blue Garter, or white Staff, that comes from a Commoner without either. I will describe myself so, as you may know me well enough to encourage my Passion if you like it, but not so as to make a Trophy of me, if you do not. My Stature is somewhat above the ordinary; my Body neither very big, nor very small; my Hair light; my Eyes dark; and Love has not as yet made me either very lean, or very pale: My Humour is the most commodious for a Lover in the World, not so much inclin'd to Hanging or Drowning, perhaps, as some others; but for Passion and Constancy, no Man goes beyond me.

If you will accept of a Heart with all these Qualifications, I offer you mine; if not, send it me back by the Penny-Post, if you know me by any other Title than that of

Your most humble Servant.



LETTER VII.

To the same.

I Grant you, Madam, there are others who will love you as much as I; but are there any who will love you as little? Yes, Madam, I understand very well what I say, Will they love you as little? for that is the only Difficulty you have to apprehend. There is no question but a Man who is possess'd of the most charming Creature in the Universe, will be constant to her as long as she pleases; but it is a great question if he will part with her as soon as she pleases. This is the Rock upon which those Ladies split, who will admit of none but constant Lovers; not considering that the Women are as changeable as the Men can be for the Lives of them, and consider, pray, into what pretty Circumstances a Lady brings herself, who is plagu'd with an obstinate old Lover, when she is passionately in love with a new one. I know not what those Crimes are the Lady you tell me lays to my Charge; but I fancy an importunate Perseverance in Love of the same Woman, is not one of the Number: And whenever you please to make the Experiment, as the least Sign in the World is sufficient after these Preliminaries, to make me a most passionate Lover; so the least Sign you give me afterwards of any new Amour, shall make me lay aside that Title, for the less-ambitious one of

Your most humble Servant.

LETTER



L E T T E R VIII.

To a Lady who had spoken against him.

THERE may have been other Men, perhaps, besides myself, who have fallen in love with a Woman they did not know; but for a Man to do it for no other reason than her declaring against him, is, I believe, an Honour that has been reserv'd for your humble Servant. They tell me, Madam, you are so far from liking me yourself, that you will not believe any Body else can: That you find nothing agreeable in my Person, from the Crown of my Head to the Soal of my Foot: That for my Wit, (for every body, Madam, carries somewhat about them which they call Wit) it is all Affectation: That I am an Abstract of Vanity: That I am so much in love with myself, that it is impossible for me to be so with any Body else. These things, Madam, that might have put some People into Anger, have put me into Love: For as those who are naturally peevish, will be angry at People, let them endeavour never so much to please 'em; so we who are naturally amorous, cannot avoid being in love with a Lady, let her take never so much Pains to anger us. And indeed, Madam, did People ground their Passions upon Reason, you have given me one of the most reasonable Causes to love you in the World: For as there is no Man of Wit but knows himself to be a Fool, so he ought to have an Opinion of their Judgments, who find it out as well as himself. It is reported as an Instance of the Bravery of the *Amazons*, That they wou'd never marry a Man 'till they had fought with him first, and if he beat 'em very much, he might expect to be loved very much by them. Now I, Madam,

who profess as great a Veneration for Wit, as the *Amazons* had for Courage, cannot have so good a Reason for Love, as your having exercis'd your Wit upon me: 'Tho' it is possible you may attribute my Passion to another Cause, and as you think I love nothing beside myself, may have some kindness for you, because you are never like to be my Rival; however, assure yourself, Madam, it is no such thing, but knowing the worst you can say of me to be true, and having a natural Affection for Truth, Wit, and Women, (you will think a Man a very general Lover, that can love Truth, Wit, and Women, at the same time) I must needs be infinitely in love with you, in whom I find 'em altogether. Be not however deluded into a better Opinion of me, by what any body can say: for as it is only your hating me that makes me love you, as soon as that ceases, I am afraid my Love will do so too. As you therefore value my Kindness, take heed of having any for me; and satisfy yourself, that as long as you continue to think me a silly, idle, conceited Fop, I shall continue to be, with all the Passion imaginable,

Madam,

Your, &c.



L E T T E R IX.

To a Masqu'd Lady.

TH O' I doubt not, Madam, but you have made the most considerable Conquests under the Sun, yet give me leave to say, You never made any so extraordinary as this before: You have subdu'd, without the Conqueror's common Vanity, of making yourself known, and have gain'd the most absolute Victory in the World, without as much as unsheathing your Face. I, who
never

never knew a Woman cou'd overcome me, am now overcome by I know not who: And can both boast of the greatest Passion, and greatest Faith in Nature together: The seeing you, which is the reason of other People's Love, might, for ought I know, destroy mine; for I have rais'd Ideas of you, to which it is very difficult for any thing in Nature to arrive. I imagine you the most charming Creature in the Universe, and at the same time fancy you to be somewhat more than I imagine. I have dress'd you up in all the most different shapes of Nature. In whatever you appear, it has been always the most amiable: And after having supposed you Maid, Wife, and Widow by turns, I find I can love you infinitely, be you any one of them. Did I know in which State you were, I wou'd certainly make love to all of it, 'till I arriv'd at you; and for want of that, I am forc'd to confine myself to Womankind. I leave it to your own Conscience, Madam, whether you can leave the most constant Lover in Nature, in this Condition; tho' if it feel no remorse for the last Disappointment, I shall very hardly ever trust it more. Yet however extravagant my Passion is, do not apprehend that I shou'd make any malicious Reflections on you to the World; let my other Virtues be what they will, my Fidelity is unquestionable: And assure yourself, there is no Man breathing less apt to tell a Secret that he does not know, than,

Madam,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R X.

To a Friend.

S I R,

FOR Friend I can hardly call you, since under that Disguise, you have done me one of the greatest Injuries

Injuries in the World; and it is vain for me to guard my Territories against the malicious Designs of Enemies and Rivals; when you, whom I never took for either, have more prejudiced me in an Amour, than they cou'd with all their Forces together. But that I may not condemn you without a Cause, nor conclude you guilty till I hear what you can say in your own Justification, I will give you a plain account of the Business. Meeting one of the Ladies last Night, with whom I am in love, she began a discourse of Lovers, wherein she shew'd the many Inconveniences that attended the having a Man of Wit in that Capacity. I, who do not naturally love to dispute with a fair Lady, (especially in a Cause where I thought myself no more concern'd than if she had talk'd of Jews or Mahometans) agreed with her in all she said; when she turn'd briskly upon me, and told me, For that Reason a Woman must have a care of having any thing to do with me. I told her that was acting after the manner of some late Judges; call a thing Treason without Law, and then hang a Man for it without Proof: That I appeal'd to all the World for my Innocence in the matter, and defied my greatest Enemies to bring any Evidence of my Guilt. She told me she had it from such a one, who had it from another; and that, in fine, the original Author of this Calumny was yourself. Now tho' I grant you that some People might have said such a thing as this out of Inadvertency; yet I can hardly believe a Man of your Prudence to have done it upon that account. You who very well know, That to commend a Man for a Wit to the Women, is like commending him for a good Protestant to the Fathers of the Inquisition; and he that reported me an Eunuch among 'em, cou'd not do it upon a more malicious account. They love a tame, easy, governable Fool, and fancy all Wits ill-natur'd and proud: Have not you often told me so? and after that to put me upon 'em for one! Well, Sir, I am a Gentleman; nor shall I pass by such a thing

as this without Satisfaction. I expect therefore you shou'd either give it me under your Hand, that you never said any such thing of me, or if you really said it, that you shou'd go immediately to the Person to whom you did it, and assure 'em you were misinform'd in the thing, and that to your Knowledge *Ireland* itself never bred a more tame easy Fool than I am; for here lies the greatest Danger, I have gotten a Rival of that Country, and you know how difficult it is to succeed in a Contest with one of them, when want of Wit to give is the Preference. After all, methinks if you wou'd be hearty in the thing, you may bring me out of these Difficulties; I know you have Wit enough to convince 'em that I have none; and if the worst come to the worst, it is but carrying you to 'em to shew the difference. In that hopes, I resume the Title of

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

To a Lady in the Country, who was going to be married.

AFTER having written you a Letter upon your first going down, I have never dar'd to venture one since, lest I shou'd be mistaken in my Address; and, for ought I know, to write to you now by the Title of Mrs -----, may be as uncivil as to treat the King with the Title of Prince of Orange. However, Madam, blame not me for it, since we are here in perfect Ignorance of the matter. We had very positive News one while of your being married; and as positive after, that it was not yet done; which some here took, I can assure you, for a great Act of Mercy. Half a dozen Sparks of your Acquaintance have provided themselves either with

with Love-songs, or Epithalamiums, to send you, the Occasion shall require, without being yet able to know which wou'd be most proper: And here are half a dozen more who have had Halters about their Necks ever since the Report of your going to be married, for they are resolv'd to be ready upon the first Notice, That the same Post which brings the News of your Wedding, may carry back that of their Deaths. 'Tis true, Madam, I took the Boldness to advise 'em not to be over-hasty in the Affair, since they might do it afterwards at their own Convenience; and Experiments of this Nature were difficult enough to correct, when they were once ill done. But all I could say was in vain; they are positive in the matter, and half a dozen of the handsomest Trees in the Park, are mark'd out for the Execution. I must confess, I endeavour'd to divert 'em as much as I cou'd from choosing that Place, for the Benefit of the Company that walks there; I told 'em it was contrary to all Precedent to make use of Elms or Lime-trees, since the Willow had, Time out of Mind, been reserv'd for that Use; and that a Lover who did not hang himself according to Form, had as good never hang himself at all. They answered me very surlily, (though very truly too I must own) That it was not my Business: That it was a very hard case People might not hang themselves without asking my Leave; and as they would not hinder me whenever I was going about such a thing, so they took it very ill that I shou'd pretend to hinder them. I must confess, Madam, I cou'd say very little in the case; and you may believe I had no great mind to enter upon a Quarrel with People in their Circumstances; but I thought the acquainting you with it, was a Duty that became

Yours, &c.

END

• LETTER

 LETTER XII.

To a Lady that ask'd him for his Heart.

TH^{O'} to tell a Man that you will dispose of his Heart to one who shall use it ill, is but a very small Encouragement for him to part with it; yet since you say you have a particular Fancy for mine, I cannot refuse you such a Trifle as that, upon whatever Terms you demand it. I have inclosed it therefore in this Letter, and trusted it to the Penny-Post, lest your Generosity shou'd have made you give a Messenger more for the bringing it, than the Thing itself is really worth. I wish, Madam, it were better for your sake; and can assure you, That were it the most modish one in the World, it shou'd be at your Service. As it is, Madam, I am afraid you will think it very old-fashion'd, and too much given to those antiquated Qualities, Constancy and Fidelity. It is probable the Lady, for whom you intend it, may despise those things, and think a Heart of that sort as ridiculous as a Lover in a short Cloke, slash Sleeves, pink'd Doublet, and trunk Hose. But let her not be prejudic'd against things for their first Appearances; I have seen a very awkward Beginner come to dance very well at last; and it is not impossible but by good Management the Heart may be brought quite off those disagreeable Qualities. You may please to tell her, That it having been bred up very tenderly till now, it wou'd be convenient to treat it a little kinder than ordinary at first, lest it shou'd be apt to run away: She shou'd encourage his Sighs now and then with a kind Whisper; and when she sees the Fire grow a little faint, let her give but one or two kind Looks, and it will blaze out afresh. Having been troubled with an extraordinary Fever since it was in the
presence

presence of a certain Lady, it ought not to be exposed to the open Air, for fear of catching cold; she may conveniently enough confine it to her Bed-chamber, where it may be of great use rightly manag'd, and wake her in a Morning with half a Dozen deep-fetch'd Sighs, better than any Larum-clock. You see, Madam, what Confidence I have in your Conduct, since I trust you to dispose of a Heart for me that I have never been able to dispose of myself. You will think, perhaps, it is but making a Virtue of Necessity, and surrendering up a Fort which I am not able to hold out against you. However, Madam, the fiercest Conquerors are kind to Garrisons that yield upon the first Summons; and as I know your Power to be greater than any of theirs, so I doubt not but your Virtues are answerable to 'em. All the favour I shall beg for my Heart is, That it may be treated as a Prisoner of War, and that I may have the Liberty of keeping a Correspondence with it during its Confinement. To show you I intend nothing but what is fair, I am satisfied you shou'd read all the Letters I write, and that none shou'd come to me but by your Approbation. And indeed you need not fear this making any Escape, for if I can guess at all at his Humour, he will prefer such a Captivity to all the Liberty in the World; and will not be so proud of the Titles of Prince or Conqueror, as that of your *Prisoner and Slave*.



LETTER

L E T T E R XIII.

To the same.

*If streaming Blood my fatal Letter stain,
 Imagine ere you read, the Writer slain:
 One Hand the Sword, and one the Pen employs,
 And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.*

I Have been these six Hours in debate whether I shou'd stab myself or write to you first? At last, Madam, I have determin'd on the latter: For I consider that if you shou'd hear a Fellow mounted upon a Cricket, singing some doleful Ballad of my Death, you wou'd be at a loss to know the Cause of so sad an Accident; and, in an Age so inquisitive as ours, wou'd take it much better to have a Relation of the thing from the first Hand, than to be put to the trouble of stopping to enquire of it in the Street, or trusting to the Fidelity of a *Grub-street* Historian. The Business then in short, Madam, is this, Coming home about Twelve o' clock last Night I found a Letter to tell me that I shou'd meet you in----- at Five o' clock in the Afternoon. Now, Madam, I am really so sensible of my Guilt of disappointing you in this manner, that after having arraign'd, judg'd, and condemn'd myself for it, I am just now upon the point of Execution. I must confess some People have advis'd me to the contrary, and tell me you cannot take it ill that I did not meet you when you know how late it was before I receiv'd the Letter. But I told them, that after having written to you I ought never to have stirr'd from home, but staid in expectation of an Answer. For tho' it was urg'd in my Defence, that I had some great Business which call'd me out; and that I had little hopes you shou'd have granted me the Honour of meeting you so soon;

soon; yet this Excuse does not satisfy me in the least. For why a Devil should a Man pretend to make Love when he has great Business and little Hope? This Consideration has absolutely determin'd me for a sudden Execution, and whatever you may think upon the first sight of this Letter, yet before you can have read it out, you may assure yourself I shall be no more

Your, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have a thing just now come into my Head that may possibly make me defer my Execution till I hear farther from you. Different People having different Talents and there being as many ways of killing Lovers, as there are of dressing Eggs, it wou'd anger me very much if I shou'd stab myself for your sake, when you would rather have me hang'd or drown'd.



L E T T E R XIV.

To the same.

IT is well, Madam, you prepared me for a Disappointment in your Letter, otherwise, I confess, I am very impatient under those Circumstances. I hope it was not in revenge for my missing the other Assignment; if it be, reckon we are upon the square now. You will certainly grant you have all the reason in the World to make me amends for this; and it is with a great deal of Impatience I expect a more favourable Opportunity. In recompence, you shall dispose of me in whatever manner you please; and I am sure you must allow, that if I am not the most passionate Lover in the World, I am at least the most convenient; for whenever you have a mind to

give

give Sir —, or Mr. — Opportunities of saying soft things, you shall see that I manage the other Party to your Advantage as naturally as can be. Then, Madam, if after this you have any Occasion to make 'em jealous again, there is no Man in the World fitter for such an Employment than myself. You may make use of me, Madam, in any of these Capacities (but still make use of me) and you will not only oblige yourself, but

Your &c.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

CERTAINLY the Lady who accus'd me of Indifference last Night has the least reason in the World to do so. Is it Indifference to be always following her up-and-down? Is it Indifference to shun all Company for hers? Is it Indifference to gaze upon her with all the Tenderness in Nature? These are but the outward Signs; but, oh! cou'd she look within, and accuse of Indifference a Heart that burns with the most violent Passion that ever was! It is true, Madam, the rest of the World may, with Justice enough, tax me with it: For as there is but one Person living who can make me otherwise, so Prudence obliges me to manage things so as to disguise my Passion from all the World beside. And is there no return due to this but a Resolution to deceive me? Well, Madam, it is some Comfort to me however, that if you can but for one half Hour delude me into an Opinion that I am belov'd by you, that short Cheat will be a greater Satisfaction than all Womankind can grant me beside.



LETTER



LETTER XVI.

To the same.

I See I am destin'd to Destruction! Why, O Heaven! did I ever see her? Or since I did, why did any Body else? Had I never, I cou'd never have been happy; and by having seen you, I am the most miserable Wretch breathing. These will appear Mysteries perhaps to you, and if you think me distracted when I writ this you will think right: Love, Jealousy, and Despair, are tearing my Soul in pieces. If you have any Compassion for a Man whom you have rendred the most miserable in the World, give me an Opportunity of meeting you to day though it be but for one half Hour. I wou'd not have you come to the Walks after this Rain for fear you shou'd catch cold; and a meeting at Shops or Indian Houses may make People suspicious. Though I die if I see you not, yet I wou'd rather do so than bring your Health or Reputation in any danger. Think, oh think upon some way of satisfying my Request, and do not apprehend that this Distraction which I show you, shou'd appear to any body else to your Prejudice. I wish every one were as careful of you as I am; yet I lye, I do not wish it, for to be so they must love you at the same rate; and I had rather allow 'em all the Favours you can grant than that. Adieu——I am——alas I know not what I am, but that I am miserable, and that I am

Yours.



LETTER

 LETTER XVII.

To the same.

I Think I have taken all the ways imaginable to convince you that I love you above the World; however, Madam, you shall see I will yet do more, which is, never to see you again. It is true, Mrs. — told me I might come to you to day, but she told me at the same time, that you thought it improper for me to come so often. Had you any Kindness for me you cou'd not have refus'd my Visits upon so cold a Reason as their being improper; and if you have not, you cannot be pleas'd that I make 'em at all. You shall see therefore, Madam, how much I value your Quiet above my own, since I engage my Word to you (and I am sure, Madam, neither you nor any Woman in the World, can say I have ever broken my Word with 'em) that I will never make you another Visit, or come into any Place where you are, except you give me very good Assurance that my Company will be more acceptable to you than I have reason to believe it has been of late.

 LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

THAT this parting has not been sought of my side Heaven can be my Witness, and how little Satisfaction I take in it every Vein of my Heart can testify. No, I tremble, I am all Confusion, and I die when I think upon it, and it is only in Complaisance to you that I

I have resolv'd it. I see you are picking little Occasions of quarrelling with me; I see you are uneasy when I am with you, and I see you do not make a Return that is suitable to a Passion so violent and so sincere as mine is. Heavens! Madam, what wou'd you have me do? Should I come to put you out of Humour? Or wou'd you have me appear as a Spectacle of your Rigour to your more favour'd Servants. No, Madam, I had too much Tenderness for you to give you any Disturbance; and give me leave to say, I have not so mean a Spirit as to follow any Woman when I have reason to believe she thinks me troublesom, how difficult soever it may be to quit her.

Since you command it, I shall not fail of waiting upon you once more before we part for ever.

On the Author of *A Dialogue concerning Women*, pretended to be writ in Defence of the Sex.

NEAR Covent-Garden Theatre, where you know
Poets their Sense, Players their Shapes do shew,
There is a Club of Critics of the Pit,
Who do themselves admire for Men of Wit;
And lo! an arbitrary Power assume
On Plays and Ladies both to pass their Doom;
Censure all Things and Persons, Priest and Prince,
And judge them by the Standard of their Sense:
But scan these Sparks, or by their Words or Mien,
You'll find them Fop without, and Fool within.
One of these Brats dress'd up in Shape of Satire,
Comes forth to be the Ladies Vindicator:
And since for Chivalry he claims no Warrant,
Instead of Knight sets up for Post-errant.
Bless us! said I, what mighty Hero's here?
He thunders so, 'tis dangerous to come near.
The beauteous Sex may set their Hearts at rest;
Of all their Patrons, sure this is the best.

This

his great dead-dog Champion of the Quill;
 Will all the Fry of leud Lampooners kill;
 then to begin with Dryden's dreadful Name,
 you'd mark out something of no common Fame;
 but when the boasted Matter I had read,
 found my Expectation was misled,
 and that the Poet, though he does pretend
 to do them justice, is no Woman's Friend.
 Misogynes is made to shoot with Ball,
 Philogynes allow'd no Charge at all.
 And howsoever he disguise the matter,
 to publish the first Part, he writ the latter.

He that but strictly marks the whole Design,
 may trace the Prefacer in every Line;
 And tho' he did not own the wanton Ape,
 he nur'd the Cub, and lick'd it into shape.
 And, Ladies, now without the help of Day,
 you may discern who does the Weapon sway,
 And brandishes his Pen against your Credit;
 To Mr. Eat-finger himself that did it.
 He that sits silent in his Wits Defence,
 whose Mouth is fill'd with Fift instead of Sense;
 Or else he crams his Hand into his Jaws,
 like Russian Bears that live upon their Paws.
 At Coffee-house among the Men of Worth,
 He goggles like a Quaker holding forth,
 like an Endymion he can court the Moon,
 And bark at her bright Glories when b'as down.
 Or like the Mouse in Fable he can plead,
 He has deserv'd to aspire to Princess' Bed,
 Till for his daring Arrogance he's spurn'd,
 And all his Pop-pretensions over-turn'd;
 Then like the little Vermin squeaks and dies,
 Or prints a Book of Ladies Cruelties,
 This is the Fool, fair Ladies, that does haunt you,
 That will from Dressing-room or Play gallant you.
 N—— he is call'd, what Name so much renown'd,
 Through all the Realms of Nonsense can be found?

LETTER



L E T T E R XIX.

*To a Lady who sent him the foregoing Verses
into the Country.*

I Receiv'd a Copy of Verses from you last Post, with a Command (for the Requests of fair Ladies are always Commands to me) that I shou'd answer 'em. I wou'd serve you, Madam, you may be sure, in any thing that was in my Power, but this I must own quite beyond it; and after having read them over, I found myself utterly unable to cope with so dead-dying an Author: I sent therefore immediately to the Clerk of the Parish (a very honest Man, a good Weaver, and no ill Critick I can assure you, as Criticks go) to beg the favour of him, that he wou'd come and assist me in the thing. With his help, Madam, I read 'em over again: We both agreed, That there were never Words better chosen, Verse more delicately turn'd, Satire more fine, or Raptures more poetical. As for Example:

*Bless us! said I, what mighty Hero's here?
He thunders so, 'tis dangerous to come near.
The beauteous Sex may set their Hearts at rest;
Of all their Patrons, sure this is the best.*

The Clerk indeed made some Exceptions to the Lines that follow:

*But when the boasted Matter, I had read,
I found my Expectation was miss'd.*

He said he cou'd not imagine, that so wise a Person as the Author of those Verses cou'd be miss'd in any thing.

And,

And, Ladies, now

(An Apostrophé to the Ladies:)

without the help of Day,

O God, Madam, by a Rush-light, as plain as can be,

You may discern who does the Weapon sway.

If it were not too great a trouble to the Author, I
would desire to know of him who it is that does sway
the Weapon; for sometimes he makes us believe it is
the Prefacer, and sometimes the pretended Author:

And brandishes his Pen against your Credit,

To Mr. Eat-finger himself that did it,

This last was so very good a Conceit, and so very
new, that I thought the Clerk would have died with
laughing at it. Well, said he, (when he had a little
recover'd himself) that *Eat-finger* is so ingenious, that
a Man might have made five or six very good Verses of
that one Thought. Set your Heart at rest, said I, and
see if this Author has not as much Management as
he has Wit.

He that sits silent in his Wit's defence,

I warrant this Poet never sat silent in his Life,

Whose Mouth is fill'd with Fist instead of Sense,

Or else he crams his Hand into his Jaws:

That is to say, Either he eats his Fingers, or fills his
Mouth with his Fist, or crams his Hand into his
Jaws. Never were there Fancies more sublime, or more
variety of 'em put together.

At Coffee-house among the Men of Worth,

Observe here, Madam, if you please, a new Argu-
ment for Rhime, and that is the Civility and Good-
breeding which proceed from it. Had it not been for
the Rhyme's sake, those who were Fops and Fools in
the beginning of the Poem, had little Reason to ex-
pect

peet to be adopted Men of Worth in the latter Part of it.

He goggles like a Quaker holding forth.

This we both allow'd to be the very best Jest of all. It is true, indeed, the Clerk (who is a very good-natur'd Man, tho' perhaps a little too curious in his Criticisms) said, He cou'd not find any very great resemblance between a Man who sat silent, and a Quaker that was holding forth. But I told him, He must suppose it was a Quaker holding forth at a silent Meeting.

*Like an Endymion he can court the Moon,
And bark at her bright Glories when he's done.*

The Clerk told me, He doubted the Author was mistaken here: For as the Story has been always written, *Endymion* did not make love to the Moon, but the Moon to *Endymion*. And as for the Barking, he assur'd me he had it from an ancient Greek Manuscript, whose Author was intimately acquainted with *Endymion*; and protests, That he never saw a Man less apt to bark at People in his Life than he was. But if all the little Curs of the Town have always bark'd at the Moon, it is very hard that *Endymion*, who was never known to bark at any body, must be supposed the Author of all that Noise. But pray, Madam, inform yourself a little better from the Author, of what follows: Was there ever any Mouse? or was there any Fable wherein there was a Mouse?

*— did plead,
He had deserv'd t' aspire to Princess Bed?*

For if the thing be really true, it was the most impudent Mouse that ever I heard of; and we must, both the Clerk and I, agree with the Author, in the just Resentment he shews for so horrible a Presumption.

But to be a little more serious, Madam: Tho' I can allow a Jest as far as any body, yet I wou'd not have
People

People imagine I shall bear such things as these. You may advise the Author therefore, for his own sake, to keep his Name conceal'd. How great soever his Quality may be (for if I can guess at all at him, he's a Person of considerable Quality) let him not imagine that shall protect him from my Revenge. Had the Great *Mogul* written such a Copy of Verses against me (not that I have any particular Pique to the Great *Mogul*) without any respect at all to his Quality; I wou'd have printed the Verses, and put his Name to 'em. However, Madam, in the midst of my Fury, he shall see how much more like a Christian I treat him, than he has done me: For tho' he has maliciously insinuated, That Mr. *Dryden* writes for me, and that I am covetous of *M. L. D.*'s Company, yet I must do him the justice to declare, I do not in the least believe Mr. *Dryden* has any hand in his Works, or that he ever found any great Satisfaction in the Conversation of *M. L. D.* I am,

Madam, Your, &c.

The Clerk presents his Service to the Author, and has written the Inclosed, which he desires may be delivered to him.

L E T T E R XX.

To the most Noble Author of that incomparable Poem, on the Author of a Dialogue concerning Women, &c.

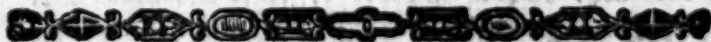
Most Noble Sir,

YOU cannot imagine with what unexpressible Satisfaction I read over your late Poem. It pleases me extremely to see, that notwithstanding the Endeavours of our Enemies, the Wits, there are still some generous

Spirits who tread in the Steps of our Predecessors, and imitate those hidden Graces that lie undiscover'd in the Works of Mr. *Thomas Sternhold*, and Mr. *Robert Wisdon* of Blessed Memory. I have seen several modern Lampoons that have gone some Steps towards it; but I may say without flattery, I have seen no Man who has gone so far in it as yourself. And whereas most of the Pieces now in Vogue are dull, flat things, taken from the Ancients; yours is brisk, sharp, and all your own: Envy itself cannot say you have stoln one good thing from any body; and truly I think it will be very difficult for any Man to steal one from you. There is a Saying of *Virgil's* concerning *Homer*, (for I wou'd scorn to compare such a Poet as you to any thing less than *Homer*) That it was easier to take the Club from *Hercules*, than a Verse from him. What was, perhaps, but a Compliment when said of *Homer's* Verses, may, with a great deal of Justice, be affirmed of your Jest. I do no less approve your Generosity in undertaking the Moon's Cause, than your Address in the management of it: I fancy, if your Modesty wou'd give you leave to own it, you are deeper in her Favour than ever *Erymion* was: At least all the World must own she has a very great Influence upon you; and I fancy your Fit of Poetry comes upon you when she is at the Full. No more at present, but that with all due Respects to her and the Mouse presented, I remain

Yours,

while W. S.



LETTER XXI.

To a Friend. Written from the Country.

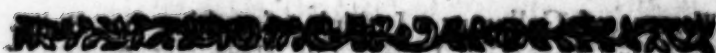
THE Dialogues of *Plato*, with your last Letter, have quite turn'd my Head. What delicacy of Invention! What sublimity of Thought! I talk no more of Women,

WILLIAM WALSH, Esq; 101

Women, of Gallantry : I think of nothing but Philosophy and Seraphick Love. Oh Vanity of Pomp, of Glory, of Trifles, falsely called Pleasures ! They appear beautiful to the Sight, but once tasted, they leave nothing but Shame, Sorrow, and Repentance. Let us give others leave to play the Fool, while we enjoy the Sweetness of Philosophy. O charming Quiet ! Oh dear Repose ! Oh Life truly celestial ! Mounted upon the lofty tops of Philosophy, we regard at our ease the Vanity, the Folly, the Madness of the World : The greatest Cities appear nothing but great Herds of Madmen ; so many Men, so many Follics.

*Suave mari magno turbantibus æthera ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.
Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tentore
Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena ;
Despicere, unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque vias palantes quærere vitæ.*

The Soul of Man, according to *Plato*, has two Wings ; the one celestial, with which she flies up to the Empyrean Heaven ; the other terrestrial, which pulls her down to the Earth again. It is the first of these that raises you to those divine Paths, reach'd by none but the greatest Wits, the noblest Souls ; the other brings Men down to the things of this World ; to Vanity, to Sin, to Marriage ! Poor Husbands ! you have truly observ'd how soon Beauty flies away ; but, alas ! Love flies away much sooner : Uncomplaisant Companion that he is, who, tho' he comes with Beauty, will not stay with it. Great Politicians without doubt these Husbands ! who suffer an eternal Slavery for a thing of so little Duration. But what signifies that to us ? Let us leave 'em in Peace (if there be any such thing as Peace in Marriage) and love me as I love you.



L E T T E R XXII.

To the same. From London.

IT is so long since I wrote to you, that I am almost ashamed of doing it now : But, to say the Truth, I have too just an Excuse for my Neglect, being relaps'd into my former Malady, and notwithstanding all the Assistance of Philosophy, fallen in love ten times more than ever. I am ashamed to tell you how long I have been so; but I am ten times more ashamed to tell you, I do not yet find the least Decay in my Passion, tho' I have reason enough to believe the Lady did not care tho' she saw me hanging up at her Gate. Well; we may put as good a face upon the matter as we will; but first or last I see Constancy comes upon us all. In the Humour I am at present, I had a good mind to forswear ever being in love again. And yet upon better Thoughts, I think I had as good try it once more: For of three Amours I have had in my Life-time, (as for Amourettes, those are not worth mentioning) I valu'd the one Mistress after I left loving her; I loved another, after I left valuing her; I love and value the third, after having lost all hopes of her: So that methinks according to the course of my Passions, I ought to love and value the next, after having obtained her. However, from this time forward, upon what Follies soever you fall, be pleas'd for my Sake to spare those of Love; being very well satisfied, there is not one Folly of that kind (except Marriage) which I have not already committed. I have been, without Gallery, in love with the Beauty of a Woman whom I have never seen; with the Wit of one whom I have never heard speak, nor seen any thing that she has written; and with the heroick Virtues of a Woman, without knowing

ing any one Action of her Life, that cou'd make me think she had any. Considering how very common these Qualities are, I suppose you will not ask me if I have ever been mistaken. I know not what you think in the Country; but, for my part, I am of Opinion a Man must resolve to abandon Women or Philosophy entirely, for they will never agree well together. After an absence of five or six Months from Town, I find the Ladies still the same; that is to say, still various. Those who were in love when I went from hence, are in love still; but they are in love with other Men. They are constant to Love, but inconsistent to the Lovers: And in this Point, to speak the truth among Friends, I think there is no great difference between the two Sexes. The Men complain of the Women's Inconstancy, and the Women of the Men's; for my part being unwilling to disoblige either, I am very apt to agree with both. But *Cupid* will have it so; and what can weak Mortals do against so potent a God? Adieu; live pleasantly, that is, philosophically; and guard your Heart from the Pains of Love.





P O E M S.

To his Book.

GO, little Book, and to the World impart
 The faithful Image of an am'rous Heart :
 Those who Love's dear, deluding Pains have known,
 May in my fatal Stories read their own.
 Those who have liv'd from all its Torments free,
 May find the Thing they never felt, by me.
 Perhaps advis'd, avoid the gilded Bait,
 And, warn'd by my Example, shun my Fate.
 While with calm Joy, safe landed on the Coast,
 I view the Waves on which I once was tost.
 Love is a Medley of Endearments, Jars,
 Suspicions, Quarrels, Reconcilements, Wars;
 Then Peace again. Oh! wou'd it not be best,
 To chace the Fatal Poison from our Breast?
 But since so few can live from Passion free,
 Happy the Man, and only happy he,
 Who with such lucky Stars begins his Love,
 That his cool Judgment does his Choice approve.
 Ill-grounded Passions quickly wear away ;
 What's built upon Esteem, can ne'er decay.



ELEGY. *The unrewarded Lover.*

LET the dull Merchant curse his angry Fate,
 And from the Winds and Waves his Fortune wait.
 Let the loud Lawyer break his Brains; and be
 A Slave to wrangling Coxcombs for a Fee:

Let

Let the rough Soldier fight his Prince's Foes,
And for a Livelihood his Life expose:
I wage no War, I plead no Cause but Love's,
I fear no Storms, but what *Celinda* moves.
And what grave Cenfor can my Choice despise?
But here, fair Charmer, here the Diff'rence lies:
The Merchant after all his Hazards past,
Enjoys the Fruit of his long Toils at last;
The Soldier high in his King's Favour stands,
And after having long obey'd, commands:
The Lawyer to reward his tedious Care,
Roars on the Bench, that babbled at the Bar;
While I take pains to meet a Fate more hard,
And reap no Fruit, no Favour, no Reward.

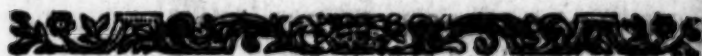


EPIGRAM.

Written in a Lady's Table-Book.

WITH what strange Raptures wou'd my Soul be
blest,
Were but her Book an Emblem of her Breast?
As I from that all former Marks efface,
And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chase all others from her Heart,
And my own Image in the stead impart.
But, ah! how short the Bliss wou'd prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me.





E L E G Y.

The Power of VERSE.

To his Mistress.

WHILE those bright Eyes subdue where-e'er you will,
 And, as you please, can either save, or kill ;
 What Youth so bold the Conquest to design ?
 What Wealth so great to purchase Hearts like thine ?
 None but the Muse that Privilege can claim,
 And what you give in Love, return in Fame.
 Riches and Titles with your Life must end ;
 Nay, cannot even in Life your Fame defend :
 Verse can give Fame, can fading Beauties save,
 And, after Death, redeem 'em from the Grave ;
 Embalm'd in Verse, through distant Times they come,
 Preserv'd, like Bees, within an Amber Tomb.
 Poets, (like Monarchs, on an Eastern Throne,
 Restrain'd by nothing but their Will alone)
 Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
 And as they please, give Infamy or Fame.
 In vain the ^a *Tyrian* Queen resigns her Life,
 For the bright Glory of a spotless Wife,
 If lying Bards may false Amours rehearse,
 And blast her Name with arbitrary Verse.
 While ^a one who all the Absence of her Lord,
 Had her wide Courts with pressing Lovers stor'd ;
 Yet by a Poet grac'd, in deathless Rhimes,
 Stands a chaste Pattern to succeeding Times.
 With Pity then the Muses Friends survey,
 Nor think your Favours there are thrown away ;
 Wisely like Seed on fruitful Soil they're thrown,
 To bring large Crops of Glory and Renown,

^a Dido,

^a Penelope.

For

For as the Sun that in the Marshes breeds
Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome Weeds;
With the same Rays on rich and pregnant Earth,
To pleasant Flowers, and useful Fruits gives Birth.
So Favours cast on Fools, get only Shame;
On Poets shed, produce eternal Fame;
Their gen'rous Breasts warm with a genial Fire,
And more than all the Muses can inspire.

JEALOUSY.

I.

WHO cou'd more happy, who more blest cou'd live,
Than they whom kind, whom art'rous Passions
move?
What Crowns, what Empires greater Joys cou'd give,
Than the soft Chains, the Slavery of Love?
Were not the Bliss too often cross'd,
By that unhappy, vile Distrust;
That gnawing Doubt, that anxious Fear, that dange-
rous Malsdy,
That terrible tormenting Rage, that Madnels jealousy.

II.

In vain *Celinda* boasts she has been true;
In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her Charms;
Dire Jealousy does all my Pains renew,
And represents her in my Rival's Arms.
His Sighs I hear, his Looks I view,
I see her damn'd Advances too;
I see her smile, I see her kiss; and, oh! methinks I see
Her give up all those Joys to him, she shou'd reserve
for me.

Ingrateful

III.

Ingrateful fair One, canst thou hear my Groans?
 Canst thou behold these Tears that fill my Eyes?
 And yet unmov'd by all my Pains, my Moans,
 Into another's Arms resign my Prize?
 If Merit cou'd not gain your Love,
 My Sufferings might your Pity move:
 Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous Frenzies,
 more
 New Pangs, to one whom hopeless Love had plagu'd too
 much before.

IV.

Think not, false Nymph, my Fury to out-form,
 I scorn your Anger, and despise your Frown:
 Dress up your Rage in its most hideous Form,
 It will not move my Heart when Love is flown;
 No, tho' you from my Kindness fly,
 My Vengeance you shall satisfy;
 The Muse that wou'd have sung your Praise, shall now
 aloud proclaim
 To the malicious, spiteful World, your Infamy and Shame.

V.

Ye Gods! she weeps; behold that falling Show'r!
 See how her Eyes are quite dissolv'd in Tears!
 Can she in vain that precious Torrent pour?
 Oh, no, it bears away my Doubts and Fears.
 'Twas Pity sure that made it flow;
 For the same Pity stop it now:
 For every charming, heavenly Drop, that from those Eyes
 does part,
 Is paid with Streams of Blood, that gush from my o'er-
 flowing Heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
 And raise my Passions up as high as e'er;
 Nay, I'll believe you false, yet love you too,
 Let the least Sign of Penitence appear.

WILLIAM WALSH, Esq; 109

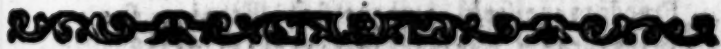
I'll frame Excuses for your Fault,
Think you surpris'd, or meanly caught;
Nay, in the fury, in the height of that abhor'd Embrace,
Believe you thought: believe at least, you wish'd me in
the Place.

VII.

Oh let me lie whole Ages in those Arms,
And on that Bosom lull asleep my Cares:
Forgive those foolish Fears of fancy'd Harms
That stab my Soul, while they but move thy Tears.
And think unless I lov'd thee still,
I had not treated thee so ill;
For these rude Pangs of Jealousy are much more certain
Signs
Of Love, than all the tender Words an amorous Fancy
coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid Rage no more;
Oh, smile and grant one reconciling Kiss!
Ye Gods, she's kind, I'm ecstasy all o'er!
My Soul's too narrow to contain the Bliss.
Thou pleasing Torture of my Breast,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my Rest,
Since both the Ill and Good you do, alike my Peace
destroy:
That kills me with excess of Grief, This with excess
of Joy.



Cure of JEALOUSY.

WHAT Tortures can there be in Hell,
Compar'd to what fond Lovers feel,
When doating on some fair One's Charms,
They think she yields 'em to their Rivals Arms?

As Lions tho' they once were tame,
Yet if sharp Wounds their Rage inflame,
Lift up their stormy Voices, roar,
And tear the Keepers they obey'd before.

• So fares the Lover, when his Breast
By jealous Frenzy is possess'd,
Forswears the Nymph for whom he burns;
Yet straight to her whom he forswears, returns.

But when the Pair resolves his Doubt,
The Love comes in, the Fear goes out:
The Cloud of Jealousy's dispell'd,
And the bright Sun of Innocence reveal'd.

With what strange Raptures is he blest?
Raptures too great to be express'd.
Tho' hard the Torment's to endure,
Who wou'd not have the Sickness, for the Cure?



SONNET. *Death.*

WHAT has this Bugbear Death that's worth our Care?
After a Life in Pain and Sorrow past,
After deluding Hope and dire Despair,
Death only gives us Quiet at the last.

How strangely are our Love and Hate misplac'd!
Freedom we seek, and yet from Freedom flee;
Courting those Tyrant-Sins that chain us fast,
And shunning Death, that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish Fear of future Pains,
(Why shou'd they fear who keep their Souls from Stains?)
That make me dread thy Terrors, Death, to see:

'Tis not the Loss of Riches, or of Fame,
Or the vain Toys the vulgar Pleasures name;
'Tis nothing, *Calia*, but the losing thee.

ELEGY.



ELBGY. *To his false Mistress.*

CÆLIA, your Tricks will now no longer pass,
And I'm no more the Fool that once I was.

I know my happier Rival does obtain

All the vast Bliss for which I sigh in vain.

Him, him you love; to me you use your Art;

I had your Looks, another had your Heart.

To me y're sick, to me of Spies afraid:

He finds your Sickness gone, your Spies betray'd.

I sigh beneath your Window all the Night;

He in your Arms possesses the Delight.

I know you treat me thus, false Fair, I do;

And, oh! what plagues me worse, he knows it too:

To him my Sighs are told, my Letters shown;

And all my Pains are his Diversion grown.

Yet since you cou'd such horrid Treasons act,

I'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the Fact:

His Vanity does for my Wrongs atone;

And 'tis by that I have your Falshood known.

What shall I do! for treated at this rate,

I must not love; and yet I cannot hate.

I hate the Actions, but I love the Face;

Oh, were thy Virtue more, or Beauty less!

I'm all Confusion, and my Soul's on fire,

Torn by contending Reason and Desire:

This bids me love, that bids me Love give o'er;

One counsels best, the other pleases more.

I know I ought to hate you for your Fault;

But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.

Canst thou, mean Wretch! canst thou contented prove,

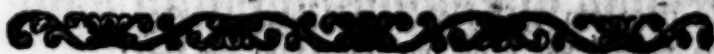
With the cold Relicks of a Rival's Love?

Why did I see that Face to charm my Breast?

Or having seen, why did I know the rest?

Gods!

Gods ! if I have obey'd your just Commands,
 I've deserv'd some Favour of your Hands,
 Make me that tame, that easy Fool again,
 And rid me of my Knowledge, and my Pain.
 And you, false Fair ! for whom so oft I've griev'd,
 Pity a Wretch that begs to be deceiv'd ;
 Forswear yourself for one who dies for you,
 Vow not a Word of the whole Charge was true ;
 But Scandals all, and Forgeries, devis'd
 By a vain Wretch, neglected and despis'd.
 I too will help to forward the Deceit,
 And, to my power, contribute to the Cheat.
 And thou, bold Man, who think'st to rival me,
 For thy Presumption I cou'd pardon thee ;
 I cou'd forgive thy lying in her Arms,
 I cou'd forgive thy risling all her Charms ;
 But, oh ! I never can forgive the Tongue,
 That boasts her Favours, and proclaims my Wrong.



Upon the same Occasion.

WHAT Fury does disturb my Rest ?
 What Hell is this within my Breast ?
 Now I abhor, and now I love ;
 And each an equal Torment prove.
 I see *Celinda's* Cruelty,
 I see she loves all Men but me ;
 I see her Falshood, see her Pride,
 I see ten thousand Faults beside ;
 I see she sticks at nought that's ill ;
 Yet, oh ye Powers ! I love her still.
 Others on Precipices run,
 Which, blind with Love, they cannot shun.
 I see my Danger, see my Ruin,
 Yet seek, yet court my own undoing :

And

And each new Reason I explore
To hate her makes me love her more.

The ANTIDOTE.

WHEN I see the bright Nymph who my Heart
Does enthral,

When I view her soft Eyes, and her languishing Air,
Her Merit so great, my own Merit so small,
It makes me adore, and it makes me despair.

But when I consider, that she squanders on Fools
All those Treasures of Beauty with which she is stor'd;
My Fancy it damps, my Passion it cools,
And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise;
I love, and I hate, but I never esteem.

The Passion grows up, when I view her bright Eyes,
Which my Rivals destroy, when I look upon them.

How wisely does Nature Things so different unite?

In such odd Compositions our Safety is found;

As the Blood of the Scorpion is a Cure for the Bite;

So her Folly makes whole, whom her Beauty does
wound.

Upon a Favour offer'd.

CÆLIA, too late you wou'd repent

The off'ring all your Store;

Is now but like a Pardon sent

To one that's dead before.

While

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the Bliss too late;
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent, as fair,
 When first my court I made;
 But when your Falshoods plain appear,
 My Love no longer stay'd.

Your Bounty of those Favours shown,
 Whose Worth you first deface;
 Is melting valu'd Medals down,
 And giving us the Brass.

Oh, since the thing we beg's a Toy,
 That's priz'd by Love alone,
 Why cannot Women grant the Joy,
 Before our Love is gone?

The RECONCILEMENT.

BE gone, ye Sighs! be gone, ye Tears!
 Be gone, ye Jealousies and Fears.
Celinda swears she never lov'd,
Celinda swears none ever mov'd
 Her Heart, but I; if this be true,
 Shall I keep company with you?
 What tho' a senseless Rival swore,
 She said as much to him before?
 What though I saw him in her Bed?
 I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.
 Curse on the Prudent and the Wise,
 Who ne'er believe such pleasing Lies:
 I grant she only does deceive;
 I grant 'tis Folly to believe;
 But by this Folly I vast Pleasures gain,
 While you with all your Wisdom live in Pain.

DIALOGUE between a LOVER and
his FRIEND. (*Irregular Verses.*)

FRIEND.

VALUE thyself, fond Youth, no more
On Favours *Mulus* had before;
He had her first, her Virgin-Smiles;
You like a bold Intruder came
To the cold Relicks of a Feast,
When he at first had seiz'd the best.

LOVER.

When he, dull Set, had seiz'd the worst,
Came in at the second Course;
'Tis Chance that first makes People love,
Judgment their ripen Fancies move.
Mulus you say first charm'd her Eyes;
First, she lov'd Babes and Dirt-picks;
But she grew wiser, and in time
Found out the Folly of those Toys, and him.

FRIEND.

If Wisdom Change in Love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wond'rous Wits.
But Wisdom that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you no Man can foresee his Dooms;
But shall I grieve because an Ill may come?
Yet I'll allow her Change, when she can see
A Man deserves her more than me;
As much as I deserve her more than he.

FRIEND.

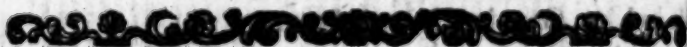
Did they with our own Eyes see our Desert,
No Woman e'er cou'd from her Lover part.

But

But oh! they see not with their own,
 All things to them are through false Opticks shewn.
 Love at the first does all your Charms increase,
 When the Tube's turn'd, Hate represents 'em less.

LOVER.

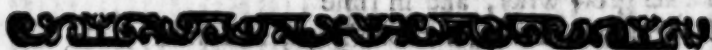
Whate'er may come, I will not grieve,
 For Dangers that I can't believe.
 She'll ne'er cease loving me; or if she do,
 'Tis ten to one I cease to love her too.



EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

GO, said old *Lyce*, senseless Lover, go,
 And with soft Verses court the Fair; but know,
 With all thy Verses, thou canst get no more
 Than Fools without one Verse have had before.
 Enrag'd at this, upon the Bawd I flew;
 And that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

*The fair Mourner.*

IN what sad Pomp the mournful Charmer lies!
 Does she lament the Victim of her Eyes?
 Or wou'd she Hearts with soft Compassion move,
 To make 'em take the deeper Stamp of Love?
 What Youth so wise, so wary to escape,
 When Rigour comes, dress'd up in Pity's Shape?
 Let not in vain those precious Tears be shed,
 Pity the dying fair One, not the Dead;
 While you unjustly of the Fates complain,
 I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
 Each to relentless Judges make their Moan,
 Blame not Death's Cruelty, but cease your own.

While

While raging Passion both our Souls does wound,
 sov'reign Balm might sure for both be found;
 You'd you but wipe your fruitless Tears away,
 And with a just Compassion mine survey.

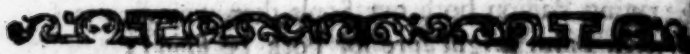
EPIGRAM. *To his false Mistress.*

THOU saidst that I alone thy Heart cou'd move,
 And that for me thou wou'dst abandon *Jove*,
 lov'd thee then, not with a Love defil'd,
 But as a Father loves his only Child.
 I know thee now, and tho' I fiercelier burn,
 Thou art become the Object of my Scorn.
 See what thy Falshood gets; I must confess
 I love thee more, but I esteem the less.

EPIGRAM.

LOVE *and* JEALOUSY.

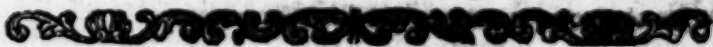
HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive,
 By jealous Fears, to keep our Flames alive?
 Love's like a Torch, which if secur'd from Blasts,
 Will faintlier burn; but then it longer lasts.
 Expos'd to Storms of Jealousy and Doubt,
 The Blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.



E L E G Y.

The Petition. (In Imitation of Catullus.)

IS there a pious Pleasure that proceeds
 From Contemplation of our virtuous Deeds?
 That all mean sordid Actions we despise,
 And scorn to gain a Throne by Cheats and Lies?
Thyrsis, thou hast sure Blessings laid in Store,
 From thy just Dealing in this curst Amour.
 What Honour can, in Words or Deeds be shown,
 Which to the Fair thou hast not said and done?
 On her false Heart they all are thrown away;
 She only swears, more eas'ly to betray.
 Ye Powers! that know the many Vows she broke,
 Free my just Soul from this unequal Yoke.
 My Love boils up, and, like a raging Flood,
 Runs through my Veins, and taints my vital Blood.
 I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste,
 Or with an equal Passion burn at last;
 The one she cannot practise, tho' she wou'd,
 And I condemn the other, tho' she shou'd.
 Nor ask I Vengeance on the perjur'd Jilt:
 'Tis punishment enough to have her Guilt.
 I beg but Balsam for my bleeding Breast,
 Cure for my Wounds, and from my Labours Rest.



E L E G Y, upon quitting his Mistress.

I Know, *Celinda*, I have born too long,
 And, by forgiving, have increas'd my Wrong:
 Yet if there be a Power in Verse to slack
 Thy Course in Vice, or bring fled Virtue back,

undertake the Task: howe'er so hard,
 gen'rous Action is its own Reward.
 I were thy Virtues equal to thy Charms,
 fly from Crowns to live within those Arms:
 who, oh who, can e'er believe thee just,
 when such known Falshoods have destroy'd all Trust?

Farewel, false Fair! nor shall I longer stay:
 since we must part, why shou'd we thus delay?
 your Love alone was what my Soul cou'd prize:
 and missing that, can all the rest despise,
 that shou'd I not repent my Follies past,
 wou'd you take up and grow reserv'd at last,
 wou'd please me, parted from your fatal Charms,
 to see you happy in another's Arms.
 Whatever Threatnings Fury might extort,
 I fear not I shou'd ever do you hurt:
 for the' my former Passion is remov'd,
 wou'd not injure one I once had lov'd.
 Adieu! While thus I waste my time in vain,
 are there not Maids I might entirely gain:
 all search for such, and to the first that's true,
 resign the Heart so hardly freed from you.

To his Mistress, against Marriage.

YES, all the World must sure agree,
 He who's secur'd of having thee,
 Will be entirely blest;
 but 'twere in me too great a Wrong,
 To make one who has been so long
 My Queen, my Slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd,
 That were for public Good design'd;

Cou'd

Cou'd we in foolish Pride,
 Make the Sun always with us stay,
 'Twould burn our Corn and Grass away,
 To starve the World beside.

Let not the Thoughts of parting, fright
 Two Souls which Passion does unite;
 For while our Love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away;
 And why the Devil shou'd we stay,
 When once that Love is past?

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

CHLOE new-marry'd looks on Men no more;
 Why then 'tis plain for what she lookt before.

EPIGRAM.

CORNUS.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his Wife's a Whore;
 Alas, good *Cornus*, what can we do more?
 Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one;
 But being one, we cannot make thee none.

EPIGRAM.

THRASO.

THRASO picks Quarrels when he's drunk at Night;
 When sober in the Morning, dares not fight.
Thraso, to shun those Ills that may ensue,
 Drink not at Night, or drink at Morning too.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

GRYPE and SHIFTER.

RICH *Gripe* does all his Thoughts and Cunning bend,
 T' increase that Wealth he wants the Soul to spend.
 Poor *Shifter* does his whole Contrivance set,
 To spend that Wealth he wants the Sense to get.
 How happy wou'd appear to each his Fate,
 Had *Gripe* his Humour, or he *Gripe's* Estate!
 Kind Fate and Fortuue, blend 'em if you can,
 And of two Wretches make one happy Man.

To CELIA, upon some Alterations in
 her Face.

AH, *Celia*! where are now the Charms,
 That did such wondrous Passions move?
 Time, cruel Time, those Eyes disarms,
 And blunts the feeble Darts of Love.

What Malice does the Tyrant bear
 To Womens Interest, and to ours?
 Beauties in which the Public share,
 The greedy Villain first devours.

Who, without Tears, can see a Prince,
 That Trains of fawning Courtiers had,
 Abandon'd, left without Defence?
 Nor is thy hapless Fate less sad.

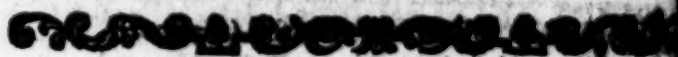
Thou who so many Fools hast known,
 And all the Fools would hardly do,
 Shou'dst now confine thyself to one!
 And he, alas! a Husband too.

See the ungrateful Slaves how fast
 They from thy setting Glories run;
 And in what mighty Crowds they haste,
 To worship *Flavia's* rising Sun!

In vain are all the practis'd Wiles,
 In vain those Eyes won'd Love impart;
 Not all th' Advances, all the Smiles,
 Can move one unrelenting Heart.

While *Flavia*, charming *Flavia* still,
 By Cruelty her Cause maintains;
 And scarce vouchsafes a careless Smile
 To the poor Slaves that wear her Chains.

Well, *Citha*, let them wake their Tears,
 But sure they will in time repine,
 That thou hast not a Face like hers,
 Or she has not a Heart like thine.



The RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye Fields, where constant Peace attends!
 All hail, ye sacred solitary Groves!
 All hail, ye Books, my true, my real Friends,
 Whose Conversation pleases and improves!

Con'd one who study'd your sublimer Rules,
 Become so mad to search for Joys abroad?
 To run to Towns, to herd with Knaves and Fools,
 And undistinguish'd pass among the Crowd?

One to ambitious Pancy's made a Prey,
 Thinks Happiness in great Performence lies;
 Nor fears for that his Country to betray,
 Curs'd by the Fools, and laugh'd at by the Wise.

Others whom avaricious Thoughts bewitch,
Consume their Time to multiply their Gains?
And fancying Wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the End of Life to get the Means.

Others the Name of Pleasure does invite,
All their dull Time in sensual Joys they live;
And hope to gain that solid firm Delight
By Vice, which Innocence alone can give.

But how perplex, alas! is human Fate?
I whom nor Avarice, nor Pleasures move;
Who view with Scorn the Trophies of the Great,
Yet must myself be made a Slave to Love.

This dire Passion never will be gone,
If Beauty always must my Heart enthral;
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a Prey to all!

One who has early known the Poms of State;
(For things unknown 'tis Ign'rance to condemn)
And after having view'd the gaudy Bait,
Can boldly say, The Trifle I condemn.

In her blest Arms contented cou'd I live,
Contented cou'd I die: But, oh! my Mind
Feed with Fancies, and my Thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impossible to find.

Oh Women how shou'd Sense and Beauty meet?
The wisest Men their Youth in Follies spend;
The best is he that earliest finds the Cheat,
And sees his Errors while there's time to mend.

END

~~THE DEPAIRING LOVER~~

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with Care,
 For *Phyllis* the Fair;
 Since nothing cou'd move her,
 Poor *Damon* her Lover,
 Resolves in Despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much Anguish:
 But, mad with his Love,
 To a Precipice goes;
 Where a Leap from above
 Wou'd soon finish his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The Sides did appear,
 And the Bottom how deep;
 His Torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a Lover forsaken
 A new Love may get;
 But a Neck when once broken,
 Can never be set:
 And, that he cou'd die
 Whenever he wou'd;
 But, that he cou'd live
 But as long as he cou'd:
 How grievous soever
 The Torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd
 At thoughts of the Pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his Cottage again.

SONG

S O N G.

O F all the Torments, all the Cares,
With which our Lives are curst;

Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,
Sure Rivals are the worst!

Partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;

Love alone we hate to find.

Companions of our Woe.

Alas, for all the Pangs you see,

Are lab'ring in my Breast;

beg not you would favour me,

Would you but slight the rest!

How great soe'er your Rigours are,

With them alone I'll cope;

I can endure my own Despair,

But not another's Hope.

A S O N G to PHILLIS.

I.

PHILLIS, we not grieve that Nature,

Forming you, has done her part;

And in every single Feature

Shew'd the utmost of her Art.

II.

But in this it is pretended,

That a mighty Grievance lies;

That your Heart shou'd be defended,

Whilst you wound us with your Eyes.

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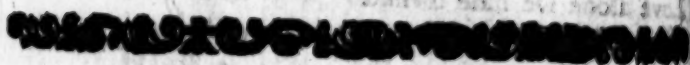
III. Love's

III.

Love's a senseless Inclination,
Where no Mercy's to be found;
But is just, where kind Compassion
Gives us Balm to heal the Wound.

IV.

Persians, paying solemn Duty,
To the rising Sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his Beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.



PHILLIS'S Resolution.

I.

WHEN Slaves their Liberty require,
They hope no more to gain;
But you not only that desire,
But ask the Pow'r to reign.

II.

Think how unjust a Suit you make,
Then you will soon decline;
Your Freedom, when you please, pray take,
But trespass not on mine.

III.

No more in vain, *Alexander*, crave,
I ne'er will grant the Thing,
That he, who once has been my Slave,
Should ever be my King.

~~UNPUBLISHED~~
 An EPISTLE to a Lady who had resolv'd
 against MARRIAGE.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
 Your Resolution for a single State :
 Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
 Must never put on *Hymen's* Livery.
 Perhaps, its Outside seems to promise fair,
 But underneath is nothing else but Care.
 If once you let the *Gordian* Knot be ty'd,
 Which turns the Name of Virgin into Bride ;
 That one fond Act your Life's best Scene foregoes,
 And leads you in a Labyrinth of Woes ;
 Whose strange *Meanders* you may search about,
 But never find the Clue to let you out.
 The marry'd Life affords you little Ease,
 The best of *Husbands* is so hard to please.
 This in Wives careful Faces you may spell,
 Tho' they dissemble their Misfortunes well.
 No Plague's so great as an ill-ruling Head,
 Yet 'tis a Fate which few young Ladies dread :
 For Love's insinuating Fire they fan,
 With sweet Ideas of a Godlike Man.
Chloris and *Phyllis* glory'd in their Swains,
 And sung their Praises on the neighb'ring Plains ;
 Oh ! they were brave, accomplish'd charming Men,
 Angels till marry'd, but proud Devils then.
 Sure some resistless Pow'r with *Cupid* sides,
 Or we should have more Virgins, fewer Brides ;
 For single Lives afford the most Content,
 Secure and happy, as they're innocent :
 Bright as *Olympus*, crown'd with endless Ease,
 And calm as *Neptune* on the *Halcyon* Seas.
 Your Sleep is broke with no domestic Cares ;
 No bawling Children to disturb your Pray'rs :

No parting Sorrows to extort your Tears,
 No blustering Husband to renew your Fears!
 Therefore, dear Madam, let a Friend advise,
 Love, and its idle Deity despise:
 Suppress wild Nature, if it dares rebel;
 There's no such thing as *leading Apes in Hell*.



CLELIA to URANIA.

A N O D E.

I.

THE dismal Regions which no Sun beholds,
 Whilst his Fires roll some distant World to cheer,
 Which in dry Darkness, Frost, and chilling Cold,
 Spend one long Portion of the dragging Year,
 At his returning Influence never knew
 More Joy than *Clelia*, when she thinks of you.

II.

Those Zealots, who adore the Rising Sun,
 Would soon their darling Deity despise,
 And with more warm, more true Devotion run,
 To worship nobler Beams, *Urania's* Eyes;
 Had they beheld her lovely Form Divine,
 Where Rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

III.

But, ah! frail Mortals, tho' you may admire
 At a convenient distance all her Charms,
 Approach them, and you'll feel a raging Fire,
 Which scorches deep, and all your Pow'r disarms:
 Thus, like th' *Arabian* Bird, your Care proceeds
 From the bright Object, which your Pleasure breeds.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

THO' *Celia's* born to be ador'd,
And *Strepson* to adore her born,
In vain her Pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice, with Charms and Scorn.

II.

Fair Saint, to your blest Orb repair,
To learn in Heav'n a heavenly Mind;
Thence hearken to a Sinner's Pray'r,
And be less beauteous, or more kind.



PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SICILIAN Muse, my humble Voice inspire
 To sing of *Daphne's* Charms and *Damon's* Fire.
 Long had the faithful Swain suppress'd his Grief,
 And since he durst not hope, ne'er askt Relief.
 But at th' Arrival of the fatal Day
 That took the Nymph and all his Joys away ;
 With dying Looks he gaz'd upon the Fair,
 And what his Tongue could not, his Eyes declare :
 Till with deep Sighs, as if his Heart-strings broke,
 Pressing her Hand, these tender Things he spoke :

DAMON.

Ah lovely Nymph ! behold your Lover burn,
 And view that Passion which you'll not return.
 As no Nymphs Charms did ever equal thine ;
 So no Swain's Love did ever equal mine.
 How happy, Fair, how happy should I be,
 Might I but sacrifice myself for thee ?
 Cou'd I but please thee with my dying Verse,
 And make thee shed one Tear upon my Hearse ?

DAPHNE.

Too free an Offer of that Love you make,
 Which now, alas, I have not Pow'r to take :
 Your Wounds I cannot, tho' I wou'd, relieve :
Phaon has all the Love that I can give.

Had

Had you among the rest at first assail'd
My Heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, Oh blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you till 'twas grown too late.

D A M O N.

Had the Fates brought me then, too charming Fair,
I could not hope, and now I must despair.
Rul'd by your Friends, you quit the Lovers Flame:
For Flocks, for Pastures, for an empty Name.
Yet tho' the blest Possession Fate denies;
Oh let me gaze for ever on those Eyes.
So just, so true, so innocent's my Flame,
That *Phaon* did he see it, cou'd not blame.

D A P H N E.

Such gen'rous Ends I know you still pursue,
What I can do, be sure I will for you.
If on Esteem, or Pity you can live,
Or Hopes of more, if I had more to give;
Those you may have, but cannot have my Heart:
And since we now perhaps for ever part;
Such noble Thoughts through all your Life express,
May make the Value more, the Pity less.

D A M O N.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part
(Ye Gods! what shivering Pains surround my Heart!)
And have one Thought to make your Pity less?
Ah *Daphne*, cou'd I half my Pangs express,
You could not think, tho' hard as Rocks you were,
Your Pity ever cou'd too great appear.
I ne'er shall be one Moment free from Pain,
Till I behold those charming Eyes again.
When gay Diversions do your Thoughts employ,
I wou'd not come to interrupt the Joy:
But when from them you some spare Moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
Think with what Heart I shall behold the Green,
Where I so oft those charming Eyes have seen!

Think

Think with what Grief I walk the Groves alone;
 When you, the Glory of them all, are gone!
 Yet, oh! that little time you have to stay,
 Let me still speak, and gaze my Soul away!
 But see, my Passion that small Aid denies;
 Grief stops my Tongue, and Tears o'erflow my Eyes.



E C L O G U E II.

G A L A T E A.

THYRSIS, the gayest one of all the Swains,
 Who fed their Flocks upon th' *Arcadian* Plains;
 While Love's mad Passion quite devour'd his Heart,
 And the coy Nymph that caus'd, neglects his Smart;
 Strives in low Numbers, such as Shepherds use,
 If not to move her Breast, his own amuse.
 You, *Chloris*, who with Scorn refuse to see
 The mighty Wounds that you have made on me;
 Yet cannot sure with equal Pride disdain,
 To hear an humble Hind of his complain.

Now while the Flocks and Herds to Shades retire,
 While the fierce Sun sets all the World on fire;
 Through burning Fields, through rugged Brakes I rove,
 And to the Hills and Woods declare my Love.
 How small's the Heat? how easy is the Pain
 I feel without, to that I feel within?

Yet scornful *Galatea* will not hear,
 But from my Songs and Pipe still turns her Ear.
 Not so the sage *Corisca*, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich *Egon's* only Care:
 From them my Songs a just Compassion drew,
 And they shall have them, since contemn'd by you.

Why name I them, when ev'n chaste *Cynthia* stays,
 And *Pan* himself, to listen to my Lays?

Pas,

Pan, whose sweet Pipe has been admir'd so long,
Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my Song.
Yet *Galatea* scorns what'er I say;
And *Galatea's* wiser sure than they.

Relentless Nymph! can nothing move your Mind?
Must you be deaf, because you are unkind?
Tho' you dislike the Subject of my Lays,
Yet sure the Sweetness of my Voice might please.
It is not thus that you dull *Mossus* use,
His Songs divert you, tho' you mine refuse.
Yet I cou'd tell you, fair One, if I wou'd,
(And since you treat me thus, methinks I shou'd)
What the wise *Lycon* said, when in yon Plain,
He saw him court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond Youth, to chase a heedless Fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd Verse to please her Ear;
Seek out some other Nymph, nor e'er repine,
That one who likes his Songs, shou'd fly from thine.

Ah, *Lycon*! ah! your Rage false Dangers forms;
'Tis not his Songs, but 'tis his Fortune Charms:
Yet, scornful Maid, in time you'll find those Toys
Can yield no real, no substantial Joys;
In vain his Wealth, his Titles gain esteem,
If for all that you are asham'd of him.

Ah, *Galatea*, wou'd'st thou turn those Eyes,
Wou'd'st thou but once vouchsafe to hear my Cries:
In such soft Notes I wou'd my Pains impart,
As cou'd not fail to move thy rocky Heart;
With such sweet Songs I wou'd thy Fame make known,
As *Pan* himself might not disdain to own.
Oh cou'd'st thou, fair One, but contented be
To tend the Sheep, and chase the Hares with me;
To have thy Praises echo'd through the Groves,
And pass thy Days with one who truly loves;
Nor let those gaudy Toys thy Heart surprise,
Which the Fools envy, and the Sage despise.

But *Galatea* scorns my humble Flame,
And neither asks my Fortune, nor my Name.

Of the best Cheese my well-stor'd Dairy's full,
 And my soft Sheep produce the finest Wool;
 The richest Wines of Greece my Vineyards yield,
 And smiling Crops of Grain adorn my Field.

Ah, foolish Youth! in vain thou boast'st thy Store,
 Have what thou wilt, if *Mopsus* still has more.
 See whilst thou sing'st, behold her haughty Pride,
 With what Disdain she turns her Head aside!
 Oh, why wou'd Nature, to our Ruin, place
 A Tiger's Heart, with such an Angel's Face?

Cease, Shepherd, cease, at last thy fruitless Moan;
 Nor hope to gain a Heart already gone.
 While Rocks and Caves thy tuneful Notes resound,
 See how thy Corn lies wither'd on the Ground!
 The hungry Wolves devour thy fatten'd Lambs;
 And bleating for the young makes lean the Dams.
 Take, Shepherd, take thy Hook, thy Flocks pursue,
 And when one Nymph proves cruel, find a new.



ECLOGUE III.

DAMON.

(Taken from the Eighth Eclogue of Virgil.)

ARISE, O *Phosphorus*! and bring the Day,
 While I in Sighs and Tears consume away;
 Deceiv'd with flattering Hopes of *Nisa's* Love;
 And to the Gods my vain Petitions move:
 Tho' they've done nothing to prevent my Death,
 I'll yet invoke them with my dying Breath.
 Begin, my *Muse*, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Arcadia's famous for its spacious Plains,
 Its whistling Pine-trees, and its shady Groves,
 And often hears the Swains lament their Loves.

Great

Great Pan, upon its Mountains feeds his Goats,
Who first taught Reeds to warble rural Notes.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Mopsus weds *Nisa*! Oh, well-suited Pair!
When he succeeds, what Lover can despair?
After this Match, let Mares and Griffins breed;
And Hounds with Hares in friendly Comfort feed.
Go, *Mopsus*, go: provide the Bridal Cake,
And to thy Bed the blooming Virgin take:
In her soft Arms thou shalt securely rest.
Behold, the Evening comes to make thee blest!
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Oh, *Nisa*, happy in a lovely Choice!
While you with Scorn neglect my Pipe and Voice:
While you despise my humble Songs, my Herd,
My shaggy Eyebrows, and my rugged Beards:
While through the Plains disdainfully you move,
And think no Shepherd can deserve your Love:
Mopsus alone can the nice Virgin win,
With charming Person, and with graceful Mien.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

When first I saw you on those fatal Plains,
I reach'd you Fruit; your Mother too was there:
Scarce had you seen the thirteenth Spring appear:
Yet Beauty's Buds were opening in your Face:
I gaz'd, and Blushes did your Charms increase:
'Tis Love, thought I, that's rising in her Breast;
Alas, your Passion, by my own, I gnest:
Then upon Trust I fed the raging Pains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Oh, Love! I know thee now: thou ow'st thy Birth
To Rocks; some craggy Mountain brought thee forth:
Nor is it human Blood that fills thy Veins,
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Relentless Love to bold *Medea* show'd,
To stain her guilty Hands in Children's Blood.

Was she more cruel, or more wicked he?
 He was a wicked Counsellor, a cruel Mother she.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Now let the Screech-owls vie with warbling Swans;
 Upon hard Oaks let blushing Peaches grow,
 And from the Brambles, liquid Amber flow.
 The harmless Wolves, the rav'nous Sheep shall shun;
 And valiant Deer, at fearful Greyhounds run:
 Let the Sea rise, and overflow the Plains.
Begin, my Muse, begin th' Arcadian Strains.

Adieu, ye Flocks, no more shall I pursue!
 Adieu, ye Groves, a long, a long Adieu!
 And you, coy Nymph, who all my Vows disdain,
 Take this last Present from a dying Swain.
 Since you dislike whate'er in Life I said,
 You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
 This Leap shall put an End to all my Pains.
Now cease, my Muse, now cease th' Arcadian Strains.

Thus *Damon* sung while on the Cliff he stood,
 Then headlong plung'd into the raging Flood.
 All with united Grief the Loss bemoan,
 Except the Authress of his Fate alone,
 Who hears it with an unrelenting Breast.
 Ah, cruel Nymph! forbear your Scorns at last.
 How much soe'er you may the Love despise,
 'Tis barb'rous to insult on one that dies.



ECLOGUE IV.

LYCON.

STREPHON and *Damon's* Flocks together fed,
 Two charming Swains as e'er *Arcadia* bred;
 Both fam'd for Wit, and fam'd for Beauty both;
 Both in the Lustre of their blooming Youth:

No sullen Cares their tender Thoughts remove,
 No Passions discompose their Souls, but Love.
 Once, and but once alone, as Story goes,
 Between the Youths a fierce Dispute arose;
 Not for the Merit of their tuneful Lays,
 Tho' both deserv'd, yet both despis'd that Praise;
 But for a Cause of greater Moment far,
 That merited a Lover's utmost Care.
 Each Swain the Prize of Beauty strove to gain,
 For the bright Shepherdess that caus'd his Pain.
 Lycen they chose the Difference to decide,
 Lycen, for Prudence and sage Counsel try'd,
 Who Love's mysterious Arts had study'd long,
 And taught, when Old, what he had practis'd Young.
 For the Dispute alternate Verse they choose,
 Alternate Verse delights the rural Muse.

Strepb. To *Flavia*, Love, thou justly ow'st the Prize,
 She owns thy Pow'r, nor does thy Laws reprove.

Dam. Tho' *Sylvia*, for herself, Love's Pow'r defies,
 What Crowds of Vassals has she made to Love?

Strep. When *Flavia* comes attir'd for rural Games,
 Each Curl, each Flow'r she wears, a Charm expresses.

Dam. *Sylvia*, without a foreign Aid, inflames;
 Charm'd with her Eyes we never mind her Dress.

Strep. Have you seen *Flavia* with her flaxen Hair?
 She seems an Image of the Queen of Love!

Dam. *Sylvia*'s dark Hair like *Leda*'s Locks appear,
 And yet, like her, has Charms to conquer Youth.

Strep. *Flavia* by Crowds of Lovers is admir'd;
 Happy that Youth who shall the Fair enjoy!

Dam. *Sylvia* neglects her Lovers, lives retir'd;
 Happy, that could her lonely Thoughts employ!

Strep. *Flavia*, where-e'er she comes, the Swains subdues,
 And ev'ry Smile she gives conveys a Dart.

Dam. *Sylvia* the Swains with native Coldness views,
 And yet what Shepherd can defend his Heart?

Strep.

Strep. *Flavia's* bright Beauties in an Instant strike:
Gazers, before they think of it, adore.

Dam. *Sylvia's* soft Charms, as soon as seen, we like;
But still the more we think, we love the more.

Strep. Who is so stupid that has *Flavia* seen,
As not to view the Nymph with vast Delight?

Dam. Who has seen *Sylvia*, and so stupid been,
As to remember any other Sight?

Strep. What Thoughts has *Flavia*, when with Care she
views

Her charming Graces in the Crystal Lakes?

Dam. To see hers, *Sylvia* need no Mirrors use:

She sees them by the Conquests that she makes.

Strep. With what Assurance *Flavia* walks the Plains?

She knows the Nymphs must all their Lovers yield.

Dam. *Sylvia* with Blushes wounds the gazing Swains,

And while she strives to fly, she wins the Field.

Strep. *Flavia* at first young *Melibæus* lov'd;

For me she did that charming Youth forsake.

Dam. *Sylvia's* relentless Heart was never mov'd

Gods! that I might the first Impression make!

Strep. Shou'd *Flavia* hear that *Sylvia* vy'd with her,

What Indignation would the Charmer show?

Dam. *Sylvia* wou'd *Flavia* to herself prefer:

There we alone her Judgment disallow.

Strep. If *Sylvia's* Charms with *Flavia's* can compare,

Why is This crowded still, and That alone?

Dam. Because their Ways of Life so diff'rent are:

Flavia gives all Men Hopes, and *Sylvia* none.

Lycón. Shepherds, enough; now cease your am'rous War;

Or too much Heat may carry both too far:

I well attended the Dispute, and find

Both Nymphs have Charms, but each in diff'rent Kind.

Flavia deserves more Pains than she will cost;

As easily got, were she not easily lost.

Sylvia is much more difficult to gain;

But, once possess'd, will well reward the Pain.

We with them *Flavia's* all, when first we burn;
But, once possess'd, with they would *Sylvia's* turn:
And, by the diff'rent Charms in each express,
One we shou'd soonest love, the other best.

E C L O G U E V.

D E L I A,

*Lamenting the Death of Mrs. Tempest, who
died upon the Day of the great Storm.*

YE, gentle Swains, who pass your Days and Nights
In Love's sincere and innocent Delights!
Ye, tender Virgins, who with Pride display
Your Beauty's Splendor, and extend your Sway!
Lament with me! with me your Sorrows join!
And mingle your united Tears with mine!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let All deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

Begin, my Muse! begin your mournful Strains!
Tell the sad Tale through all the Hills and Plains!
Tell it through ev'ry Lawn and ev'ry Grove!
Where Flocks can wander, or where Shepherds rove!
Bid neighb'ring Rivers tell the distant Sea,
And Winds from Pole to Pole the News convey!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let All deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

'Tis done, and All obey the mournful Muse!
See, Hills, and Plains, and Winds have heard the News!
The foaming Sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd Shore,
The Vallies tremble and the Mountains roar.
See lofty Oaks from firm Foundations torn,
And stately Tow'rs in Heaps of Ruin mourn!

The gentle *Thames*, that rarely Passion knows,
 Swells with this Sorrow, and her Banks o'erflows:
 What Shrieks are heard? what Groans? what dying Cries!
 Ev'n Nature's self in dire Convulsions lies!
Delia, the Queen of Love, they All deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!

O! why did I survive the fatal Day,
 That snatch'd the Joys of all my Life away?
 Why was not I beneath some Ruin lost?
 Sunk in the Seas, or Shipwreck'd on the Coast?
 Why did the Fates spare this devoted Head?
 Why did I live to hear that Thou wert dead?
 By Thee my Griefs were calm'd, my Torments eas'd;
 Nor knew I Pleasure but as Thou wert pleas'd.
 Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?
 What Use have I of Life, now Thou art gone?
I have no Use, alas! but to deplore
Delia, the Pride of Beauty, now no more!

What living Nymph is bless'd with equal Grace?
 All may dispute, but who can fill thy Place?
 What Lover in his Mistress hopes to find
 A Form so lovely, with so bright a Mind?
Doris may boast a Face divinely Fair,
 But wants thy Shape, thy Motions, and thy Air:
Lucinda has thy Shape, but not those Eyes,
 That while they did th' admiring World surprise,
 Disclos'd the secret Lustre of thy Mind,
 And seem'd each Lover's inmost Thoughts to find.
 Others, whose Beauty yielding Swains confess,
 By Indiscretion make their Conquest less,
 And want thy Conduct and obliging Wit
 To fix those Slaves who to their Chains submit.
 As some rich Tyrant hoards an useless Store,
 That would, well plac'd, enrich a Thousand more:
 So did'st thou keep a Crowd of Charms retir'd
 Would make a Thousand other Nymphs admir'd.

Gay, Modest, Artless, Beautiful and Young;
 Slow to Resolve; in Resolution Strong;
 To All obliging; yet reserv'd to All;
 None could himself the favour'd Lover call:
 That which alone could make his Hopes endure,
 Was, that he saw no other Swain secure.
 Whither, ah! whither are those Graces fled?
 Down to the dark, the melancholy Shade?
Now, Shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
Delia is Dead, and Beauty is no more!

For Thee each tuneful Swain prepar'd his Lays,
 His Fame exalting while he sung thy Praise.
Thyrsis, in gay and easy Measures strove,
 To charm thy Ears and tune thy Soul to Love:
Mnalcas, in his Numbers more Sublime
 Extoll'd thy Virtues in immortal Rhime.
Glycon whose Satire kept the World in Awe,
 Soften'd his Strain; when first thy Charms he saw,
 Confess'd the Goddess who new-form'd his Mind,
 Proclaim'd thy Beauties and forgot Mankind.
 Cease, Shepherds, cease: the Charms you sung are fled,
 The Glory of our blasted Isle is dead.
Now join your Grievs with mine! and now deplore
Delia, the Pride of Beauty, now no more!

Behold where now she lies, depriv'd of Breath!
 Charming tho' Pale, and beautiful in Death!
 A Troop of weeping Virgins by her Side;
 With all the Pomp of Woe and Sorrows Pride!
 O, early lost! O, fitter to be led
 In chearful Splendor to the Bridal-Bed!
 Than thus conducted to th' untimely Tomb,
 A Spotless Virgin in her Beauty's Bloom!
 Whatever hopes superior Merit gave,
 Let me, at least, embrace Thee in the Grave;
 On thy cold Lips imprint a dying Kiss:
 O that thy Coyness could refuse me This!

Such

Such melting Tears upon thy Limbs I'll pour,
 Shall thaw their Numbness, and thy Warmth restore,
 Claspt to my glowing Breast, Thou may'st revive;
 I'll breathe such tender Sighs shall make Thee live,
 Or if severer Fates that Aid deny,
 If thou can'st not Revive, yet I may Die.
 In one cold Grave together may be laid,
 The truest Lover, and the loveliest Maid.
Then shall I cease to Grieve, and not before:
 Then shall I cease fair *Delia* to deplore.

But see, those dreadful Objects disappear!
 The Sun shines out, and all the Heav'ns are clear:
 The warring Winds are hush'd, the Sea serene;
 And Nature soften'd, shifts her angry Scene.
 What means this sudden Change? methinks I hear,
 Melodious Music from the heavenly Sphere!
 Listen, ye Shepherds, and devour the Sound!
 Listen, the Saint, the lovely Saint, is crown'd!
 While we, mistaken in our Joy and Grief,
 Bewail her Fate, who wants not our Relief:
 From the pleas'd Orbs she views us here below,
 And with kind Pity wonders at our Woe.

Ah, charming Saint! since thou art bless'd Above,
 Indulge thy Lovers and forgive their Love.
 Forgive their Tears, who press'd with Grief and Care,
 Feel not thy Joys, but feel their own Despair.



HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

Imitated, 1705.

I.

THE Man that's Resolute and Just,
Firm to his Principles and Trust,
Nor Hopes nor Fears can blind;
No Passions his Designs control,
Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can shake his steady Mind.

II.

Not Parties for Revenge engag'd,
Nor Threat'nings of a Court inrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets despair:
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

III.

From this the Grecian Glory rose,
By this the Romans aw'd their Foes:
Of this their Poets sing.
These were the Paths their Heroes trod,
These Acts made Hercules a God;
And Great Nassau a King.

IV.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,
With black'ning Storms combin'd:
Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way;
The Wind may for a while delay,
Not alter our Design.

V.

*The Men whom selfish Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,
May be to Fears betray'd:
But here a Church for Succour flies,
Insulted Law expiring lies,
And loudly calls for Aid.*

VI.

*Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent Zeal,
I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
The wounded Hand to bind:
See Tools of Arbitrary Sway,
And Priests, like Locusts, scout away
Before the Western Wind.*

VII.

*Law shall again her Force resume;
Religion, clear'd from Clouds of Rome,
With brighter Rays advance.
The British Fleet shall rule the Deep,
The British Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
Strike Terror into France.*

VIII.

*Nor shall these Promises of Fate
Be limited to my short Date;
When I from Cares withdraw,
Still shall the British Scepter stand,
Still flourish in a Female Hand,
And to Mankind give Law.*

IX.

*She shall Domestic Foes unite,
Monarchs beneath her Plugs shall fight,
Whole Armies drag her Chain:
She shall lost Italy restore,
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,
And give a King to Spain.*

X.

But know, these Promises are given,
These great Rewards Impartial Heaven
Does on these Terms decree;
That strictly punishing Mens Faults,
You let their Consciences and Thoughts
Rest absolutely free.

XI.

Let no false Politicks confute,
In narrow Bounds, your vast Design
To make Mankind unite;
Nor think it a sufficient Cause
To punish Man by penal Laws,
For not Believing right.

XII.

Come, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind;
Some's Sons shall your Compassion find,
Who ne'er Compassion know.
By nobler Actions theirs condemn:
For what has been Reproach'd in them,
Can ne'er be Prais'd in you.

XIII.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre;
Mute! To what Height dost thou aspire?
Pretending to rehearse
The Thoughts of Gods, and God-like Kings.
Cease, cease to lessen lofty Things
By mean ignoble Verse.





The GOLDEN AGE Restored, 1703.

An Imitation of the Fourth ECLOGUE
VIRGIL: Supposed to have been taken from
a Sibylline-Prophecy.

————— *Paulo majora Canamus.*

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier Flight;
Not all in Trees and lowly Shrubs delights:
Or if your Rural Shades you still pursue,
Make your Shades fit for able Statesmens View.

The Time is come, by ancient Bards foretold,
Restoring the Saturnian Age of Gold;
The Vile, Degen'rate, Whiggish Offspring ends,
A High-Church Progeny from Heaven descends.

O Learned Oxford, spare no Sacred Pains
To Nurse the glorious Breed, now thy own Branch
reigns.

And thou Great *Scarsdale*, Darling of this Land,
Dost foremost in that fam'd Commission stand;
Whose deep Remarks the list'ning World admires,
By whose auspicious Care old *Ranelagh* expires.
Your mighty Genius no strict Rules can bind;
You punish Men for Crimes, which you want time to find.

Senates shall now like Holy Synods be,
And Holy Synods Senate-like agree.
Monmouth and *Mostyn* here instruct the Youth,
There *Binckes* and *Kimberley* maintain the Sacred Truth
Powis and *Hamlin* here with equal Claim,
Thro' wide *West-Saxon* Realms extend their Fame;
There *Birch* and *Hooper* Right Divine convey,
Nor treat their Bishops in a Human way.

Now all our Factions, all our Fears shall cease,
 and Tories rule the promis'd Land in Peace.
 Malice shall die, and noxious Poisons fall,
 Harley shall cease to trick, and Seymour cease to rail:
 The Lambs shall with the Lions walk unhurt,
 and Halifax and Howe meet civilly at Court.
 Viceroys, like Providence, with distant Care,
 shall govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
 pacifick Admirals, to save the Fleet,
 shall fly from Conquest, and shall Conquest meet:
 commanders shall be prais'd at William's Cost,
 and Honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.
 Heretofore and Burnaby the Court shall grace,
 and Howe shall not disdain to share a Place.
 forgotten Molineux and Mason now
 revive and shine again in Fox and Howe.

But as they stronger grow and mend their Strain,
 by choice Examples of King Charles's Reign:
 bold Bellasis and Patriot D'Av'nant then,
 one shall employ the Sword, and one the Pen:
 Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
 The Tool of Faction shall to Peace invite,
 and Foes to Union be employ'd the Kingdoms to unite.

Yet still some Whigs among the Peers are found,
 like Brambles flourishing in barren Ground.
 Somers maliciously employs his Care
 To make the Lords the Legislature share.
 Burnett declares how French Dragooning rose,
 and Bishops Persecuting Bills oppose:
 Till Rochester's cool Temper shall be fir'd,
 and North's and Nottingham's strong Reasonings be
 admir'd.

But when due Time their Counsels shall mature,
 And fresh Removes have made the Game secure;

1 Bishop Sprat.

When *Somerset* and *Devonshire* give Place
 To *Wyndham's Bradford*, and to *Richmond's Grace*,
 Both Converts great; when Justice is refin'd,
 And Corporations garbled to their Mind;
 Then Passive Doctrines shall with Glory rise,
 Before them hated Moderation flies,
 And Antichristian Toleration dies.
Granville shall seize the long expected Chair,
Godolphin to some Country-Seat repair;
Pembroke from all Employments be debarr'd,
 And *Marlborough*, for ancient Crimes, receive his just
 Reward.

France, that this happy Change so wisely has begun,
 Shall bless the great Design, and bid it smoothly run.
 Come on, young *James's* Friends, this is the Time,
 come on;

Receive just Honours, and surround the Throne.
 Boldly your Loyal Principles maintain,
Hedges now rules the State, and *Rooke* the Main.
Grimes is at hand the Members to Reward,
 And Troops are trusted to your own *Gerhard*.
 The faithful Club assembles at the *Vine*,
 And *French* Intrigues are broach'd o'er *English* Wine.
 Freely the Senate the Design proclaims,
 Affronting *William*, and applauding *James*.
 Good ancient Members with a solemn Face,
 Propose that Safety give to Order place;
 And what they dare not openly dissuade,
 Is by Expedients ineffectual made.
 E'en *Finch* and *Mulgrave*, whom the Court cares,
 Exalt its Praises, but its Power depress;
 And that impartial Justice may be seen,
 Confirm to Friends what they refus'd the Queen.
 Bishops who most advanc'd Good *James's* Cause
 In Church and State, now reap deserv'd Applause:
 While those who rather made the Tow'r their Choice,
 Are stil'd Unchristian by the Nation's Voice.

Avow'dly

Avow'dly now St. *David's* Cause they own,
And *James's* Votes for Simony atone.
Archbishop *Ken* shall from *Long-Leat* be drawn,
While firm *Nonjurors* from behind stand crouding for the
Lawn.

And thou, Great *Weymouth*, to reward thy Charge,
Shalt Sail to *Lambeth* in his Grace's Barge.

See by base Rebels *James* the Just betray'd,
See his Three Realms by vile Usurpers sway'd;
Then see with Joy his lawful Heir restor'd,
And erring Nations own their injur'd Lord.

O would kind Heaven so long my Life maintain,
Inspiring Raptures worthy such a Reign!
Not *Thracian-Saint-John* should with me contend,
Nor my sweet Lays harmonious *Hammond* mend:
Not tho' young *D'Av'nant*, *Saint John* should protect,
Or the shrewd Doctor, *Hammond's* Lines correct.
Nay, should *Tredenbam* in St. *Marwes* compare his Songs
to mine;
Tredenbam, tho' St. *Marwes* were Judge, his Laurel should
reign,

Prepare, Auspicious Youth, thy Friends to meet;
Sir *George* ² already has prepar'd the Fleet.
Should Rival *Neptune* (who with envious Mind
In times of Danger still this Chief confin'd)
Now send the Gout, the Hero to disgrace,
Honest *George Churcbill* may supply his Place.

2 Rooke.



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A
DIALOGUE
Concerning
WOMEN,
Being a Defence of the SEX:
WRITTEN TO
EUGENIA.



THE

DIALOGUE

WOMEN

Being a Defence of the Sex

WRITTEN TO

U. G. E. N. A.

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A
D E F E N C E
O F T H E
F A I R S E X.

To EUGENIA.

IT is a dangerous thing, Madam, it must be confessed, this Converſing with fair Ladies; and it draws us into Inconveniencies, of which we do not at firſt ſee the Conſequences. I little thought, when I talked with your Ladyſhip, of the Vir-
tues of your Sex, that you would have commanded me to have given my Sentiments upon that Subject in Writing. I grant you, Madam, you might have ſpoke ſeveral of your Acquaintance, who would have underſtood the Buſineſs at firſt Word, with all the Courage imaginable; but to me, who never durſt take Pen in Hand to write any thing beyond a Billet, the Enterpriſe ſeems very terrible. I confeſs, when you ſpoke to me of it firſt, I was well enough pleaſed with the Deſign; for I thought a Defence of the Sex would be a Means of obliging all of the Sex, who were worth defending.

sending; and therefore look'd upon it as the writing a Circular Love-Letter to all the fair Ladies in the Kingdom. But as Men generally mix Interest with Honour, so, upon second Thoughts, I considered what I should get by it, besides Fame, if it should succeed; and I found, if I persuaded all Men to be as passionate Servants to the Ladies as myself, I should make but a very indifferent hand of it: Thus, Madam, you would engage me in a Controversy, where it would be a Scandal to be vanquished, and a Disadvantage to overcome: For I, who could never succeed in an Amour where there was any Fool pretended, besides myself, should have great Hopes indeed, when I had persuaded all Mankind to be my Rivals. After all, Madam, there were your Commands to encourage me to it; and the Commands of a fair Lady are to me beyond all the Arguments of Nature; I therefore resolv'd upon the Undertaking. But as it is no new thing to see People undertake a Business that they are altogether unable to perform, so I must own, I found a thing of this Nature quite beyond my Strength: You may believe, Madam, I was very melancholy at it, and it was then that a Friend coming into my Chamber, asked me the Occasion. As I never love to conceal any thing that afflicts me from a Friend, so I presently told him the Business, That a Lady had commanded me to write her a Treatise in Defence of Women. If that be all (says he briskly) I am come to your Deliverance; for this very Morning have I been at a Conversation, where the Question concerning the Virtues and Vices of that Sex, has been handled as fully as can be desired. Thou appearest to me, my dear Friend, (said I, embracing him) like my better Genius, and therefore, without any farther Ceremony, sit down, and give me an Account of the Conference.

Taking a Walk (says he) this Morning in St. James's Park, with several of my Acquaintance, there was one among the rest, who was all the while either gazing upon the Ladies as they came by, or speaking with that

Indifference

Indifference to us, that made us very plainly see, he did not mind the Subject of our Discourse, tho' we talked of all the most considerable Things that offer themselves in such Conversations. (A very strange Man this, Madam, who was thinking upon some Mistress, I warrant, when they were raising Taxes, and beating the French). Another, who was a Person of excellent Sense, and had a particular Friendship for this, tho' they would often dispute about their several Thoughts of Women, in which Point they could never agree; (I wonder they should dispute about that, Madam, for the greatest Disputes in those Cases are, when they do agree) began to rally him upon this Subject; which he did so handsomely, that he pleased the rest of the Company very well, without displeasing his Friend in the least. *Philogynes* (which was the Name of the first, as *Misogynes* was of the other) (Here, Madam, I must confess, I fancied my Friend put false Names upon me; for besides, that I remember neither of these Families in England, the one, you must know, signifies a Woman-hater, and the other, a Woman-lover) cried to *Misogynes*, Tho' I allow you to rally me as much as you please, and am glad of any Occasion I can give you, to exercise a Talent you possess in so eminent a Degree, yet I hope you do not in earnest think the Conversation of Women so ridiculous as you would make us believe. Ten times worse, said *Misogynes*, than I can represent it; and since we have often had slight Skirmishes upon that Occasion, and we have now Time enough to fight it out, if you have the Courage to lose one Morning's gazing at them, I challenge you to the private Walk by the Canal-side, to defend their Cause; and these Gentlemen, if they please, shall be our Judges. Tho' I am very unwilling, answered *Philogynes*, to lose a Morning that has called out all the best Company of the Town, yet since it is in Defence of the Ladies, and you so boldly challenge me, I take you at your Word, upon Condition, that if I get the better in the Judgment of these Gentlemen,

you

you shall engage to be in Love by To-morrow Morning Upon Condition, that if I overcome, said *Misogynes*, you will engage to be out of Love by the same Time, I agree. That is no equal Stake, replied *Philogenus*, it is to lay Happiness against Unhappiness; however, I am so well satisfied of my Cause, that I will undertake you, even upon those Odds.

Upon this Agreement we walked all to the other side of the Park, full of Expectation of the Event of the Debate; when we were come thither, we found we had the whole Walk to ourselves, and so *Misogynes* who gave the Challenge, began in this manner:

The Propagation of Mankind being the only Way to preserve it from Extinction; and the Copulation with Women being the only Means that Nature has ordained to that End; there is no doubt but all Commonwealths ought to give any reasonable Encouragements to it; I have therefore always admir'd the Wisdom of those Governments that incited, or compelled their Subjects to marry, as a Thing so much more necessary to Mankind in general, than pleasing to any one in particular; but that a Man should, out of a mere Act of Judgment, run after Women; that he should find Delight in their Company, is so very extraordinary, that the wise Men of old thought it hardly possible, otherwise they had no need of making such severe Laws to force them to it, as they did.

Your Ladyship, who is so well versed in *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, knows, that amongst the ¹ *Spartans*, they who lived long Bachelors were condemned to ignominious Punishments, and debarred the Privileges of other Citizens. That the ² *Cretans* had a Law to compel all the handsomest young Men to marry; as the ³ *Thurians* had to invite them to it, both by Honours and Rewards. That ⁴ *Plato* ordains, that whoever lived a Bachelor to the five and thirtieth Year of his

¹ Plutarch in *Life of Lycurgus*.

² Strabo, *Lib. 10.*

³ Diod. Sicul. *Lib. 1.*

⁴ *Ibid. Lib. 4, & 6.*

ge, should be capable of no Honour in his Commonwealth: And that the *Romans* did not only take all care imaginable to encourage People to Marriage, but lightned them into it by Punishments, if they refused.

Notwithstanding this, had you a Design of marrying them, I should not altogether so much condemn you; nay, had you but a Design of enjoying them without it, there might be somewhat still alledged in your Excuse. How unjustifiable soever such a Design may be, as to the moral Part, the Action itself is very agreeable to the natural. But to pick them out only for the Benefit of their Conversation, to fall in Love with their Understandings, and to leave the Company of wise Men for handsome Women, is just the same thing as if you should choose rather to eat Jays and Parrots, than Woodcocks and Partridges, because the Feathers of the former make the finer Shew.

It is a very good, as well as a very general way, to judge at People by the Company they keep; and thus we may give a great Judgment of the Female Sex, by a View of those with whom they are the most pleased of our own. Well, let them appear then; what do you find? Fine Coats, large Cravat-strings, and good Periwigs, I must own, but for any thing else, they, and their Periwig-blocks are Critics alike. It is true, to do them justice, they talk most learnedly of Points and Ribbons; have most mathematical Heads for the erecting of Ladies Topknots, make as considerable Figures, talk as loud, and laugh more than any in Drawing-rooms and Play-houses; and those who know nothing of their Language, would take them, by their Gestures, to be the wittiest Persons in *Christendom*; but if unluckily you understand them, you will find it only false Fire, and that all this violent Laughter is produced by no Jest. Then take them out of their own Element, begin a Discourse

5 *Aul. Gell. Lib. 1. Cap. 6. Sueton. in Life of Augustus. Dion in ibid. Lucius Florus. Livy, Lib. 59.*

of any thing that is worth knowing, they are dumb. Out of Modesty? No; but they hate to talk of things that are *grossier*; and the Pedantry of Scholars, and Gravity of Men of Business, is utterly unfit for a Gentleman.

Were it nothing but the Company of such sort of Creatures as these, it would be enough, I should think, to frighten a Man of Sense from them. Can you be these Fops, as much as you are used to them, without Laughing? except it rather makes you blush to think you should bring yourself into Competition with such Tools as they are: I am far from blaming them for following the Ladies: They avoid the Company of Men who despise them, for that of Women who admire them. Nor do I find fault with the Ladies for being pleased with them; for since Likeness, they say, breeds Love, what Wonder is it they are fond of those Men whose Follies make them most like themselves? but for a Man who has some Pretences to Wit and Learning; for one who might be acceptable to Men of Sense, to run after them; nay, for a Man who spends all the Morning in the Study of *Homer* and *Aristotle*, to spend the Afternoon among the Impertinencies of Women, puts me in mind of the Mountebank-Stages in *Naples*, where the Jesuits and Jackpuddings entertain the Spectators by turns.

It is possible, you will say, that all this makes for you; that the Faults of your Rivals render your Virtues the more remarkable, and that there is no doubt, but a Man of Merit may succeed in any Place where a Man of no Merit may pretend; but, alas! Sir, you deceive yourself very much if you encourage that Opinion. Had you sit Judges, there is no doubt but you were in the right. But if the fairest Lady in Christendom were amongst the *Indians*, where they paint the Devil of her Colour, do you expect they should do her Beauty Justice? Or if a slender Man were among the *Muscovites*, do you think they would admire him for being well shaped, where they thought none but big-belly'd Men to be so? Credit me,

Sir,

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Sir, a Man who leaves his Parts to the Judgment of Women, is very near the same Circumstances: Will you not believe me in that Case, because I profess an Enmity to them? You do well: but will you believe themselves? View all the Town, take good Notice: Among all the young Heiresses who run away from their Guardians, is there any one who does it with a Man of Sense? Among all those Widows who ruin themselves by second Marriages, is there any one who does it with a Man of Sense? Among all those Ladies who cuckold their Husbands, is there any one who does it with a Man of Sense? We see them do these things every Day with Chaplains, Dancing-masters, Butlers, and Footmen. Who are the Men that shew the tender Billets received? What are they who boast of the Favours of all the finest Women in Town? Are they not the most despicable of Mankind? Are they not such whose Conversation is the Jest of Men of Sense? And have they above one thing about them, that distinguishes them from the other Sex?

After all, Sir, are not the Women in the right in this Point? Or do they ever shew more Judgment than when they pitch upon such Men? What do they look for in a Husband but one who will admire them, who will be governed by them, and upon whom all their little Tricks will pass? And who but Fools are fit for that? What do they propose in a Gallant, but giving them Pleasure without Scandal? And to the former Part they have a received Notion of the Ability of Fools: Then for the Scandal, who so likely to give none as those Men, whom the World will hardly believe were favoured by them, tho' they took their Oaths upon it? For notwithstanding Experience teaches us the contrary, yet People are apt to fancy a Man of Sense must succeed before a Coxcomb; and will rather believe the former are favoured, tho' they swear they are not; than the latter, tho' they swear they are.

But, alas! Sir, Men of Sense they think know them, and that they take, as well as I do, to be a sure Means

to

to hinder their being in Love. It was upon this Account that ⁶ *Solomon* gives such severe Characters of them in his *Proverbs*; that ⁷ *Euripides* represented them so faithfully as to get the Name of the Woman-hater; that ⁸ *Simonides* has distinguished them into so many sorts of evil Things; that ⁹ *Lucian* has so naturally described their Tricks; that ¹⁰ *St. Chrysostom* has made such a severe Invektive against them; that ¹¹ *Juvenal* has given his Friend such Counsel against having any thing to do with them; and, in fine, it is upon the same Account that all the Epigrammatists, Comic Poets, and Satirists are so continually exposing them to the World, making their Follies ridiculous, and their Vices odious. It is upon the same Account likewise, that to call a Man Effeminate, has always been reckoned such a Reproach; and that to say a Man is governed by a Woman, has been one of the worst Characters you could give of his Understanding.

See here a dreadful Army, Madam, against us: I asked my Friend what these Gentlemen had said upon this Occasion? He told me, *Juvenal* had written a very severe Satire (the VIth) against Women, which I should see very much to its Advantage, if I would consult Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of it. For *Simonides*, he told me, he had written *Iambics* against them, in which he divides them into ten Sorts. The first he said was descended from a Sow, (you will find very noble Families among them, Madam) and she was sluttish: The second from a Fox, and she understands every thing, and has a great deal of Good in her, and a great deal of Ill too: The third from a Dog, and she is prying about, and snarling at every Body: The fourth is made of the Earth, and she understands nothing but how to fill her Belly, and sit by the Fire-side: The fifth of the Sea, and she is changeable and inconstant; sometimes in a Calm, and then on a

6 Chap. 7. &c.

7 *V. Stobai Senten. cap. de Vituperio Mulierum.*

8 See the *Dialogues* of the Courtesans, and that of Love.

9 Homily on the Beheading St. John Baptist. 1 Satire 6th.

hidden in a Storm: The *sixth* is made of *Asps*, and a *labouring Asp*, (an odd Composition you will say) and she is scarce driven to her Business with Threatnings or force, but crams herself Night and Day, and lies with every one that comes; (now whether she takes this Quantity of lying with all who come, from the Father's side, or the Mother's side, I cannot absolutely determine.) The *seventh* was descended from a *Pole-cat*, and she is nauseous and stinking: The *eighth* from a *Mare*, and she never learns to do any Work, and minds nothing but appearing great and fine: The *ninth* from a *Monkey*, and her Ugliness is a Jest to every Body: The *tenth* from a *Bea*, and she makes an excellent Wife. There is a Story also of this *Simonides*, that being asked about a Wife, he said, she was the Shipwreck of Man, the Tempest of a House, the Disturber of Rest, the Prison of Life, a daily Punishment, a sumptuous Conflict, a Beast in Company, a necessary Evil. And St. *Chrysostom*, besides the Homage upon the beheading St. *John Baptist*, which is almost all an *Investive* against Women, says in another Place, What is a Wife? The Enemy of Love, the inevitable Pain, the necessary Evil, the natural Temptation, a desirable Calamity, a domestical Peril, a pleasing Damage. Thus you see these Ancients, Madam, had a very commendable Faculty of calling Names: What think you, might not the Matrons of *Billingsgate* improve in their Conversation? But it is natural, when People cannot convince our Reason, to endeavour to move our Passions.

I know you will object against these, *Anacreon*, *Theocritus*, *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, *Propertius*, and all those Poets and Wits, ancient and modern, who pleas'd themselves, whilst they lived, in the Pursuit of Women, and have render'd themselves immortal after their Death, by the Trophies they rais'd to them. It is confessed, that spending their Time upon the Sex, they ought to know them best: But on the other side, to excuse their

2 *Camerar. Hist. Lib. 3. Cap. 11.* 3 *On Matt. Chap. xii.*

own spending their Time, ought to represent them as favourably as possible; and yet, pray what is the Account they give us of them? Do they not all with one Consent complain, either of the Cruelty or Falseness of their Mistresses? Are not their Books full of Quarrels, Piques and Jealousies? and do they not shew the Levity, Perjury, and Lewdness of the Sex? Does not *Anacreon*, and a hundred more, tell you, they mind nothing but Wealth? (This Complaint of the Love of Wealth, and Invektives against it, has been very ancient, and very general amongst the Poets: besides this *Greek*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, *Tibullus*, and *Propertius*, make them, amongst the *Romans*: *Marinus*, *Guarini* amongst the *Italians*.)

4. Livos vides sic lapsa

Sopli, r'p'ros waratras,

M'ron d'p'p'os s'p'p'os.

5. — fore enim tutum iter & patens

Converso in pretium deo. Lib. 3. Ode. 16. speaking of Jupiter and Diana.

6. Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro.

At nunc barbaria est grandis, habere nihil.

Eccae recens dives, parto per vulnera canis,

Praefertur nobis, sanguine factus, eques.

Curia pauperibus clausa est. Dat census honores.

V. Amor. Gr. Lib. 3. El. 8.

7. Ad dominam faciles aditus per carmina quero:

At mihi per eadem & facinus sent dona paranda.

Sed primum si grande seras, custodia victa est,

Nec prohibent claves, & canis ipse tacet. Lib. 2. El. 4.

8. Nulla est poscendi, nulla est reverentia dandi,

Aut si qua est pretio, tollitur ipsa mora.

Aurea nunc verè sunt secula, plurimus auro

Venit h'obnos, auro conciliatur amor. Lib. 3. El. 11.

9. Da te chi se defende?

Qua penser fermi, o casti

Non atterri, o non gusti?

Chi teo unqua contende?

Chi vinto non se rende?

Qual non cade, o non cede

Forte cor, falsa voglia, intera sedè?

Anch' egli amor lo strafe

Conde de Villa Mediana, and ³ *Quarado* amongst the
Spaniards; ⁴ *Ronsard* among the French; and ⁵ *Cowley*
amongst us: For you must know, Madam, these Poets
were a sort of People, who were never very remarkable
for their making large Jointures; their Estates generally
lie upon *Parnassus*, where Land lets worse than it does in
Ireland: Nor do I remember to have read in any History,
of Poets who deferr'd the Enjoyment of their Mistresses
for the drawing of Writings.) Does not ⁶ *Theocritus* make
continual Complaints of the Cruelty of his Mistress? Does
not ⁷ *Catullus* tell you, that his *Lesbia* lay with all the
Town? and ⁸ that what any Woman says to her Lover,
ought to be writ in Wind, or running Streams? Does
not ⁹ *Tibullus* complain, that he had taught his Mistress

Già d'oro, e d'or lo cocca
Onde qual honor lo scocca,
E bella Donna affale,
Stampa piaga mortale
Là dove ogni altra punta
D'impidimbste quidrei si punta, e spunta.

Mar. Rim. per seconda Canzon. 17. L' 100.

1 Le Richesze, li Tesori

Son insensati Amori. *Past. Fido. Cbor. del Atto 1. ad.*

2 De rús flechas por ser d'oro

Ninguna lei se desmende.

3 El Rico está en toda parte,

Siempre a propósito viene,

No ay cosa que se le esconda,

No ay puerta que se le cierra. *Quev. Tlax. Rom. 37.*

4 Celui devroit mourir de l'Eclat du Tonnerre

Qui premier decouvrit les Mines de la Terre. *Ronsard. El. 8.*

5 'Tis all against the Love of Henry.

6 Idyll. 3. 10, 11, 14, 20.

7 Illa Lesbia quam Catullus unam

Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,

Nunc in quadrivis, & angustis

Glubit magnanimos Remi nepotes. *Catull. 59.*

8 ----- mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,

In vento, & rapida scribere oportet aqua.

9 Ipse miser docui quo posset ludere pacto

Custodes, cheu nunc promor ante nra. *Lib. 1. El. 7.*

to deceive her Guards so long, that she learnt to deceive him too? Does not ¹ *Ovid* lie at his Mistress's Door at Night, whilst an inconsiderable Fellow has got into her Arms? Does not *Horace* complain of the ² Cruelty of two Mistresses, and the ³ Perjury and Inconstancy of three or four more? And does not ⁴ *Propertius*, besides his own *Cynthia's* Falseness, cry out of the Incontinence of the Sex in general? I know not what your Success in Love may have been; but till you tell me the contrary, I can hardly believe it better than these Mens. For what Qualification can there be to make a Woman kind and constant, that they had not? *Anacreon* appears to be one of the gayest humour'd Men that ever was born; *Theocritus* the most tender and natural in his Poems; *Catullus* was without a Rival the greatest Wit of his Age; *Tibullus* was not only the smoothest and delicatest of the Roman Poets, but also the most beautiful Person of his Time; *Ovid* and *Propertius*, as neither of them wanted Love, never had any a more soft and tender way of expressing it; and *Horace*, besides the Talent of crying up his Mistresses, and pleasing their Vanity that way, had the pleasantest Manner of exposing the Follies of his Rivals, and the severest of revenging the ⁵ Falseness or Unkindness of his Mistresses, of any Man in the World. And yet none of all these could, by their own Confession, keep a Woman to themselves, or even teach them Cunning enough to jilt them so, that they should never find it out; which ⁶ *Ovid* tells us frankly, was all he desired from them.

¹ Ergo ego nescio cui quem tu complexa tenebas

Excubui clausam servus ut ante domum. Lib. 3. El. 11.

² Lib. 1. Od. 23. Lib. 3. Od. 30. 26.

³ Lib. 1. Od. 13. *Lydia*, Lib. 2. Od. 8. *Barine*, Lib. 3. Od. 9. *Lydia* again, *Epos*: 15. *Nemra*.

⁴ Lib. 2. El. 18, upon *Cynthia's* Falseness. Lib. 3. El. 17. De incontinentia mulierum.

⁵ See Lib. 1. Od. 25. Lib. 3. Od. 15. Lib. 4. Od. 13. *Epos*: 3. 12.

⁶ Non ego ne peccas cum sis formosa, recusis;

Sed ne sit misero scire necesse mihi. Lib. 3. El. 14.

From this, Madam, you may please to observe, that
 thing is no such new Thing as some People would
 make us believe, tho' methinks these Poets are dangerous
 persons to jilt, since it is remember'd. against their
 mistresses, near two thousand Years after.

And in effect, what but Ruin and Desolation proceeds
 from them? Who was the Betrayer of 1 *Samson*, but
Delilah? Who was the Cause of the Destruction of
Troy, but *Helen*? Of 2 *Agamemnon's* Death, but
Clytemnestra? Of 3 *Hercules's*, but *Deianira*? Who
 advised the burning of 4 *Persepolis*, but *Thais*? Who
 led 5 *Hannibal's* Army, but the *Capuan* Women?
 Who lost 6 *Mark Antony* the World, but *Cleopatra*?
 Why should I burden you with Instances, when every
 Country can furnish Examples enow of their own?
 That made such Confusion in 7 *Justinian's* Court, but
Zenodora? What caused the Revolt in the Low Coun-
 ties, but the Government of the 8 *Princess of Parma*?
 Who made such dreadful Disturbances in 9 *Scotland*, as
 their Queen *Mary*? And who raised the greatest Perse-
 cution for Religion, that ever *England* saw, but our own
 Queen of the same Name?

But certainly they must have some very great Per-
 missions to make Amends for all these Faults: Well then,
 let us see what they are! Let us view these pleasant
 comforts that are to make the Poison go down: Let us
 enjoy a little of that Conversation, that is diversitive
 enough to make People neglect all their Danger. Sit
 in one of their Drawing-Rooms all Day; observe the
 Discourse which passes; is it not a tedious Repetition

7 Judges, Chap. 16.

8. Vide Homer.

9 Velleius, Lib. 1. Euseb. Chron. Soph. in Electra. Eu-
 rid. in Oreste.

1 Ovid. Metam. Lib. 8. 2 Quint. Curt. Lib. 5.

3 Livy, Lib. 3. Dec. 3. 4 Plutarch in Vit. Anton.

5 Procop. Arec. 6 Strada, Bentivoglio, Garnier, &c.

7 Buchanan and Knox.

of the same Impertinencies over and over again, every new Visitant? And is not one Half of that spent in censuring all the Town, and the other Half in railing at those who censure? Do they not inveigh against the Lampooners, and at the same time talk as scandalously as they can write? The horrid Affectation, the ridiculous Vanity, the gross Diffimulation, and the inveterate Malice that appears in all their Discourses, are Things for which I should think all the Paint on their Faces could not make Amends. For my own part, I confess I have been Fool enough to be in Love too, and have follow'd Women upon that Account, but to another sort of End, than you say you do: But when that End was once satisfied, to talk with them afterwards, was a great a Penance to me, as it would be to sit in a great Cook's Shop, when my Belly was full.

This *Misogynes* is a very rude Fellow, and I am sure your Ladyship will be of my Opinion, that this last Simile was very fullsome. It is a Sign he hates Women; for had he conversed with them, they would have taught him better Manners.

But there are doubtless, you will say, Women of Understanding: Pray where are they? Is it your prudent Woman, your good Housewife, who is plaguing all the World with her Management, and instructing every body how to feed Geese and Capons? Or is it your Politician, who is always full of Business, who carries a Secretary of State's Office in her Head, and is making her deep Observations upon every Day's News? Or is it your learned Woman, who runs mad for the Love of hard Words, who talks a mixt Jargon, or *Lingua Franca*, and has spent a great deal of Time to make her capable of talking Nonsense in four or five several Languages? What think you, Sir, do you not wish for your Visitant again, as the more tolerable Folly of the two? Do not you think Learning and Politics become a Woman as ill as riding astride? And has

the Duke of ^a *Britany* Reason, who thought a Roman knowing enough, when she could distinguish between her Husband's Shirt and his Breeches?

Do not you, in Answer to these, fetch me a *Sapbo* of *Greece*; a *Cornelia*, the Mother of the *Gracchi*, of *Rome*; an *Anna Maria Schurman* out of *Holland*; and think that in shewing me Three learned Women in Three thousand Years, you have gained your point; and from some few particular Instances, proved a general Conclusion: If I should bring you half a Dozen Magpies that could talk, and as many Horses that could dance, you would not, I suppose for all that, choose out the one to converse with, or the other to talk a Corant.

But would you see them to their best Advantage? Would you have their Wit, Courage, and Conduct display'd? Take them upon the Business of Lust; that can make *Sapbo* witty, *Aloisa* eloquent, a Country-wife politic; that can humble ^a *Messalina's* Pride to walk the streets; that can make tender ^a *Hippia* endure the Inconveniences of a Sea-Voyage; can support the Queen of ^a *Sheba* in a Journey to *Solomon*, and make ^a *Thamiris* search out *Alexander the Great*: In this Particular, I must confess, we ought to submit to them, and with Shame allow them the Preference. I cannot reflect upon the Stories of ^a *Semiramis's* lying with all the hand-somest Men in her Army, and putting them to Death afterwards; of her offering her Son the last Favour; of ^a *Messalina* the Empress's prostituting herself in the public Stews; and of Queen ^a *Joan of Naples* providing a Bath under her Window, where she might see all the

⁸ Montagne's *Essays*, Book 1. Chap. 24. *Mad. Gournay*
Egalité des Deux Sexes.

⁹ Vide Juvenal. 6. Sat.

¹ 1 Kings x. 2. ² Chron. ix.

² Quint. Curt. Lib. 6.

³ Diod. Sicul. Cap. 2.

⁴ Juven. 6. Sat.

⁵ This Bath is now shewn in the Ruins of her Palace, a little Way out of the City of *Naples*.

lustiest young Men naked, and take her Choice out of them, without such an Admiration as their heroic Actions deserve. ⁶ *Sappho*, as she was one of the wisest Women that ever the World bred, so she thought with Reason it would be expected she should make some Additions to a Science in which all Womankind had been so successful: What does she do then? Not content with our Sex, she begins Amours with her own, and teaches a new Sort of Sin, that was follow'd not only in ⁷ *Lacedæmon* Time, but is practis'd frequently in ⁸ *Turkey* at this Day. You cannot but be sensible, Sir, that there is a Necessity of going so far for Instances of their Lewdness, and were it civil to quote the Lampoons, or write the Amours of our own Time, we might be furnish'd with Examples enough nearer Home.

Here, Madam, I could not forbear telling my Friend, that his Disputant grew scurrilous. He told me, considering him as a Woman-hater, he thought it was no more than his Character required: and that if I compar'd his Discourse with what others had said against them, I should think him a very well-bred Man.

After this to talk of their Levity or Babbling, what were it but trifling? All the Lovers and Poets who had any thing to do with them, can furnish themselves with Instances enough of the first; and any Man who will give himself the Trouble of reading any one History, shall find Instances enough of the other, if his own Wisdom has hindered him from making them at his own Cost. ⁹ There being a Senate called in *Rome*, upon some very extraordinary Occasion, one of the Senators was desired by his Wife to tell her what it was? He reply'd, He was obliged to Secrecy; she swears it shall never be known to any one by her Means; upon that Promise he informs her, that there was a *Lark* seen

⁶ Lilius Giraldus, *Dial. 9. de Poetis.*

⁷ See his *Dialogue between Cleonarium and Lexna.*

⁸ See *Tavernier's Travels.*

⁹ Plutarch of *Garrulity.*

lying over the Senate-House with a golden Helmet on his Head, and a Spear in one of his Claws, and that they had thereupon called the Soothsayers together, to know what it portended. No sooner was the Husband gone, but the Wife tells it too, under a Vow of Secrecy to her Maid; she to another who was her Fellow-Servant, who told it to her Lover; so that, to be short, it ran so fast, that as soon as the Senator came into the Market-Place, one took him aside, and told it him for a great secret; away goes he, and tells his Wife she had undone him, in divulging what he had trusted with her: She denies it, with a true feminine Impudence: How could it come to be known then? says he. Alas (reply'd she) were there not three hundred Senators, and might it not come from any of them as well as you? No, says he, for I invented it on a sudden, to satisfy your Curiosity, and thus had I been served, if I had trusted you with the Secret. It is such another Story they tell us of young *Papirius* to his Mother, who asking him what had been debated that Morning in the Senate, told her, They were making a Law for Men to have a Plurality of Wives. But it is somewhat a more tragical Relation *Plutarch* gives of *Fulvius*. *Augustus* complained to him, that he was dissatisfied with what he had done, in adopting *Livia's* Sons, and disinheriting his own Nephews; *Fulvius* goes home, and tells it his Wife, she tells it to the Empress, who upbraids the Emperor with it. *Augustus*, when he saw *Fulvius* next, checked him for it; by which he perceived himself ruined, and therefore went immediately, told his Wife what she had done, and that he resolved to stab himself: But certainly the Wife's Answer was very sufficient; Nor did you deserve to live, said she, who having lived so long with me, did not know I could not keep a Secret.

But omitting these, whose Actions are recorded to their Infamy, let us see a little of those who are quoted as the Glories of their Sex. And who more cry'd up

amongst them than ¹ *Judith*? What Action more celebrated than her murdering *Holofernes*, when he treated her with all the Kindness and Respect imaginable in his Tent? For my part, I must own my *Virg* does not arrive to so high a Pitch; and should rather have suffered my Town to have been ruin'd, than have been guilty of an Action that appears to me so barbarous but I confess that of ² *Jael* is yet worse, to invite a Man into her Tent, promise him Protection, and when he had trusted his Life in her Hands, to murder him whilst he was asleep. What shall we say to *Penelope* who is instanced as a Pattern of Chastity and conjugal Love? I will not with ³ *Ovid* and ⁴ *Virgil* (if *Priapeia* are his) make malicious Reflexions upon her trying her Lovers Strength in a Bow; but take the Story as it lies in the *Odysseys*, I am sure she would hardly pass for such a Saint in our Days; and if a Lady had her House full of Lovers for twenty Years in her Husband's Absence, and if her Husband were forced to fight all these before he could have his Wife again it is possible the Lampooners of the Town would have represented her Case so favourably as *Homer* has

¹ Jud. xiii.

² Judges iv. ver. 17.

³ *Penelope vires juvenum, tentabat in arcu,
Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.*

Ovid. Amor. Lib. 1. El. 2.

⁴ (*Speaking of Ulysses*)

*Ad vetulam tamen ille suam properabat, & omnis
Mens erat in cunno, Penelopea, tuo.*

*Quæ sic casta manes, ut jam convivia visas,
Utque fututorum sit tua plena domus.*

Et quibus ut scires quicunque valentior esset,

Hæc es ad arrestos verba locuta procos;

Nemo meo melius nervum tendebat Ulysses,

Sive illi laterum, seu fuit artis opus.

Qui quoniam periit, modò vos intendite: qualem

Esse virum sciero, vir sit ut ille meus.

Priapeia

donec

Bone. But what shall we say to ⁵ *Lycophron* even amongst the *Greeks*, who speaks of her as a most profligate sort of Woman, or to ⁶ *Duris Samius*, who asserts her to have been so very common, as to have lain with all Comers during her Husband's Absence, from whose promiscuous Copulations *Pan* was born, and therefore took the Name. (*Pan*, your Ladyship knows, in *Greek*, signifies *All*.) For *Lucretia*, I shall not insinuate, as a great Wit seems to do, that she stabbed herself, rather than return to the Embraces of a Husband, after having been so much better pleased by a Gallant; but if she were one who valued her Chastity so much, and her Life so little, as they would make us believe, it is somewhat odd that she should rather let *Tarquin* enjoy her alive, than a Slave lie in the Bed with her when she was dead; and that she should choose to commit the Sin, rather than bear the Shame.

But let us forgive them all these Things I have mentioned; and since ⁸ *Le Chambre* assures us that there is no Beauty in a Woman, but what is a Sign of some Vice; let us attribute it to Nature's Fault, not theirs; and reckon that the more Vicious they are, the nearer they come to the Perfection of the Sex; and indeed, not spending much Time in their Conversations, I will pardon them all their Levity, Babbling, Malice, and Impertinence; and, being unmarried, shall not be so severe upon their Lusts and Adulteries; provided they will stop there. Let *Helen* run away from her Husband with a handsomer Man; but let her not suffer all *Troy* to be ruined for the keeping her there: Let *Clytemnestra* lie with another Man, during her Husband's Absence; but

⁵ *V. Domin. in Ovid. El. 3. Lib. 1. See also Seneca's Epistles.*

⁶ *Lilius Giral. Hist. Deorum Gent. Pan.*

⁷ *Sir Charles Sedley, in his Translation of Ovid's VIIIth Elegy, Book 1.*

⁸ *L'Art de Connoitre les Hommes. Or, The Art how to know Men. Chap. 1.*

let her not murder him for it when he comes home. Let *Semiramis* make use of all the handsomest Fellows of her Army; but let her not put them to Death for fear they should tell Tales: And tho' I would forgive her, yet her own Sex would never pardon her being the first Maker of Eunuchs: Let *Phædra* and *Fausla* invite their Husbands Sons to supply their Fathers Defects; but let them not accuse them, and have them put to Death for refusing: Let *Joan of Naples* make use of all the Men in her Kingdom; but let her not strangle her Husband for his Imperfections in a Point that he could not help: That Cruelty and Barbarity, I confess, what provokes me so much against the Sex: I can see *Tibullus's* Mistress jilt him, for a Fool who is not so handsom; I can see *Ovid* waiting all Night at his Mistress's Door, whilst another Man is in her Arms; and I can see half a Score impertinent Women plaguing you with nonsensical Stories, and be very well diverted all the while: But I confess I cannot hear of *Medea* cutting her Brother in Pieces, and strewing his Limbs in the Way to stop her pursuing Father, without Horror and Dread; nor of her treating her own Children in the same manner, to revenge herself upon *Jason*, without a like Emotion: I know not how other People can bear such Things; but for my part, when I see all the Murders and Barbarities they commit, to revenge themselves on their inconstant Lovers, to get rid of their Husbands for some one they like better, or to prevent the Discovery of their Lewdness; but my Hair stands on end, my Blood shrinks, and I am possess'd with an utter Detestation of the Sex. Go but one Circuit with the Judges here in *England*; observe how many Women are condemned for killing their Bastard Children; and tell me if you think their Cruelties can be equalled; or whether you think those who commit such Actions fit for your, or for any civil Conversation. But I

your Looks you are convinced, I see you abandon
our Cause, and I shall cease to expose any farther a
x, of whose Patronage you seem already ashamed.

Here *Misogynes* left off, and *Philogynes* began to an-
swer him: But I must beg your Pardon, Sir, said my
friend, for my Time is come, and I must necessarily
be gone. The Devil you shall, said I; you would
engage me in a pretty Affair; I promise a Lady a
reference of her Sex, and you will make me send her a Satire
against it. Truly, my dear Friend, said he, I designed
to have told you all, but it is later than I thought, and
my Business waits for me. No Business, said I,
can be so considerable to you, as the satisfying a fair
Lady is to me, therefore sit down, and bring me
fairly off what you have told me already, or you and
I shall be Friends no longer. After all, Madam, to
tell you the Truth, tho' there is no great Matter in this
speech of *Misogynes*, yet I can hardly believe he made
it upon a sudden; 'tis possible tho', they two having
discourfed the Matter as they told us before, might have
provided themselves each with Arguments. But sup-
posing that, I can scarce believe one Man would be
offered to talk so long without Interruption; at least I
am sure, some who we know were none of the Com-
pany. But it is possible, that he who told me, might
leave out all that was spoke by others, for Brevity sake,
being as you see in haste.

If you are as apt to be mistaken in your Judgment
of Things as of Looks, replied *Philogynes*, it is no wonder
you should make such strange Conclusions. Whatever
Seriousness you may see in my Face, does not, I'll assure
you, proceed from any Distrust of my Cause, but an
Astonishment at what strange Arguments the Invention
of Man can suggest against the best Things that are. I
say, the Invention of Man, for I am far from believing
you in earnest in this Point; I have too just an Opinion
of *Misogynes*, to think he does any thing but put on this
Humour for a Trial of Skill; and I no more believe

you a Hater of Women, for the Invektive you have made against them, than I believe *Erasmus* a Lover of Folly, for the Encomium he has writ upon it. If you have therefore any thing more to urge, forbear it not upon any supposed Conviction you see in my Countenance; for, notwithstanding that I think you have handled the Subject as fully as any one who has undertaken it, yet I will assure you I cannot submit to your Arguments; and therefore am very ready to hear any thing you have further to urge. No, says *Misogynes*, I am sensible I have troubled the Company long enough about a Trifle, and it is very fit you should have your Turn of speaking now. Part of the Company was already convinced by his Arguments, the other Part thought he had said as much as the Matter would bear, and therefore both agreed in desiring *Philogynes* to speak what he had to say, which he did in this Manner:

I confess, Sir, (said he smiling) when I saw the Associates you allotted me at first, I began to despair of my Cause; I own I was ashamed of my Company, and resolved to pack up Baggage instantly, and quit a Trade in which none but Fops and Fools were engaged; but when I saw the *Anacreons*, the *Ovids*, and all the Wits, ancient and modern, in the same Circumstances, I even took Heart again. Courage, said I, the Business is not so bad as I thought, and it is possible his Heart may relent, and allow us some better Company than he condemned us to at first. At least, thought I, if it is a Folly to converse with Women, it is some Comfort that he owns it to be a Folly of which the greatest Wits of the World have been guilty before us: And when I saw all *Greece*, and the greater Part of *Asia* venturing their Lives for one Woman, I thought I had somewhat the Advantage of them, whilst I ventured nothing but my Rhetoric for them All together. And when you named *Samson*, *Achilles*, *Hannibal*, and *Mark Antony*, I enquired who

those

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those Gentlemen were; for certainly, thought I, if they were such brave Men, and great Soldiers, as I have heard them represented, we have no Reason to despair of the Victory when we have them to lead us on.

You might have spoken more generally of them too, if you had pleased; you might have told us, that there never was a great Soldier *who was not as famous for his Amours, as his Battles*; that a Poet was scarce thought free of his Trade, *who had not paid some Duties to Love*², and you might have added to these all the Wise-men and Philosophers of the World: You might have informed us, that *David*, tho' a Man after God's own Heart, was not contented without some Share in the Womens: That *Solomon*, who knew the Virtue of every Plant, from the Cedar of *Libanus* to the Hyssop that grows upon the Wall, took as much Pains to have as general a Knowledge of the Ladies: That ³ *Socrates*, who was the ugliest as well as the wisest Man of his Time, would in spite of Nature aim at Love too, and, not terrified by one ill Wife, would try to mend his Hand in another: That ⁴ *Plato*, whom Antiquity has called Divine, did not spend all his Time in erecting Commonwealths, but that some of it was bestowed upon the *Xantippe's* and *Archænassa's*: That ⁵ *Aristotle*, whom *Philip* made Governor to *Alexander*, made himself a Slave to his Mistress; that this was not an Effect of his Passion alone, but of his Reason; ⁶ That he said, Love was not only upon the Account of Copulation but Philosophy; and commands his Wise-man to be in Love, before he bids him meddle with the Commonwealth: And in fine, that this great Man, who fathomed all Arts and Sciences,

² Cowley's Preface.

³ See Diogenes Laertius in his Lives of these Three Philosophers.

⁴ *Ἦναι δὲ καὶ τὰ ἰσχυρὰ καὶ μέγα συνεκτικὰ ἀλλὰ καὶ φιλοσοφίας, καὶ λογιστικῆς δὲ τὸ σοφόν, καὶ πρᾶξις.* Diog. Laert. in vit. Aristot.

who has given us the best Rules of Philosophy, Politicks, Poetry, &c. did also not think it unbecoming his Gravity to write one Treatise of Love, and four Amatory Theses. You might have mingled Sacred Story with Profane: You might have told us that St. Peter was married, that St. Paul defended the leading about a Sister; that we owe one of the most celebrated Fathers of the Church to the Endeavours and Conversion of a Woman; and that St. Jerom had so great an Esteem for the Sex, as to dedicate a great Part of his Works to some of them. You might have added to these a thousand more, which you see I purposely omit to avoid Prolixity, and mention none but whom you will allow to be the most celebrated of their Profession, without doing your Cause any Injury in the least; for after all it is but shewing us a Drawing-room of Fops, reading a Dialogue out of *Lucian*, seeing a Scene of a Play, quoting a Sentence out of *Solomon's* Proverbs, searching all History for two or three ill Women, and the Business is done, the Cause is gained, let the Trumpets sound, and *Io Pæan* be sung for the Victory.

I am sorry, Sir, that I cannot be as civil to you, as you have been to me: It goes against my Conscience to place you with so bad Company, considering with what you have obliged me; and of those few great Men whom you have seduced to your Party, I am concerned that I must take the better Part from you. I fancy, after what I have already said of *Solomon*, after reflecting upon his History, you cannot think him a true Friend to your Cause; and therefore will not, I hope, depend too much upon him. I shall say nothing of his Wives and Concubines, I shall not so much as mention his *Canticum*, which ⁶ *Grætius*, as well as I, affirms to be a Love-

Poem,

5 St. Austin was converted by his Mother.

6 Est autem—It is a Dialogue between Solomon and the King of Egypt's Daughter; two Chorus's, one of young Men, the other of Virgins, who lay near the Bed-chamber, speaking between. The Nuptial Secrets lie hid here under modest Words, which was the

Cass

Poem, and which *Rapin* 7 reckons both the first and best of Pastorals; but I shall attack you at your own Weapon; I shall oppose Proverb against Proverb; if he has been severe in them upon ill Women, whose Cause I do not undertake, he has spoken as favourably of the Wise and the Good: for whom we appear: In like manner, if *Euripides* has represented Women so in his Tragedies, as to get the Name of the Woman-hater, I appeal from his Writings to his Life and Conversation, which shew him far otherwise. If *Simonides* gives you severe Characters of several Women, he gives you one at least that makes amends for all; one in whom no Fault can be found; and if you think that is not enough to take him off from your Party, if you are still so very fond of him, we will tell you, that Men who are deformed and ugly, as 9 *Simonides* was, naturally declare themselves Enemies to Women, because they fancy Women are Enemies to them; and upon that Account, not upon the Account of his Wit, we will allow him to you. As for *St. Chrysostom*, tho' we have all the Respect imaginable for a Father of the Church, and upon that Account shall not enter into the Merits of the Cause betwixt him and the Empress *Eudoxia*; yet this we shall say, Sir, that as Fathers of the Church are subject to Passions, as well as other Men; so it is no Wonder that a Man, who is used very ill by one Woman, and converses with few else, should conclude them all alike. Thus after having taken two of your Patriots from you, and if not taken, at least disabled the other two from being very credible Witnesses, you are reduced to *Lucian* and *Juvenal*. For the former, if I should quote you what the old Fathers say of him, if I should tell you, that he did not only abuse the

Cause the ancient Hebrews would not suffer this Book to be read but by those who were near Marriage. Grot. in Cantic.

7 *Rapin de Carmine Pastorali.*

8 *Proverbs, Chap. last, &c.*

9 *Girald. in vit. Simonidis. Plutarch in vit. Themistoclis.*

10 *Vide Socrat. Schol. Sozomen. Evagr.*

Christian Religion, but even his own; that he rallied at the Philosophers, Orators, and Historians of his Time that not content with that, he falls foul upon those his own Religion taught him to worship as Gods. I fancy you would not think what such a Man says of any great Weight; but truly, Sir, there is no need of that in this Case: What does this *Lucian* do, pray? Why he describes the Bawds griping, covetous, and encouraging their Daughters in Lewdness; his Courtesans false, jilting, and true Courtesans throughout. And what of all this, pray? what does this make for you? It is not the Cause of Bawds or Courtesans that we undertake; tho' even amongst them he represents a great part easy, loving, good-natur'd Fools, and us'd accordingly by their Lovers. But does *Lucian* pretend that there are no good Women? Does he fall upon the Sex in general? or does not he bring in *Charicles* in one place defending them, and does not he make the greatest Encomium that can be of *Panthea* in another, and speak with abundance of Esteem of several other Women in the same? And if he does introduce *Callicratides* in one of his Dialogues railing at the Sex, in Opposition to *Charicles*, he does it in the Defence of a Sin, which I am sure you will scarce think it civil to name. What shall we say to *Juvenal*, but what *Plato* did to *Xenocrates*, bid him sacrifice to the Graces. He is always violent, always declaiming, always in a Passion; and what Wonder if he falls upon the Women in one of his Fits? After all, you will make no great Matter of him; for if he has writ one Satire upon the Women, he has writ fifteen upon the Men. For the comic Poets and Satirists, whom you mention in general, when you name them in particular, I shall give them particular Answers. And now truly, Sir, see yourself reduced to a miserable Equipage; some old Husbando, and jilted Lovers; some Men with ill Faces, and worse Mien, may possibly stick to you still; but that is all:

2 See the Dialogues of the Courtesans.

3 In the Dialogue of Love.

I am sorry to see a Man so well made, of so much Wit, and who has been so successful amongst the Ladies, rank himself with such a Tribe; but you do it, I suppose, by way of Variety only; and so let *Misogynas* appear, at the Head of his Regiment, that makes a worse Figure than Sir *John Falstaff's*; let them be encouraged with stummed Wine and muddy Ale; let them give Fire to their Mundungus, and so let the Battle begin, whilst we with all the Heroes, Wits, and Philosophers, see how we can defend the Cause we have undertaken.

I am sensible, Sir, that I have broken the Order of your Discourse, and I beg your Pardon for it: But I thought it was necessary to distinguish our Enemies from our Friends, before the Armies joined, that so we might know whom to attack, and whom to spare; and having done that, I shall now confine myself to your Method, and follow the Course that you please to lead me.

Though I perfectly agree with you in the Esteem of the Laws made for the Encouragement of Marriage, and consequently cannot but regret the Want of them amongst ourselves; yet I must beg your Pardon, Sir, if I wholly dissent from you, in the Inference you would draw from it: For it is very apparent to me, and to any unbiassed Person else, I suppose, that those Laws were never made, as you fancy, for the forcing Men to the Love of Women, to which all Countries were naturally enough inclined; but for the restraining them to Particulars; that whilst they followed the general Pleasures of the Sex, they might not lose the useful Part, which was the Procreation of Children. Had there been so few Virtues amongst them, as you please to imagine, there had been no Need of this; When we have but one Dish of Meat that we like, we fall upon that without any Deliberation; but when the Fancy is distracted with Variety of Dainties, we often lose more Time in the making our Choice, than would otherwise be requisite to the satisfying our Appetites.

It is true, Sir, it is a very good way to judge of People by the Company they are fond of; but it is not a certain way to judge of People by the Company that is fond of them. There was a Tailor in Love with Queen Elizabeth, but it does not necessarily follow that Queen Elizabeth was in Love with a Tailor. If there are ridiculous Fellows who follow the Ladies, before we run down the Ladies for it, let us see if they do not laugh at them as well as we ourselves. And I cannot think their pursuing them any Reason at all for Men of Sense to avoid them. You would think it very hard that Alexander and Caesar should quit the Art of War, because some Thrafses and bragging Bullies pretended to it as well as they; and Virgil and Horace would take it very ill that you should damn all Sorts of Poetry because of the Bavius's and Marcius's, who set up for it; and whatever Reason you would give against the being a Minister of State, I dare say Sir Politic Wop'dbee's aiming at it would be none. Here Philogynus seems to me not to understand the right use of that considerable Part of Mankind call'd Fools; for it is only the Half-Wit that is intolerable, and a true Fool is next a true Wit the best Company in the World; for as a noble Author has extremely well observed,

*Wit, like terse Claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no Use at all;
But in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play.* DORSET.

After this I need not tell you, Sir, that it is very ill judging of People by their Outside; and as I laugh at those who like a Man only for his being well dressed, so I fancy you will allow them to be as ridiculous who run him down only for the same Reason. It was objected against ⁴ Aristotle and ⁵ Cicero, that they were too

⁴ Diogenes Laertius in vit. Aristot.

⁵ Plutarch in vit. Ciceronis.

sumptuous in their Apparel, and over-curious in their Dress; and without doubt there were deep * Critics in those Times, said they minded nothing but making themselves fine; who yet, without any Offence to their Learning, we may suppose could not give so good an Account of their Studies as these two great Men have done of theirs.

(Courage! there are two good Precedents for the Beaux.)

After all, Sir, I know there are a great many of these gay Coxcombs, of these eternal Pretenders to Love; and I have nothing to say in their Behalf; let them even shift for themselves amongst the *Thrafs*, and *Baviars*. But they do not only pretend (you say) they are successful too. It is very possible, Sir; I do not know but there may be Fools enough of the other Sex, to like the Fools of ours. But it is with the best Sort of Women too (you say) that they succeed. And who tells you so, pray? they themselves. I swear, Sir, though I have a very great Esteem for those Gentlemen, yet I must beg their Pardon for my Faith in this Point; I can never think a Woman, whose Wit we all allow, can be fond of a Man whose Folly we all see. On the other side, I know how natural it is for every one to avoid Contempt; and when a Man is despised in one Place, what so reasonable as to make you believe he is esteemed in another. And I hope the Gentlemen themselves will take it for a Compliment, when I tell them I do not believe a Word they say in this Point; since certainly a Man of Honour would rather of the two, tell a Lye to the Prejudice of a Woman who uses him ill, than a Truth to the utter Ruin of one who grants him all the Favours he can ask.

But let us judge them by their Actions, say you? Do not most of the young Heiresses run away with the pitiful Fellows? If they do, Sir, it should rather deserve your Pity than your Anger; of if you must be angry,

* See Verres's *Jests upon Cicero for his Effeminacy.* Plot.

be angry with the Guardians whose Severity frightens them away, and yet hinders them the Sight of any Measure of Merit to run away with. It is no Wonder that one who has never seen any Town but where he was born, should think that the finest in the World; and you can not blame a Woman for being in Love with a Man who does not deserve her, if she never saw any who did. All that we can reasonably expect in that Point is, that she should make some Satisfaction when she sees the World better; and if she shews her Contempt of her Choice then, it is as much, if not more, than can be required. In like manner you cannot say a Widow makes an ill Choice, except you prove she was offered a better. If a Man, who is obliged to ride a Journey, does it upon an ill Horse, you will be very well satisfy'd certainly, when he tells you it is the best he could get. (I confess, Madam, this seems to me but a very indifferent Excuse for the Widows; for he would make us believe it is but next Oars with them; and so I told my Friend; but he reply'd, I must consider it is only those Widows who make an ill Choice, about which he is to speak; and as he cannot say of them, as of the young Maids, that it was for want of seeing the World; so they must be contented with this Excuse, or make a better for themselves.) For the Wives, who you say cuckold their Husbands, there may be somewhat more to be said. Modesty being almost an inseparable Quality of Wit, there is no Wonder that a Man who is possessed of that, should so seldom succeed in these Undertakings; whilst Fools, by their natural Impudence push on the thing; and married Women are a sort of Forts that are sooner taken by Storm than Treaty. So that this shews rather the great Confidence of the Man, than the little Judgment of the Woman; who it is forty to one had much rather a Man of Sense was possessed of her, if he would take the same Methods to gain her as the other had done.

(After all, Madam, I think none of these Excuses extraordinary; therefore if I were worthy to advise the Ladies,

Ladies, they should rather make use of Men of Wit in all these Capacities, than put their Friends to the Trouble of inventing such pitiful Defences for them.)

Now, Sir, as I cannot see any Reason why Women should naturally love Fools more than Men of Wit, so I shall very hardly be brought to believe they do. In a Husband I suppose they propose a Man whose Conversation shall be agreeable as well as his Person; and who shall have Wit to entertain them, as well as Wisdom to direct them; and in whom can this be found, but in Men of the best Sense? If in a Gallant, as you say, they propose Pleasure without Scandal, 'tis very hard the Heat that warms a Man's Brain, should so entirely settle there, as to render him incapable of pleasing them otherwise; though it is possible, by reason of his having Variety of Thoughts to divert him, he may not give himself so entirely up to those Pleasures, as People less capable of thinking do: And for the Scandal, who so proper to hinder that, as those who have prudence to manage things so as not to be found out, and Wit enough to turn it off if they are? Whilst a Fool by his want of Sense shall quickly make the thing public, if there be an Intrigue, or by his Vanity brag of one though there be none. Add to this, that when a Woman seems pleased with a Man of Wit, every body is apt to attribute it to the Pleasure of his Conversation; whereas, when she is fond of a Man, in whom we can see nothing to be liked, we naturally suppose she likes him for something that we do not see: And though it is possible it may be only want of Judgment in the Lady, yet the World is apt to compliment her Understanding in that Case, to the Prejudice of her Reputation. And to conclude, Sir, though I do not believe all those Men successful who say they are not, yet I am very much inclined to believe all those Men not to be successful who say they are.

For your Examples of Women-haters, I have sufficiently I think reply'd to them already; and for your other Arguments, if it be an Affront to call a Man effeminate,

feminate, I hope you do not think it any great Compliment to tell a Woman she is masculine; and had that Argument been urged against you, I dare answer for you you would have said, that that only proved the Perfections of the Sexes different; and as Man was made for the ruder Labours, it was requisite he should be strong and coarse; and the Women, being made for the easier things, ought to be soft, tender and delicate: And as for Mens being governed by their Wives, though the being hector'd by them is not so commendable; yet it was observed by ⁷ *Cato* of the *Romans*, that they governed all the World, and that their Wives governed them: Amongst the ⁸ *Affrians*, it was a Custom introduced by *Semiramis* (who had ruled that Kingdom with so much Glory) that the Wives should have Dominion over the Husbands: The same Custom prevailed likewise among the ⁹ *Sauromatae*; and the ¹⁰ *Egyptians* had an express Law to that Purpose. We know how much the ¹¹ *Spartans* (the bravest Men of the World) were commanded by their Wives, and that all the Care and Management of domestic Affairs was committed to them. So that I cannot imagine how a Thing should be so very scandalous, that was practised by most of the bravest People under the Sun.

Here are very good Precedents for married Women, which it is to be hoped they will lay up in their Hearts, and practise in their Lives and Conversations.

I have as great a Veneration for those Poets you mention, as any Man can; and upon that Account I shall not believe all the Ill they say of their Mistresses, because I suppose they would not have me: As I have been a Lover myself, so I know very well that People are apt in those Cases to take Suspensions for Realities, and Sur-

⁷ *Vide Alex. ab Alex. Lib. 4. Cap. 8.*

⁸ *Plutarch in vit. Catonis.* ⁹ *Vide Leges Connubiales.*

¹⁰ *Nicholaus ~~scripsit~~ istor^{ia}, and from him Stobaeus. Sermon. 42.*

¹¹ *Diodor. Sicul. Lib. 1.* ¹² *Aristot. Politic. Lib. 2. Cap. 3.*

mits for Matter of Fact. Does not ⁴ *Lucan* call *Medonora* faithless, and ingrate? And yet I believe he would be very angry that you should call her so too: and would not any one who came in when he was in one of his Rants, conclude, a Man who loved so well, would not be enraged against a Mistress at that rate, unless her Falseness was very apparent? And yet when we come to examine the Cause of this Disorder, what is it but *Medonora* giving him his Life at her Request, or his leaning upon her Lap when he died. I rather mention this than any of the Poets you spoke of, not only because all the Motions and Passions of a Lover are described with as much Art and Delicacy as in any of those Ancients, but also that seeing the whole Business before you, you may judge of every little Cause of his Disorder, as well as he himself, which in Odes and Elegies you cannot do. You see the Lover there in a Fury, but what Cause he has to be so, there is no body to tell you, but he who is in it. Add to this, that a Man often feigns Jealousy of his Mistress, to hinder her from being so of him, and will upbraid her Falseness to defend his own. (That is a thing, now I confess, Madam, which I can hardly believe.) And it is evident, they had not really any such bad Opinion of Women, since with all this they did not cease to run after them. However, if you think these general Answers not sufficient, let us see what we can say to Particulars. For the Complaints of Cruelty and Scorn, I look upon them as things of Course; and therefore shall say nothing to them. If *Anacreon's* Mistress did ask him nothing but Money, why did he choose one whose Necessities drove her upon it. And if other Men have made Complaints of the Womens minding Wealth more than Love; I desire to know whether Women have not as much Reason to make the same Complaints of the Men. And for those who talk of their Mistresses Inconstancy, let us see first whether they were constant to them.

⁴ See the Tragedy by Mr. Dryden.

For *Ovid*, he does not pretend to put it upon you, but complains in ⁵ one Place of his being in Love with two at once, and tells you frankly in ⁶ another, that he was in Love with all the Town. For *Horace*, *Suetonius* (or whoever it was that writ his Life) informs you that he was intemperately given to Women; and what Wonder then, that a Man who try'd so many, should find one or two false. *Tibullus* had two ⁷ Mistresses whom he celebrates by Name, and there are some more Elegies that it does not appear whether they are writ to them or others; and though he tells us the ⁸ Report was, that his Mistress was kind to other Men; yet the Report gave him so much Torment, that he desired it should be stifled; if therefore you have any Friendship for him, endeavour to fulfil his Desire in that Point. For *Propertius*, besides his ⁹ intemperate Love of all Women, he tells you his ¹ Mistress caught him with two Wenches at the same time; and confesses that he rails at the Incontinence of Women, only because she upbraided him with his. Thus whatever Qualifications those great Men had, Constancy, you see, was none; and though we allow you, each of them had Merit enough for any one Woman, yet one Man can hardly have enough for half a Score.

Now if Ruin and Desolation has come to great Men and States, from Women, it shewed they had a good Opinion of the Sex in general, that they would suffer for them; and had they not been sensible the greatest Part were good, they could never have been imposed upon by the bad. Then as for those ill Women whom you have mentioned, as I suppose you will not undertake to defend all the Actions of Tyrants and Murderers; so I do not

⁵ *Eleg. 1. Lib. 10. 1.* ⁶ *Eleg. 4. Lib. 1.*

⁷ *Delia. Nemesis.*

⁸ *Rumor ait crebro nostram peccasse puellam,*

Quid miserum torques, Rumor acerbe? tace.

⁹ *Aspice uti e celo modò Sol, modò Luna ministrat:*

Sic etiam nobis una puella parum.

2 Lib. El. 23.

1 Lib. 4. El. 9.

think myself at all obliged to defend all the Women who have been guilty of some of their Crimes. The Dispute is not whether there have been any ill Women in the World, but whether there are not more good. And when I have told you that the Book that condemns *Dalilah*, cries up *Deborah* and *Jael*: That if *Homer* has represented *Helen* guilty of some Faults (for you will see that *Homer* does not represent her Cause so violently bad) he tells us of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*, and a thousand others who were very good ones; that if *Clytemnestra* was false to *Agamemnon*, *Penelope* was as famous for her Truth to *Ulysses*; and so put you Example against Example, which I forbear to do, only because it is so very easy; should I, I say, do but this, you could not complain that your Arguments were unanswered. But truly, Sir, we might carry the thing much farther; we might defend some of those Women you mentioned, and excuse the rest. For *Dalilah* I shall say nothing, out of Respect to the Scripture, that represents her as an ill Woman; it is possible, were she alive, she might tell you in her own Defence, that what Account you have of her, is from her professed Enemies: That however taking the thing as they tell it; if she did commit a Piece of Treachery it was against an Enemy of her Country; and that it was very hard she should be so much run down for the same thing they have so much admired in *Jael* and *Judith*, as well as every body else did in *Marcus Brutus*: she would perhaps push her Defence further, and tell you that though she deliver'd *Samson* to the *Philistines* to be kept Prisoner, yet she neither drove a Nail through his Head, nor cut it off. But for *Helen*, give me leave to tell you, it is a great Dispute amongst the Historians, whether she was forced away by *Paris*, or went by her own Consent; several are of the former Opinion; and *Hoelstetzm* says plainly, he wonders *Homer* will put such a ridiculous Story upon the World, as to make her the Occasion of the *Trojan War*. (*Menslaus*, it must be

2 Prolegom. ad Apollon.

con-

confessed, Madam, if the Story be true, was a very good-natur'd Husband, who would be at so much Pain and Charge to fetch back a Wife who run away with another Man. I do not remember in my own Memory to have known above five or six Examples like it) And *Plato* in *Phaed.* speaks as if the belying her were the Cause of *Homer's* Blindness, as well as of *Stesichorus's*; but that the latter understood the Way of expiating his Faults better, and made his Recantation to this Effect. That there was not a Word of Truth in the Story of her going to *Troy*. If *Chyremnestra* was consenting to her Husband's Death, yet it was *Egibius*, a Man, who gave the Blow: And if *Thais* did advise the burning *Persepolis*, yet it was no less a Person than *Alexander the Great* who put it in Execution. And as for *Deianira* and *Cleopatra*, whatever Fatality arrived to their Lovers from them, may certainly be very well excused upon the Insincerity of their Intentions, and their Punishment of themselves afterwards, the one hanging, the other poisoning herself. If the *Capuan* Women destroyed *Hannibal's* Army, they destroyed a Body of Enemies that all the Men in *Italy* could not. In like manner, for your other Instances we might tell you, that *Procopius*, who tells those terrible Stories of *Theodora*, *Anecdota*, is so very passionate all along, and mixes such ridiculous Fables with what he tells, that there is no great Credit to be given to him. (This *Procopius* was a Soldier under *Justinian*, and has writ, amongst other things, a secret History of those Times: In this he represents the Empress *Theodora* more like a Devil than a Woman; he makes her and the Emperor converse frequently with Spirits, and makes her put them to an Employment, that savours more of the Flesh than the Spirit.) Though granting she was as lewd as he represents her, what Wonder is it, that one who had been a strolling Play-wench, and common Strumpet before the Emperor married her, should not turn Saint after? If the 3 Princesses of *Parma* embroiled *Flanders*, she

3 See Bentivoglio, Strada, Garnier,

did

did it by the Command of *Philip*, for whom she governed. And as for your two Queen *Mary's*, *Cauffman*, in his *Holy Court* you know, makes a Saint of the one, and *Parsons*, of the other, with whom I leave you to fight it out, not thinking our Dispute very much concerned in it.

Then, Sir, if there are Impertinents, if there are ridiculous Persons of the other Sex, I hope you do not think they are all *Platos*, nor all *Aristotles* of our own; And I will undertake for every Woman who plagues you with her Business, for every wou'd-be Politician, and for every Pedant amongst them, to bring you double the Number of the Men. If *Olivia* is impertinent in the *Plain-Dealer*, I hope there are *Novels* and *Plausibles* who keep her Company; and if I should carry you to a City Coffee-House, and there shew you a Parcel of People talking of Things that they understand nothing at all of; and settling the Governments of Countries, which they never saw as much as in a Map: From thence to a Play-house, and shew you the pert and insipid Gallery of the Sparks upon the Vizard-masks: From thence to a *New-Market* Course, and enter you at a Table, where you should hear nothing talked of but Dogs and Horses: From thence to a Tavern, and shew you a Set of Men in their drunken Frolics: I fancy you would wish yourself in your Drawing-room again, as a more agreeable Folly than any of those I have mentioned. And I appeal to you, whether *Lucian* in his *Timon*, *Boileau* in his eighth Satire, and my Lord *Rocheſter* in his upon the like Subject, say not as much against Mankind, and make them as ridiculous as you can do the Women. And I will assure you, Sir, I am far from being of the Duke of *Britanny's* Mind, that Learning is unfit for a Woman; and shall, without any Offence either to him or you, continue of the same Opinion, till you have answer'd *Anna Maria Schurman's* Arguments in their Behalf, and till you have taken away herself, who is one of the best Arguments.

(This

(This *Anna Maria Schurman* was a Dutch Lady of *Utrecht*, of whom you will hear more anon. There was long Dispute between her and *Rivetius*, whether Learning was fit for Women? 'Tis printed in her Works in Latin. Here, Madam, there follows a tedious Chapter of Women who have been famous for Wit and Learning, which though it may be convenient for those who question their Abilities that way, yet I do not see of what Use it can be to your Ladyship, or to any who have the Honour of being acquainted with you; therefore if you please, Madam, we will cast off here, and take Hand again at the bottom.)

Nor need you fear that I should search thro' several Countries, and three several Ages, to furnish me with a learned Woman apiece. No, Sir, even *Greece* itself, to go no further, had nine Muses, nine Sibyls, and nine Lyric Poetesses, if you are delighted with the Number Nine, which is three times three. And if you have more mind to Particulars, we will shew you there 4 *Megalistrate* the Mistress of *Alcman*, who had a Gift of Poetry as well as he; the Daughters of *Stesichorus*, who were as good Poets as their Father. We have also an *Eretrian Sappho*, as well as she who was in Love with *Phaon*; *Erinna* and *Demophila*, the first the Mistress of *Sappho*, the other equal to her, who flourished all four in the same Time. After these we have *Theano*, the Wife of *Pythagoras*, who undertook his School when he was dead with two others of the same Name (if you will believe *Suidas*) whereof one was a Lyric Poetess, the other a *Thurian*, who writ of *Pythagoras*. We have also about the same time *Cleobulina* (the Daughter of *Cleobulus*, one of the seven Wise Men of *Greece*) a Poetess, and *Corinna* who had the Surname given her of *The Lyric Muse*. We have presently after *Telephilla*, an *Argive* Poetess, not only famous for her Wit, but for her inspiring her Country-women with so much Courage, as to make them put to Flight the *Spartiates*, who came upon them in the

4 Vossius de Poet. Græcis. 5 Lilius Girald. in vit. Stesich.

Ab

Absence of their Husbands. At the same time lived
Praxilla, one of the nine *Lyrics*, and of whom we have
 a Copy of Verses to *Calais* yet extant; What will you
 say to *Aspasia Milesia*, who is celebrated as a Sophistress,
 you know the Word ⁶ *Sophister* was not then abused)
 a Teacher of Rhetoric, and a Poetess? There was also
Hesiea, mentioned by *Strabo*; *Antyte*, by *Tatian*; and
Nyssa, by *Antipater Thessalus*; of the two last of which
 there are some things yet extant. If you have a mind
 to see what they did after they turned *Christians*, we will
 produce *Eudisia*, the Wife of *Theodosius*, instructed in all
 sort of Learning, and who writ several Treatises, very
 much cried up by *Phocius*. I have not said a Word here
 of *Lashemia* the *Mantinean*, nor *Axiothea* the *Phliasan*,
 tho' they are mentioned amongst the Disciples of *Plato*,
 by *Diogenes Laertius*; and I own I forgot *Hipparchia*,
 whose Life he writes, and commends both as a Philoso-
 pher and a Writer of Tragedies, and *Hedyle* the Poetess,
 whom *Athenaeus* quotes, and ⁷ *Vossius* it seems has forgot
 them as well as I. I question not but there are several
 others whose Names we want, and I question not but there
 are several named whom I remember not: However this
 is enough to let you see we are not so hard put to it as you
 imagine, since one little Country can furnish us with all
 these. What say you, Sir, are you yet satisfied there
 are Women of Wit and Learning? or shall we fetch you
 the ⁸ *Cornelia* you mentioned, ⁹ *Sempronia*, ¹ *Cornificia*,
Polla Argentaria the Wife of *Lucan*, and who assisted him
 in his Poem; *Sulpitia*, *Proba Falconia*, *Helpine* the Wife
 of *Boetius*, from among the *Latins*? Or if these are not
 enow, shall we bring up our Reserves of *Italian*, *Spanish*,
French, *German*, and *English*? And if you are not yet
 contented, because I fancy every Body else is, I shall
 refer you to *Jacobus à Sancto Carolo's* Library of Wo-

⁶ *Plutarch in vit. Themistocl.*

⁷ *Vossius mentions neither of these two in his Poetis Graecis,*

⁸ *Quintil. Lib. 4.* ⁹ *Sallust. Bel. Catil,*

¹ *Vossius de Poetis Latin. for the rest.*

men,

men, illustrious for their Writings; or to *Anna Maria Schurman*, who was indeed a Library herself, since you mention her. Pardon, me, Sir, if I detain you a little longer than ordinary with this Woman; and though you may think it lost time, because you knew it before, yet it is possible every Body does not know, that she was very well skilled in the *Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Latin, French, English, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, and Flemish* Languages; that she had a very good Faculty at Poetry and Painting; that she was a perfect Mistress of all the Philosophies; that the greatest Divines of her Time were proud of her Judgment in their own Profession; and that when we had this Character of her, she was not above thirty Years of Age. What think you, Sir, is not this Woman sufficient of herself? Or shall we refer you to *Mademoiselle ^a Gournay* among the *French*, or *Lucretia Marinella* among the *Italians*, who have both writ in Defence of their Sex, and who are both Arguments themselves of the Excellency of it? I shall not as much as mention any of those Ladies whose Wit *Balzac* and *Voiture* so much admire; I shall say nothing of the *Mesdemoiselles Scuderie* and *Le Fevre*, to the first of which we do not only owe several excellent Treatises published under her own Name, but who is said also to have had a great Share in those that appear under her Brother's; and to the latter of which we are obliged for so many admirable Versions and judicious Observations upon most of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets. I shall not as much as trouble you with our own Country-women. I shall say nothing of *Sir Thomas More's* Daughters, about whose Education *Erasmus* has written; I shall pass by *Sir Nicholas Bacon's* who were as learned as they; I shall say nothing of *Sir Philip Sidney's* *Lady Pembroke*; nor as much as mention *Mrs. Philips*, or any of the rest of our *English* Poetesses.

^a *L' Egalité des Deux Sexes.*

^b *Nobilità della Donna.*

⁴ *Epist. ad Budeum.*

I can hardly forbear saying something of the Lady *Gray*, of whom all Nations else speak, and whose name is more celebrated in *Italy*, both for her Learning and Piety, by the Account that *Michael Angelo* has given of her, than it is here at home. Should I reckon all those Ladies whose Wit and Learning has been celebrated by our own Poets; should I but enter upon the Praises of Queen *Elinabeth* of *England*, or *Mary* of *Scotland*, in that Particular, I should never have done. But I can hardly omit two Ladies who are Strangers, and however I am straitned for room, yet methinks I ought to be just to those who were civil to me; since therefore I received particular Favours from the Procurator *Cornara* during my Stay at *Venice*, let me not pass over in silence his Daughter, for whom most of the greatest Princes and learned Men of *Europe* have testified such an Esteem. This Lady, besides her Skill in *Rhetoric*, *Logic*, *Musick*, and *Astronomy*, writ and spoke perfectly all seven several Languages; and made the Course of all the speculative Sciences with so much Success, that she might very well profess herself a Mistress of them; and all this before she was thirty Years of Age. Her Sister, whom I had the Honour to see (she herself being dead some time before) is likewise a Person of very singular Endowments; and all this whilst they are one of the best Families of a Town, where the Nobility seem almost so proud of their Ignorance, as their Liberty. The other I shall mention is *Christina* Queen of *Sweden*, a Princess whose Accomplishments are so generally known, that it is enough to have named her; a Lady of that true Judgment, that she knew how to esteem Wit and Learning at the same time that she despised Crowns; and seemed to be born as a sufficient Recompence to the Commonwealth of Letters, for all the Mischief her Predecessors the *Goths* and *Vandals* had done it before: I am satisfied it is impossible for me to add any thing to a glory so established as that of this Princess is; yet as I never passed any time either with greater Benefit, or

V O L. II. I greater

greater Satisfaction, than what I pass'd in her Conversation, so I am very well pleas'd, methinks, with any thing that gives me Occasion to call it to my Remembrance. There might be as advantageous Characters perhaps, given of some Ladies of our own Country now living, did not their Modesty, that inseparable Quality of Wit and Women, deter me from it.

We might tell you farther, Sir, that this Modesty often hinders them from making their Virtues known. That they are not of those eternal Scriblers who are continually plaguing the World with their Works; and that it is not the Vanity of getting a Name, which several of the greatest Men of the World have owned to be the Cause of their Writing, that is the Cause of the Womens. Had not *Sappho* been so much in Love it is possible we had never heard any Mention of one of the greatest Wits that ever was born; had not *Cicero* and *Quintilian* given us Accounts of *Cornelia* and the Daughters of *Laelius*, and *Hortensius*, they had never done it themselves; had not *Jane Gray* been put to Death, her Virtues had never been so much taken notice of; had not the *Portuguese* Nun been deserted by her Gallant, we had miss'd some of the most passionate Letters that the latter Ages have produced; and had not *Anna Maria Schurman's* Works been published by a Friend without her Consent, we had lost the Benefit of them. We may tell you too, that it is not only in respect of their own Sex that they are admired, but even of ours. That of those two Odes we have yet of *Sappho*, we owe one to *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*, the other to *Longinus*, the two best Critics of *Greece*, who chose them out for Example to their Rules, before any of the Mens: That the Epistle of *Sappho* to *Phaon*, which is esteem'd the most delicate of *Ovid's*, is suppos'd to be taken out of her Writing. That *Corinna* was five times victorious over *Pindar*, the best Lyric Poet of our Sex. And were we here in *England* as forward in printing Letters as they are in *France* and *Italy*, we might furnish Volumes of them written

our own Ladies that would make all the Women-haters blush, or make all Men else blush for them.

(Here, Madam, I must own to you I grew jealous, for I could not imagine that *Philognus* would have said this without having seen some of your Ladyship's Letters.)

We may tell you too, that granting the equal Capacities of both Sexes, it is a greater Wonder to find one learned Woman than a hundred learned Men, considering the Difference of their Educations. If you should go into Greece, and, seeing the Ignorance is among them at present, tell them their Countrymen were incapable of Learning, would you not be very well satisfied, when they told you of the *Plato* and *Aristotles* of Antiquity? And that if they had not as famous Men now, it was because they have not the same Advantages they had then? And pray why may not the Women be allowed the same Excuse? Will you by your Laws and Customs endeavour to keep them ignorant, and then blame them for being so? And forbid all Men of Sense keeping them Company as you do, and yet be angry with them for keeping Company with Fools? Consider what Time and Charge is spent to make Men fit for somewhat: Eight or nine Years at School; six or seven Years at the University; four or five Years in Travel; and after all this, are they not almost all Fops, Clowns, Dunces or Pedants? I know not what you think of the Women, but if they are Fools, they are Fools, I am sure, with less Pains, and less Expence than we are.

Upon second Thoughts I hope, Sir, you will allow that Women may have Wit and Learning; for their Courage and Conduct we may possibly say more anon. But for Heaven's sake, do not aggravate their Faults always at that Rate; for whatever *Sappho's* Life and Conversation were, there is nothing in her Writings, but what represents the most tender and delicate Passion in the World: And as for *Alcibiades*, (I give you Thanks

for putting me in mind of ⁵ *Aloisia Sigea*,) who was remarkable for her Wit and Learning as any of the other, I am very well assured you do not believe that infamous Book which goes under her Name, to have been written by her; ⁶ all who speak of it assure us the contrary; and that she was so far from writing it, that she ⁷ never published any thing: On the other side, all Historians represent her as remarkable for her Virtue and her Learning. For the Queen of *Sheba*, there is no mention in Scripture of her Travelling for any thing but to be satisfied with the Wisdom of *Solomon*; however, if you will believe she went to him for the same Reason that ⁸ *Thalestris* did to *Alexander* the Great; it was no such great Matter in Countries where it was thought no Sin if the one had a mind to have a Child by the wisest Man in the World, and the other by the bravest. After all, we must own if there are lewd Women, they endeavour to conceal their Lewdness, they do not brag of it, nor fly openly in the Face of Religion; and if they once come to be publicly discovered, they are rendered infamous to all the World, and their nearest Friends and Relations avoid their Company: Whilst there are several Men who boast of their Iniquities, value themselves upon their being thought lewd, and what is worse, find others to value them upon it too; nay, by their licentiousness and Encouragements to Wickedness, often bring themselves to that Pass, that the least Part of the Sin they are to answer for, are what they have committed themselves. But not a Word more, I beseech you, of *Sappho*, nor her new Crime, let *Lucian* be forgotten for putting us in mind of it, and let it be cloister'd up within the Walls of a *Turkish* Seraglio; I speak not this in behalf of the Female Sex, but of our own; for if they should once hear of this Argument, and fall upon us

⁵ *Valeus Cbron. Hisp. Thuanus.*

⁶ *Vid. Eloges des hommes illustres de Monsieur de Thou.*

⁷ *Vid. Biblioth. Hispan.* ⁸ *Vid. Quint, Curtius, Book 6.*

with ⁹ *Socrates*, ¹ *Plato*, and all those Heroes of Antiquity whom *Plutarch* and *Lucian* produce in Defence of like Sin in our Sex; should they mention *Anacreon*, *Callus*, *Martial*, and all those Poets who have eternized their Infamy in their Writings; and after that shew you what Progresses this Crime has made, not only in the *King's* Dominion, but even in *Spain* and *Italy*. I am sure, Sir, you would wish you had said nothing of a point that may be so severely made use of against ourselves.

Now tho' you are pleased to quote the Lampoons, yet you think, as well as I, that such things are not worth any Body's taking notice of; we both know there is a sort of People about this Town who please themselves with Defamations: One of these, if they see a Man speak to a Woman, make their little Signs, their politic Winks, and possibly when they meet him, in their stupid way of Rallery, tax him with it: If he is angry with them, then he is piqued, and afraid the Intrigue should be found out; If he says nothing (as it deserves nothing) when he is out of Countenance, and cannot say a Word; and if he laughs at them (which is all the Answer a Man would make to such Stuff) then he is pleased with the thing; so that every way the poor Lady's Reputation suffers; and these Sparks shall not fail to blow about Town, that there is an Amour; not that they think so of you, but that you may return the Compliment, and say so of them when they speak to any Lady themselves.

For their Garrulity, if you would see things which are against you in that Treatise of ² *Plutarch*, from whence you bring two of your Instances, you might have been furnished with enow of the Mens. But tho' it is lawful to forget Stories that are not for you, yet methinks you ought to tell out those you do mention;

⁹ *Socrates* was in Love with *Alcibiades*.

¹ *Plato* writes Verses to *Ager* a Boy, with whom he was in Love.

² *De Garrulitate*.

and when we have heard that the Wife of *Fulvius*, seeing what she had done, shewed her Husband the way to avoid the Consequences of it, by stabbing herself first, we must certainly own, that such a Woman had Virtue enough to make Amends for all her Faults. And if I Answer to the Instances you bring, I should mention the 3 *Melitiss*, or the *Saxon* Women, who tho' they were all engaged in Plots with their Husbands, yet not one discovered it; If I should shew you 4 *Leena* at *Albani*, or 5 *Epicharis* at *Rome*, who being both engaged in Plots, one against the Tyrant *Pisistratus*, the other against *Nero*, yet could not by all their Tortures be brought to discover them; and that the former, for fear her Tortments should make her reveal it, bit off her Tongue, certainly, Sir, you would have a better Opinion of their Taciturnity. But we need not go so far for Instances, our own Country, and our own Time, will furnish us with enow. In all the Plots we have had continually on foot, tho' we have had Women engaged and accused, tho' there was one pilloried in the first, three executed in another, and sixteen or seventeen excepted in a general Pardon; though there have been several seized upon like Accounts since, yet, you see, there has not been one of them who ever made a Discovery. Give me leave, Sir, to commend them for their Virtues at the same time that I am far from defending their Faults; and though I have a very good Opinion of those Men who discover a Conspiracy upon Remorse of Conscience, yet I must take leave to believe that there are some, at least, who do it upon another Account; and without any Sorrow at all for their Design, except that it did not succeed, think to save their own Lives by the Sacrifice of other Peoples, and make Amends for their Treason against the Government, by their Treachery to their Friends.

3 Plutarch. *de Clar. Mulierib.*

4 Plin. *Book 3.* Plutarch, *de Garrul.*

5 Tacitus *Annal. Book 15.*

But no Wonder you are so severe upon the Faults of modern Women, when you fall upon those whom all Antiquity has revered. It is hard that *Jas* and *Jus*, whose Actions have been so long admired, should be called to Account for them so many thousand Years after. It would be an Injury to their Cause to say any thing in their Defence; and a Presumption in me to justify Actions that the Scripture has celebrated so much. But must poor *Penelope* fall under your Displeasure too? I am sensible how much she is like to suffer, who is defended by so dull a Fellow as *Homer*, against those most ingenious Gentlemen who are the Lampooners of our Age: However, as their Ability in Scandal needs no foreign Aid; and as I am satisfied they would think it a Disparagement to them to be reckoned with *Virgil* and *Ovid*, let us free them, pray, from such unworthy Companions. For the former, I believe you are fully satisfied the *Priapeia* are none of his, and as fully satisfied that the Authority of such sort of Verses is not extremely much to be depended upon: And for *Ovid*, if in the Person of a Bawd, who he tells you was a Liar, he gives you a Reflexion upon *Penelope*; yet he makes her very sufficient Amends when "he speaks in his own Person. And taking the Story as it lies, that her House was always full of Lovers whom she could by no means get away; *Laertes* being too old, *Telemachus* too young to encounter them; it certainly shews her Virtue so much the more: For as there is no great Courage required to keep a Fortress in the time of Peace, so a very little Virtue is sufficient to preserve that Chastity which nobody ever thought it worth his while to attempt. Now if *Lycophron* and *Duris Samius* represent her as a lewd Woman, as I understand not how they should come to know it, all the Writers who lived before them giving so very different an Account; so for *Lycophron*, it is no

6 *Penelope mansit, quamvis sustulit omnia,*

Inter tam multas intemperate proci.

Ovid. Amor. Lib. 3. El. 4.

I 4

great

great Wonder a *Greek* and a Poet should lye; or that *Duris Sameus*, seeing the Etymology of the Word *Pan* come so pat, should feed us with a Story upon it, of his own Invention. (*Pan* you remember, Madam, in *Greek* signifies All, and who would not tell a Lye for so pretty a Conceit?) You may observe also, that this Author was not of so established a Reputation as *Cicero* would make us believe, since *Plutarch*, who quotes him once, does it only to contradict him in a Point of History that he ought to have known better than this. For *Lucretia*, observe of Sir *Charles Sidley*, as of *Ovid* before, that he only makes the Bawd say it; and if you consider the Fear in which she was, you will find that that Passion often makes People run into a greater Danger to avoid a less, of which you have Instances enow in our own Plantations, of the ⁸ Slaves who hang themselves, to avoid their being beat.

After all this, Sir, if you still think with *Le Chamber* that Men have a greater natural Inclination to Virtue than Women, yet I hope you will grant they have taken a very becoming Care to overcome that Inclination; and if Nature has not given so large a Talent to the other Sex, yet they have improved that Talent much better than we have done ours. Then for your Instances of some few ill Women, I tell you, as I did before, that the Cause in general is not at all concerned in them; and when I shew you an *Atrous* cutting his Brother's Children in Pieces, and giving them to him to eat; a *Phalaris* roasting People alive in a brazen Bull; a *Bu-fyris* murdering all his Guests; a *Nero* ripping open the Womb of his Mother to see the Place where he had him; and so for every Crime of that Sex, shew you how far they have been outdone by some of our own, as that ⁹ Italian Lady I mentioned does in her Treatise upon a

⁷ *Life of Alcibiades.*

⁸ *Ligon's History of Barbados* Fol. p. 50.

⁹ *Lucretia Marinella, La Nobilità e l'ecceellenza delle Donne, con deffetti e mancamenti degli Huomini.*

like Occasion, I am sure you will find a very great Disadvantage of your Side. But I take you at your Word, let us go a Circuit with the Judges, and if you find not six Men condemn'd for one Woman, I will pay the Charges of the Journey. It is true, indeed, as most of the Women who are condemn'd, are so, for a Crime which they commit to prevent their Shame; so the Care of that, and Hypocrisy, are two Faults of which our Sex is not so generally guilty. Now though I do not think myself obliged to say one Word for any one of those Women you have condemn'd; and shall therefore leave *Phœdra* and *Fausta* to your Mercy, though neither of them expected the Cruelty of their Husbands should have carried things so far; and shall not argue much for *Semiramis*, though certainly her having all the Bravery, Wisdom, and Virtues of our Sex in the greatest Perfection, might move you to forgive her the having some of our Faults; and for her putting Men to Death, I am contented that every one who boast of Ladies Favours should be served in the same Manner; (Here, Madam, I cannot at all agree with *Philogynes*, because it might be severe upon some honest Gentlemen, whom all the Laws against Adultery and Fornication would never reach.) Yet methinks I have an Inclination to say somewhat for Queen *Joan of Naples*, because she is generally represented so very ill. The common Story is, that having married *Androffa* an *Hungarian*, and her Kinsman; and not finding him so capable of satisfying her, as his Youth and Beauty promised, she caused him to be strangled in a Silk Cord of her own making. The first and chief Author of this Story is *Villani*, a *Florentine*, (for *Colleauccio* takes it from him, though, as such things use, it has lost nothing in his Hands) who tells you that he had it from a Relation made to his Brother by a cer;

1 *Essais de Montagne, Lib. 3. Cap. 5.*

2 *Istoria di Napoli, Lib. 5.*

3 *Vid. Annotazione e Supplimente al Istoria di Colleauccio per Costo,*

tain *Hungarian*, who had been a Servant of *Andreassa*, and in his Return to *Hungary*, passed through *Florus*. Now the Author of this Story being an *Hungarian*, one of those of whom *Petrarch* writes so much ill, and also a Servant of the dead King, he ought to speak passionately against the Queen, of whom they were professed Enemies: You may observe also, that the 4 Letter which *Lewis* the Brother of *Andreassa* writes to her at the Time that he came with a potent Army to revenge his Brother's Death, speaks of her being privy to it, as a Thing that was suspected, rather than a Thing that did plainly appear. On the other side, *5 Beccato*, who lived a great while in that Court, throws all the Blame of the Action upon the Conspirators, and none at all upon the Queen. After all, believe as you please, and do as you please with all these Women who have offended you: If *Helen* runs away from *Menelaus*, let all *Greece* arm, and fetch her back again; If *Chytemnestra* consents to the killing *Agamemnon*, let *Orestes* kill her for it; If *Semiramis* puts the Men she has made use of to Death, let her own Son serve her in the same manner; If *Jas* of *Naples* causes *Andreassa* to be strangled, let *Daratus* cause her to be strangled in the same Place; Let not your Severity stop there, but let their Infamy live when they themselves are dead; and let the *Euripides's* the *Juvenals*, and the *Misogynus's*, set out their Actions in their true Colours. But let the Business go no farther, I beseech you. Let not *Hecuba*, nor *Andromache* suffer, because *Helen* is a wanton Woman; nor *Penthes* be run down, because *Chytemnestra* is an ill Wife; and if *Jas* of *Naples* strangles her Husband, let not all those who have died for theirs, fall under the same Condemnation. It is one of the chiefest Ends of Punishments to distinguish the Good from the Bad, do not you therefore by Punish-

4 *Inordinata vita procedent, rotantis potestatis in regno, neglecta vindicta, vir alter susceptus, & excusatio subsequens, vocis viri ut ai probant fuisse participem & consortem.*

5 *Casi degli Huomini Illustri.*

ments confound them. If *Tibullus* and *Ovid's* Mistresses
 jilt their Lovers, let it be remembered against them
 Two thousand Years after; and if *Misogynes*'s serve him-
 self, let him shew his Resentment in as severe a Manner as
 he pleases. Let him disdain the mean Revenge of ma-
 licious Whispers, and nameless Lampoons, and the much
 meaner Way of railing at all, because one has injured
 him; but let him boldly hunt her out from the Herd;
 let him publish her Infamy in lasting Characters; though
 she is free from Conscience, let her be plagued with the
 Stings of Shame; and let all Women be terrified by
 her Example from being false to Men of Wit, or kind
 to Fools. But let him have very full Satisfaction of
 the Matter of Fact first; let him not go upon dubious
 Grounds, nor jealous Surmises; let him not believe the
 Vanity of some, nor the Malice of others; let him con-
 sider the Stories of *6 Bradamante* in *Ariosto*, of *Aurastilla*
 in *Consalo de Cepedes*, of *Othello* in *Shakespeare*, and let
 him see how far Jealousy may seem reasonable, whilst
 nevertheless the Person of whom they are jealous may
 be innocent. After all, I give you even in that greater
 Power than I should care to take myself; I would rather
 by other Peoples Faults correct my own, and should
 think the noblest Revenge a Man could take upon a
 Woman who injured him, would be the doing some
 Action that would make all the World admire him:
 I would have every body upbraid her with my Wrongs,
 whilst I myself was silent: It is true, if by the Injuries
 she did me, there were any Aspersions cast upon my
 Reputation; there Justice to myself would oblige me to
 make the Story public: But I would certainly endea-
 vour to reclaim her by Mildness, before I made use
 even of that Severity; and as I should scorn any Favour
 that was the Effect of Fear, so if I once broke into an
 open War, all the Submission she could make should
 never bring me to an Amity again, though perhaps my

own Good-nature might in Time prevail upon me for a Forgiveness.

This, Sir, is what I thought necessary to reply to what you said; in which I see we have quite exceed'd the Bounds of a Dialogue, and turn'd that into Dedication, which was intended only for Conversation. I have troubled the Company so much already, that I dare not trespass no farther upon their Patience, and shall therefore omit some other Things, which I intended to have said upon this Occasion.

You are like those People, cry'd *Misogynes*, who when they have provided all the Dainties they could get, make an Apology at the End of the Treat, for their having got no more: If I am not altogether convinced of the Goodness of your Cause, yet I am very well convinced that you have said all the Cause will bear.

Tho' perhaps I should have no great Mercy upon you, replied *Philogynes*, yet I have too much for these Gentlemen to detain them so long, as to hear all that I could say upon so glorious an Occasion. Should I make a Collection of what is written by the best Authors of Antiquity in their Praises; should I but refer you to what *Stobæus* has collected for them, since you mention what he has done against them; should I but transcribe what ⁷ *Plutarch*, ⁸ *Lodovicus Vives*, ⁹ *Sperone*, the most Learned of his Countrymen, ¹ *Ribera*, ² *Hilarion de Coste*, ³ *Scuderie*, and a thousand others have said of them in Treatises written expressly in their Praises: Should I but search all the Bibliothèques for a Catalogue of those who were famous for their Writings; should I afterwards tell you of those who were remarkable for their Piety, conjugal Affection, Penitence, and Contempt of worldly Vanities; should I but repeat the Names of those who have died for the Preservation of

⁷ *De Claris Mulier.*

⁸ *De Feminâ Christian.*

⁹ *Dialoghi delle Donne.*

¹ *De la Gloire Immortelle des*

Dames Illustres. ² *Eloges des Dames Illustres.* ³ *Femme Heroique.*

their Chastity ; should I shew you a Country even at this Day, where they cannot by any Severity hinder Women from burning themselves with the Bodies of their deceased Husbands : Should I mention the Women of Cios, amongst whom for seven hundred Years there never was the least Mention of any Adultery or Fornication ; should I tell you that the first of those Sins was so little known amongst the Spartans, that they did not think it worth their while to make any Law against it : (Now, said my Friend, whether this were not as good an Argument of the Mens Chastity as the Womens, I leave you to judge ; but really I think not, Madam ; for besides Intrigues with their own Sex, which were common enough amongst the Men in those Eastern Countries ; I do not doubt but the Men, being Men of Honour, would ask ; though the Women, being Women of Honour, would deny.) Should I but give you a List of the Martyrs of that Sex, from those who suffered under *Tiberius*, to those who suffered under our own Queen *Mary*, I fancy I should make you ashamed of your *Simonides*, your *Juvenal*, and all your Satirists put together. Should I after this defend them in the Virtue to which they are thought to have least Pretences, which is, Courage ; should I but name those who have been famous for their warlike Achievements ; should I tell you of *Deborah*, *Penthesilea*, *Thalestris*, *Camilla* ; should I shew you a Country⁶ of *Amazons*, even in our own Time : Should I carry you into *France*, and shew you a warlike Virgin (at least an unmarried Woman) whose Memory is still annually celebrated by one of their chiefest⁷ Towns, and who, besides her Fame in their Chronicles, has given a Subject to one of the most famous⁸ Heroic Poems which that Nation has produced ;

⁴ See *Bernier's History of Indostan*. *Tavernier's and Mandelso's Travels*.

⁵ *Plutarch. de Clar. Mulieribus.*

⁶ See *Acosta's History of the West-Indies*. ⁷ *Orleans.*

⁸ *La Pucelle de Monsieur Chapelain.*

would

would you not, after all, confess they might very easily be defended, even in this Point too? But I shall waive that; I am satisfied with the Care universal Custom has taken of them; and as Seamen in a Storm, to preserve their Things of greatest Value, throw away those of less; so I am very well pleased that Mankind should be exposed to the Hazards of War, whilst the Fair Sex is preserved in Safety at Home, whose Smiles are the noblest Reward a brave Man can desire for all the Hazards and Fatigues he has endured in a Campaign.

But it is generally agreed that all Virtues are requisite for those who govern well; and since there are some Countries where Women are excluded from the Throne, and no Country where they are not possoned, it would be convenient, methinks, to see what they do, when by Accident they are placed upon it. I shall not trouble you here with *Deborah*, nor *Esther*, nor as much as mention *Semiramis*, though you have mentioned her upon another Ocasian; and yet certainly the Bravery of most of her Actions ought to make us forget the Faults of some few; but I shall confine myself within the Bounds of our own Country.

9 At a Time when the Britons groaned under the Servitude of the Romans; when the King, by thinking to oblige the Emperor, gave him an Opportunity of pillaging his Country; and that their Patience under their Sufferings, was only a Means of making them more; when their Houses were robbed, their Wives and Daughters ravished, and their Sons taken away from them; then *Boudicca* arose, and by her Courage, as well as Eloquence, inspired her dispirited Countrymen with a Resolution of throwing off that Yoke which was grown intolerable to be born. It is true, indeed, the End was not answerable to the Successes of the Beginning; nor to the Glory so heroic an Undertaking

9 Tacitus in *Vita Agric.* and from him Sammes in his *Britannia Illustrata*.

deserved;

served; however as it was neither Want of Courage
or Conduct in her, so we ought to render her that
veneration which is due to so resolute an Enterprize.

But as one of the greatest Attempts the *Britons* made
for their Liberty was whilst they were led by a Woman,
we must own the greatest Glory our Nation could ever
meet, was under the Government of one of the same
sex. It was in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth* that this
Island arrived at that Pitch of Greatness, to which it had
been ascending for several Ages, and from which it has
been declining, till very lately, ever since: It is the
Name of this Princess that is dearer to all *Englishmen*,
than the Names of all the Monarchs since the Conquest
of *Britain*, and the only one whose Birth-day has been cele-
brated after her Death, by the voluntary Gratitude of
the People.

But however we may forget Things that are past, let
us not oversee that which lies before our Eyes; and since
the Occasion is so very fair, I know not how we can
omit the shewing our Sense of those Virtues, of which
the whole Nation has demonstrated so grateful an Acknow-
ledgment by the Body of their Representatives; and
never were they more truly their Representatives before.
Yes, Sir, without going to foreign Countries, without
searching the Histories of our own, we have even in our
own Time, and our own Country, a Princess who has
governed to their general Satisfaction, a People the most
curious to pry into the Faults of their Governors, of any
People under the Sun. A Princess, who though she
never shewed any Fondness of Vain-glory, or Authority,
yet when the Necessity of the Kingdom called her to
the Helm, managed Affairs with that Dexterity, which
is very rarely found in those who are the most ambitious
of Command. Every Thing during that little Time of
her Government, was ordered with that Courage, Con-
duct, and Prudence, that her greatest Friends cannot find
Eloquence enough to commend, nor her greatest Enemies
the least Pretences to condemn. Though she had a
Husband

Husband venturing his Life in another Country, with
 Bravery equal to what has made us suspect the Stories of
 Antiquity; tho' our Fleet, the Bulwarks of the Nation
 was managed in a Manner the Courage of the English
 Seamen was utterly unacquainted with; tho' a Monarch
 who thinks himself able to contend with all Europe to-
 gether, seemed to make his utmost Efforts against
 Princesses, who had nothing but the universal Hearts of
 her Subjects to defend her; tho' all Christendom was in
 Suspence to see the Event of the Undertaking, and every
 little Prince had forgot his own Danger to contemplate
 hers; even at this Time did we see her look with all
 the Unconcern imaginable, and whilst every Body else
 was alarmed for her Safety, she only seemed to have
 known nothing of the Danger. Not that this Uncon-
 cern proceeded from any Ignorance of her Condition, or
 unreasonable Contempt of her Adversary; no, she pro-
 vided against their Attempts with all the Prudence could
 be wished for, at the same Time that she looked upon
 the Danger with all the Courage in Nature.

But however great these Virtues may appear, when
 they are set off by the Lustre of a public Command,
 yet they are in Effect much greater, when they teach
 People to despise all such dazzling Trifles. Here it is,
 Sir, that we have a fresh Field for Eloquence, when we
 see a Lady dissatisfied at that Glory which she had to
 every Body's Satisfaction beside, and grudge herself that
 Authority, which she owed to the Absence of a Hus-
 band whom she loved so much better than that. What
 think you, Sir, of that Alacrity, of that Joy with which
 she resigned up the Government? Does it not put you
 in mind of the old *Roman* Generals, who quitted their
 Plough to command an Army, and when the Victory
 was gain'd, returned with greater Content to their Plough
 again? This is that Wisdom which we should admire;
 this is that Virtue which we should adore; and we ought
 to despise all those little Pretenders to Business, who thrust
 themselves into the Management of Affairs against every
 Body's

...y's Will but their own; and having neither Virtue
or Prudence enough to retire from it at the universal
Murmurs of the People, are generally made Sacrifices at
to the just Resentment of an enraged Nation.

These are those blazing Comets, whose fatal Glories
extend Destruction to a Government, whilst the Virtues
of the others, like those of the Sun, give it Life and
Heat, by their benign Influence. Much more, Sir;
might be said in Defence of the Sex, which I shall
purposely omit, because I am satisfied I can never con-
clude with a more illustrious Example.



ÆSCULA-

ÆSCULAPIUS:
OR, THE
HOSPITAL of FOOLS
AN
Imitation of *LUCIAN*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

MAKE the Third Proclamation, *Mercury*.

M

MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! Whereas daily Complaints are made by all the World, of the innumerable Follies of Mankind, by reason of which they are neither happy themselves, nor will suffer others to be so: The great *Jupiter*, out of his fatherly Compassion to Mankind, has sent *Æsculapius* to apply Medicines to them. Whoever therefore there is, that is troubled with Folly of what kind soever, let him repair hither, and he shall be cured without any Fee.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What shou'd be the Meaning of this? Every particular Man complains of the Follies that are in the World; and when we come hither to apply Medicines to them, there is not one Man that offers himself to be cured.

MERCURY.

If I might be allowed to advise *Æsculapius* in Points relating to Physic, I would tell him there is one Thing

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this Disease of Folly, different from all other Kind of Weaknesses; which is, that the Men can easily find the first Symptom of it in other People, yet there is no Man that perceives the greatest in himself. I think it therefore advisable to make Proclamation, that every Man should give notice of what other People he knows, who are troubled with this Disease.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Let it be as you say.

MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! Whoever has any Relation, Friend, or Acquaintance, that is troubled with Folly of whatever Kind, let him bring him hither, and he shall be cured without any Fee.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

See! see! What Crouds are getting together! Every Man seizes his next Neighbour, without any Deliberation at all; and they come willingly too, because every Man seems ready to accuse the other.

First MAN.

Here, Sir, I have brought you a Fool to be cured.

Second MAN.

Pray, Sir, take this first, for he is dangerously ill.

Third MAN.

Take Pity upon this, good Sir, for he has a Complication of Folly upon him.

MERCURY.

Pray, Gentlemen, have a little Patience: You shall be all cured, one after another.

First MAN.

Nay, for my part, I have no Occasion for myself.

Second MAN.

How! no Occasion, Neighbour; I wish, for your own sake, you had not. For my part, indeed——

Third MAN.

Prithee, good Neighbour, hold thy Tongue. What, cuckolded and hen-pecked, and pretend to be free from Folly?

ÆSCU-

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, Keep the Croud off with your *Caduceus* and bring the Patients up in Order.

MERCURY.

Stand off there, Gentlemen, and do not press upon us so. Here, you old Fellow, come in here with your Patient: Make your Reverence to *Æsculapius*, and tell him what you would have.

Old M A N.

An't please you, Sir, this young Man is a Kinsman of mine. He came very young to a great Estate, half of which he has made a Shift to squander away already, and he is in great Danger of doing so by the rest in a short Time, if you do not cure him of his Folly. I have taken a great deal of Pains in advising him, but all in vain. If he could not live upon his whole Estate, I asked him how he hopes to live upon the Half? And if he spent his Estate when he was young and able to get one, what would become of him when he was old, and past getting one? But when I talk to him, he laughs at me, and that is all the Thanks I have for my Pains.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, put him in the Hospital; Care shall be taken of him.

Young M A N.

I desire, Sir, that you would please to hear me first, and judge whether it is this old Man or I who have most need of your Medicines. I confess, indeed, that what he says is true. But pray consider, that I spend this Estate in pleasing myself; and were it not a great Folly to debar myself of Pleasure for the present Moment, which is all I am sure of, for fear of not having Means to enjoy them in a future Time, to which I have no Security that I shall ever arrive. But, granting, I were certain of Life, Is it not a Madness to waste all my Youth, which is the only Time we are capable of Pleasure, to lay up Wealth, which we are to make use of

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an Age when we are not capable of any Pleasure at all. But this old Man, who has the Confidence to accuse me, does ten times worse. He did not only heap up Wealth all his Youth, but he continues to do so still; and though his Age, and the Infirmities of his Body give him hourly Notice that he can hardly live one Year longer, yet is he at his Usury, his Extortion, and a hundred Ways to hoard up Wealth, as if he were to live Ten thousand Years.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

A very palpable Folly indeed. *Mercury*, put him aside too.

Young MAN.

I did not doubt, Sir, but that I should convince you at last. I may go away now?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

How, Friend! Does that Man's being a Fool hinder you from being a Fool too? If it be a Folly in him to heap up Money that he can never probably live to spend; is it not a Folly therefore in you to squander away that Money which probably you will live to want? Take Care, *Mercury*, that they may be both put in the Hospital.

MERCURY.

It shall be done. In the mean time here are some others.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Gentlemen, what have you to say?

First MAN.

This, Sir, is a Friend of mine, an honest, good-natur'd Man as lives; but he has a Wife who makes him the greatest Fool in Nature; and though she abuses him in the grossest Manner imaginable, insomuch that half the Town laugh at him, yet is he himself blind to that in his own House, which any Stranger sees. Here is one who has been often found with her, and who can tell you more, if you examine him.

ÆSCU-

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Sir, and what can you say?

Second M A N.

All that I can say, Sir, is, that the Gentleman is a very worthy Gentleman; and his Lady a very good Lady. He has often, indeed, bragg'd to me of the Happiness of a marry'd Life. I thought the best way to find out this Happiness, was in going to his Lady, who has fully convinced me of all her Husband said. As I have a perfect Friendship for the Gentleman, I must confess, Sir, I am as well satisfied with his having a fine Wife, as if I had one myself.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

He has a fine Time on't, the mean while.

H U S B A N D.

I confess, Sir, I have nothing to say in Contradiction to these Gentlemen. All that the one says, and the other would insinuate, may be true for aught I know; nor do I think it much worth my While to enquire of it. Half the Town, the first says, laugh at me for being a Cuckold; and he would have me make it public, that the other Half might laugh at me. But pray let us consider how much wiser he acts: I am marry'd a Wife, who by the way is not extremely taking; and yet you cannot imagine what Care, what Concessions, what cunning Stratagems, this wise Person makes use of to search out a Thing, which, after all, he does not care to find. And though with all his Bustle he could find out nothing that really made against her, he has cast her off with Infamy and Shame, charging it indeed to himself, for using a Woman ill who never gave him Occasion for it. If there be so many who laugh at me for a tame Husband, let him hearken to his own Concerns, and he will find a much greater Number who rail at him for a base and ill-natur'd one.

Now for this brisk Monsieur here, for this fine Gentleman, who can with so much Delicacy rally the poor Fools that marry! So very ingenious a Person,

do

abt, acts much more wisely himself. Lord, how is Estate divided? One Part upon Taylors; another upon Milliners; a third upon Perfumers; a fourth upon wig-makers. All his Time spent between thealer, the Play-house, the Park, and Drawing-Room. And upon what noble Design, pray, is all this Time and all this Money wasted? Even, Gentlemen, that this most charming Person of his, may attain that with all the Cost which I received Twenty Thousand Pound for him. Would his Niceness be contented with the Meat that had been tumbled, and cold upon my Trencher? Truly, Sir, his Happiness is little more than this, I am the Fool, come to her when I will, stay with her as long as I will, and command her as I will; while this wise Gentleman is waiting a frosty Night under her Window, breaking his Brains for Songs and Villets for her; bribing her Women, losing his Rest, and venturing the being abused, kicked down Stairs, and having his Throat cut whenever he happens to be found out.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very great Fools, truly, all Three! Is it not strange, Mercury? One would think every Man wise, when we hear him talk of other Peoples Concerns; and yet we find them all Fools when we look into their own.

MERCURY.

Alas, *Æsculapius*, how should it be otherwise? when a Man is told of his Folly, he does not consider whether it be true, and endeavour to mend it: He only considers whether the Man who tells him of this, be not guilty of some Folly too; and if he find he is, as I doubt we shall find few who are not, he rests as well satisfied in laughing at him, as if he were absolutely free from all sort of Folly himself.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, old Gentlewoman! What is it you have to say against that young Man?

Old

Old WOMAN.

An't please you, Sir, this young Man is my Husband. He made fair Pretences to me before Marriage, but he neglects and despises me for every other Woman. Now I appeal to you, Sir, and to all the World, whether it be not a very great Folly, for a Man to expose himself, during Life, to a Woman he does not love?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Yes, without doubt, it is. Mercury, put them both down.

Old WOMAN,

An't please you, Sir, it is I who make the Complaint.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Very good, Mistress. And if it be a Folly in him to marry a Woman that he does not love, was it not Folly in you to marry a Man without knowing whether he loved you or no?

MERCURY.

Here are several other Wives who complain of their Husbands, and Husbands who complain of their Wives.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Put them in all, without farther Deliberation. For though People may be allowed to be as critical in their Choice as they please before Marriage, yet when it is once done, it is a great Folly to complain.

MERCURY.

Here are a vast Quantity more of both Men and Women, brought upon Account of their Marriage.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

It were an endless Work to hear of every one who play'd the Fool in Marriage. To save Time, therefore we will put up all the married People at a Venture, and if there be any one who can give us satisfactory Reasons, to prove that he did not play the Fool in it, we will let him out again.

HUSBAND.

No, Sir, I will not go in: No one can say I committed any Folly in marrying.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

How, Friend, marry and commit no Folly! What
Wife have you, pray?

HUSBAND.

One who has Wit, Beauty, Virtue, Riches, and is of
very considerable Family.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

It is very much to be suspected that thou art guilty of
Folly in having this Opinion of her. A Woman with
Wit and Beauty, marry an odd disagreeable Fellow,
and not cuckold him! However, Friend, if it be so,
she may go away, but be sure you send your Wife in
your Place.

HUSBAND.

Do you reckon it Folly then in a Woman not to
cuckold her Husband?

ÆSCULAPIUS.

No, Friend, we do not tell you so. But when a
Woman who finds by her Constitution that she shall
make any Husband a Cuckold, takes one who is very
fit for that Purpose, there are some wicked People who
think she does as wisely as a Woman in her Circum-
stances could. But when a Woman marries a Man who
is fit for no other Use than to make a Cuckold of, with-
out a Design of putting him to any Use, that that Wo-
man commits a Folly, there was never any one yet
could doubt.

But see what vast Crouds are waiting for Audience;
and with how much Eagerness are they set upon dis-
covering the Follies of one another? It is impossible for
us to hear all the particular Follies of which particular
Persons are guilty. It seems to me therefore by very much
the easiest Way, to pick out the wise Men first, and
then we have done that, we may apply general Medi-
cines to the rest, without enquiring farther into their
particular Distempers. Make Proclamation therefore,
Mercury, that People may no longer trouble themselves
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with bringing the Fools of their Acquaintance, but hence forward let them bring none but the Wise Men.

MERCURY.

Alas, *Æsculapius*! Art thou no better acquainted with the Nature of Mankind than this? Believe me, we stay here till one Man accuses another of being wise, we may stay till the End of the World. No, *Æsculapius*, no; In searching the Follies of Mankind, it was necessary to have an Account of them from others, and not from themselves: But if you would search for Wise Men, you must not ask Mens Opinion of one another, but take what every Man thinks of himself.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Thou art better acquainted with the Humours of Mankind than I am; do therefore as thou wilt.

MERCURY.

O—Yes! O—Yes! O—Yes! Let all those that are Wise range themselves upon the Right Hand, and distinguish themselves from the rest.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What is the Meaning of this? Every Man places himself on the Right Side, but one; and they jostle one another for Room with the greatest Violence imaginable. Here you Sir, What are you, pray, who appear so very confidently in the very Head of the Wise?

POET.

Who I, Sir? I am a Poet.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well; and pray, Mr. Poet, what Pretence have you to place yourself so confidently before all the rest?

POET.

Can *Æsculapius* know I am a Poet, and ask the Question? As much as a Man is above a Beast, so much is a Poet above another Man. It is we who converse with the Gods, and despise the rest of Mankind. It is we who elevate ourselves above the transitory Things that the Vulgar are fond of; who despise Riches, Glory and Honour, and seek for nothing but Fame and Immortality.

Whe

*When conq'ring Death shall ravish from their Eyes,
 Those trifling Glories that the Vulgar prize :
 When Crowns shall fall ; when Empires shall be lost ;
 And all that's mortal be dissolv'd to Dust :
 Then shall I live immortal in my Fame,
 And future Ages shall extol my Name.*

S T A T E S M A N.

I think there is no great Need of convincing *Æscu-*
pius, how little that Man deserves the Title of Wise,
 since he himself has been pleased to prove it sufficiently
 already. I will not say any Thing to the Man himself,
 or enquire what Pretences he has to the Title of a Poet ;
 but taking it for granted that he is as good as he fancies
 himself, yet can any Thing be so ridiculous as the very
 Design he proposes. He does not pretend that Poetry
 makes People happy in this World, because we very
 plainly see the contrary ; but he pleases himself with a
 vain Reverſion of imaginary Honours that he is never
 to enjoy till he himself is insensible of them. It will be
 a very great Satisfaction, doubtless, to a Man when he is
 in the Grave, to think his Verses run as smoothly as
 ever ; and one must be an Infidel to doubt but that the
 author of a fine Poem will be extremely considered in
 the other World.

I do not say this out of any Malice to the Profession
 of a Poet, nor would I pretend to take a Title from
 them, though they do not deserve it, but in order to
 shew you those who do. Do you ask me then who it is
 that deserves the Title of a Wise Man ? Whom should
 I answer, but him who knows how to govern the State.
 Particular Persons of a Community think they have
 a Title to Wisdom, how much more must they allow
 that Title to those who are capable of governing the
 Community ? It is they, certainly, who can move
 Assemblies, who can advise Kings, who can govern
 Commonwealths, that deserve the Title of the Wise.
 How considerable a Figure does such a Man make in a

Government? How much is he followed and caressed? What Advantages does he get to himself and Family? And how much is he flattered and adored by these Poets who would vainly arrogate the Title of Wise themselves?

STOIC.

Though I am of a Profession that do not trouble themselves with the Trifles of the World, yet I cannot, confess, be pleased to see People take a Title to themselves, to which they have not the least Pretence. I might observe here, that considering how Kings are the most part advised, and Commonwealths governed, Man has no great Reason to boast of his having a Hand in either. But I shall wave all that as to my Particular, and speak to the Employment of a Statesman in general. Is there then any Thing so ridiculous as for a Man propose the making himself Great, as the End of his Actions? The only End a wise Man proposes, is making himself happy; how ridiculous then must appear, who makes himself miserable, in order to make himself Great? Who seeks the Contempt of the World, that he may get the Admiration of Fools? Who leads a false dissembling Life; fawning upon those who treat him insolently, and treating those insolently who frown upon him? Who values himself upon the bearing of other People's Burdens, for which the only Thanks he gets, is Envy or Contempt: Envy if he succeed, and Contempt if he fail? Should a Man, who came late to an inn, instead of taking the Rest that was requisite to refresh him for the next Day's Journey, enter into various and form Designs, and manage Intrigues to get the best Room in the House, which would make him uneasy if he fail'd of it: and from which, tho' he succeeded, he must necessarily depart the next Morning? would not this Man appear ridiculously foolish, and contemptible to all the World? And when we see a Man in a World from which he must necessarily depart in a very short Space of Time, instead of preparing himself

what is to follow, waste all that little Time in senseless Cabals, in vain Designs, and in ridiculous Intrigues; make himself Great and Powerful; which, if he do not attain it, makes him uneasy; and which, if he do, he must leave immediately again: Is not this Man ten times more ridiculous, and more foolish than the other? The Man who, by his Folly loses his Rest one Night, will without doubt grow wiser, and take a double Share of Rest the next: But, alas! in the other Case, it is quite different; there is no second Opportunity of correcting the first; and he who has spent one Life foolishly, will never be trusted with another to employ better.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Wisely urged, O incomparable Stoic! The Folly of this sort of Men is very palpable; and you, certainly, who can so sagely find out their Infirmities, can easily discover to us the Men who are subject to no Infirmities at all.

STOIC.

You judge right, divine *Æsculapius*! it is among us, and only us, that you must expect to find a real Wise Man. And our Leaders have taught us, upon a due Consideration of the World, to pronounce all Men Mad beside. 'Tis true, their Extravagance does not appear, perhaps, to the Vulgar; but as in a Mad house, one of the Patients does not perceive that Madness in his Companion, which is presently found out by a sober Stand-by: So in this universal Madness which possesses the World in general, tho' they do not discover it in one another, yet it is at first Sight apparent to the Eyes of the Sage. Do you ask me then, who is this Wise Man that I have mentioned? It is he who places not his Felicity in his Beauty, his Wealth, or his Learning; who desires no Pleasure, who fears no Pain: Whom the Frowns of Fortune cannot deject, nor her Smiles exalt: Who is happy in Prisons, in Banishments, in Torments: Who, if he were broiling in *Phalaris's* Bull, would cry out, *How pleasant is this!* It matters not how many

Arrows Fortune aims at him, since he is impenetrable to them all. As there are some Stones so hard, that the Iron cannot touch; as Diamonds can neither be cut nor broken, but resist the strongest Force; as Rocks in the Sea break the Fury of the Waves, and, beaten upon many Ages, retain no Marks of its Rage: so is the Soul of a Wise Man, solid and firm; and has collected so much Strength, that it remains as safe from all Injuries as any of the Things I mentioned. But what will you say; is there no one then who will attempt the injuring a Wise Man? Yes, they will attempt it, but they cannot perform it: He is elevated so much above the Vulgar, that none of their ill Designs can arrive at him. When that foolish King darkened the Day with his Arrows, there was not one of them which reached the Sun; when the Chains were cast into the Sea, they could not bind the Waves; and those who destroy the Temples, do no Injury to the Divinity: In like Manner, whatever is done proudly, maliciously, or insolently, against a Wise Man, (who is in nothing different from a God, but in Point of Time) is but attempted in vain.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

O sage! O wonderful! O incomparable Stoic! This is a Wise Man indeed! Is it possible that People can continue Slaves to their Follies, when Wisdom proposes such sublime, such noble Rewards to her Followers? But descend a little from this high Region, in which you are placed; conform yourself to the Weaknesses of others; and convince their Stupidity by living Examples of this high Pitch of Wisdom you have so nobly described to them. But what is the Matter with that Man to laugh so? You, there, who stand by yourself on the left Side, while all the rest are gotten upon the Right.

MAN solus.

Alas! Sir, who can forbear laughing, to see Men hope by their Pride and Vanity, to exempt themselves from those Infirmities, to which all Mankind are naturally

ally subject? This sage, this wonderful, this incomparable Stoic, after all his noble and high-flown Similes, is neither so hard as a Diamond, so firm as a Rock, nor so elevated as the Sun. This mighty Man, who would laugh in *Pbalaris's* Bull, yet is liable to Pain and Anguish, as well as the meanest of the People; the most vulgar Weapon shall hurt him; and the most ordinary strength shall reach him. This contemplative Person, who has found out the Follies of all Mankind, has one of his own that he does not see, ten Times more extravagant than any of theirs: Since there is no Folly, more, so extravagant, as for one who labours under all the Frailties, and Weaknesses, and Infirmities of Mankind, to think himself in anywise comparable to the Perfection of a God.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Well, Friend, what are you then, who dare accuse the Stoics of Folly, who accuse all the World beside?

MAN.

Alas? Sir, I am a Fool too, and am so well convinced of it, that you see I keep by myself on the left Side, when all the rest go to the Right; and were I not convinced myself, I have given sufficient Reason to convince any one else, by troubling myself with correcting the Follies of others, while I have so many Follies of my own that are un-corrected still.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

What are become of all the Wise Men then; are there none left?

MAN.

If you take every Man's Opinion of himself, never were there so many; if you take their Opinions of one another, never were there so few.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Are all Men then alike?

MAN.

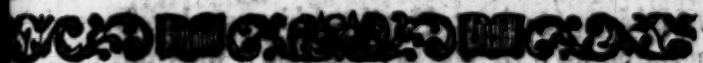
No, there are some who are called Wise and some who are called Fools; not but that the wisest Man has a sufficient Stock of Folly too. But the best

Method I can propose to distinguish Mankind, is by calling those Men Wise, who know themselves to be Fools; and those Men Fools, who think themselves to be Wise.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mercury, thou art a swift Messenger, haste away to *Jupiter*, inform him of what we have done, and know his further Pleasure in the Matter: You may tell him that upon a full Survey of Mankind it appears, that every one has such a sufficient Share of Folly, that he has no Reason at all to complain of his Neighbour having more. That in Answer to those who think their Folly obstructs their Happiness, it is very plain that the Happiness of Mankind is so complicated with this Folly, that it is impossible to cure them of the one, without endangering the other too. Should we convince the Fool who squanders away his Money, that he might live to want it; should we convince the Fool who heaps up Treasure, that in a little Time he must die, and have all his Treasure taken from him; should we convince the Husband, who places his Happiness in his Wife and Children, that the one cuckolds him, and the other are none of his; should we convince the Man who does Things to be eternally famous, that after Death he will have no Sense of Fame, or of whatever is said of him; we should make them all miserable and wretched. On the other Side, by taking away their Folly, we shou'd take away one of the most useful Qualities in the World, since it is very evident, that Mankind live upon the Follies of one another. Were there not Fools who sell Estates, what would become of the Fools who buy them? Were there not Fools who marry, human Kind would come to an End. Were there not Fools of Business, how would the Fools that meddle with no Business be managed? Were there not fighting Fools, who would protect the Fools, that would not fight, from Oppression? And were there not writing Fools,

Fools, what would the reading Fools do for a Diversion? So that upon the whole Matter, I think we had even as good leave the World as we find it. However, if he thinks there ought to be somewhat done in this Matter, after having made so much Noise about it; the most general Folly in Men being that of shewing Severity to other Peoples Faults, while they neglect those they commit themselves; He may order a solemn Proclamation to be made, *That no Man shall have the Privilege of censuring the Follies of other People, till he can bring a Certificate, under the Hands of three judicious Neighbours, that he has none at all of his own.*



PREFACE to DRYDEN's *Translation of VIRGIL's Pastorals, with a short Defence of VIRGIL, against some of the Reflections of Monsieur Fontanelle.*

AS the Writings of greatest Antiquity are in Verse, so of all sorts of Poetry, Pastorals seem the most Ancient; being form'd upon the Model of the first Innocence, and Simplicity, which the Moderns, better to dispense themselves from imitating, have wisely thought fit to treat as Fabulous, and Impracticable; and yet they, by obeying the unsophisticated Dictates of Nature, enjoy'd the most valuable Blessings of Life; a vigorous Health, of Body, with a constant Serenity, and Freedom of Mind; whilst we, with all our fanciful Refinements, can scarcely pass an Autumn without some Access of a Fever, or a whole Day not ruffled by some unquiet Passion. He was not then look'd upon as a very old Man, who reach'd to a greater Number of Years than in these times an ancient Family can reasonably pretend to; and we know the Names of several, who saw, and practis'd the World

for a longer Space of Time, than we can read the Account of in any one entire Body of History. In short, they invented the most useful Arts, *Pasturage, Tillage, Geometry, Writing, Music, Astronomy, &c.* Whilst the Moderns, like extravagant Heirs, made rich by their Industry, ingratefully deride the good old Gentlemen who left them the Estate. It is not therefore to be wonder'd at, that *Pastorals* are fallen into Disesteem, together with that Fashion of Life, upon which they were grounded. And, methinks, I see the Reader already uneasy at this Part of *Virgil*, counting the Pages, and polling to the *Aeneis*; so delightful an Entertainment is the very Relation of public Mischief and Slaughter now become to Mankind: And yet *Virgil* pass'd a much different Judgment on his own Works: He valu'd most this Part, and his *Georgics*, and depended upon them for his Reputation with Posterity: But censures himself in one of his Letters to *Augustus* for meddling with *Heroics*, the Invention of a degenerating Age. This is the Reason that the Rules of *Pastoral* are so little known, or studied. *Aristotle, Horace*, and the *Essay of Poetry*, take no Notice of it. And Mr. *Boileau*, one of the most accurate of the Moderns, because he never loses the Ancients out of his Sight, bestows scarce half a Page on it.

It is the Design therefore of the few following Pages, to clear this sort of Writing from vulgar Prejudices; to vindicate our Author from some unjust Imputations; to look into some of the Rules of this sort of Poetry, and enquire what sort of Versification is most proper for it, in which point we are so much inferior to the Ancients, that this Consideration alone were enough to make some Writers think as they ought, that is, Meanly, of their own Performances.

As all sorts of Poetry consist in Imitation; *Pastoral* is the Imitation of a Shepherd consider'd under that Character: It is requisite therefore to be a little inform'd of the Condition and Qualification of these Shepherds.

One of the Ancients has observ'd truly, but satirically enough, that, Mankind is the Measure of every thing: And thus by a gradual Improvement of this Mistake, we come to make our own Age and Country the Rule and Standard of others, and ourselves at last the Measure of them all. We figure the ancient Countrymen like our own, leading a painful Life in Poverty and Contempt, without Wit, or Courage, or Education: But Men had quite different Notions of these things, for the first four thousand Years of the World; Health and Strength were then in more esteem than the Refinements of Pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the Ground, or keep a Flock of Sheep, than to dissolve in Wantonness, and effeminating Sloth. Hunting has now an Idea of Quality join'd to it, and is become the most important Business in the Life of a Gentleman; anciently it was quite otherwise. Mr. *Fleury* has severely remark'd, that this Extravagant Passion for Hunting is a strong Proof of our *Gothic* Extractions, and shows an Affinity of Humour with the Savage *Americans*. The barbarous *Franks* and other *Germans* (having neither Corn, nor Wine of their own Growth) when they pass'd the *Rhine*, and possess'd themselves of Countries better Cultivated, left the Tillage of the Land to the old Proprietors, and afterwards continued to hazard their Lives as freely for their Diversion, as they had done before for their necessary Subsistence. The *English* gave this Usage the sacred Stamp of Fashion, and from hence it is that most of our Terms of Hunting are *French*. The Reader will, I hope, give me his Pardon for my Freedom on this Subject, since an ill Accident, occasion'd by Hunting, has kept *England* in pain these several Months together, for one of the * best and greatest Peers which she has bred for some Ages; no less illustrious for Civil Virtues and Learning, than his Ancestors were for all their Victories in *France*.

* *The Duke of Shrewsbury.*

But

But there are some Prints still left of the ancient Esteem for Husbandry, and their plain Fashion of Life, in many of our Sir-names, and in the Escutcheons of the most ancient Families, even those of the greatest Kings, the Roses, the Lilies, the Thistle, &c. It is generally known that one of the principal Causes of deposing of *Mabomet* the IVth, was, that he would not allot part of the Day to some manual Labour, according to the Law of *Mabomet*, and ancient Practice of his Predecessors. He that reflects on this, will be the less surpris'd to find that *Charlemain*, eight hundred Years ago, order'd his Children to be instructed in some Profession. And eight hundred Years yet higher, that *Augustus* wore no Clothes but such as were made by the Hands of the Empress and her Daughters; and *Olympias* did the same for *Alexander the Great*. Nor will he wonder that the *Romans* in great Exigency, sent for their Dictator from the Plough, whose whole Estate was but of four Acres; too little a Spot now for the Orchard, or Kitchen-Garden of a private Gentleman. It is commonly known that the Founders of three the most renown'd Monarchies in the World, were Shepherds: And the Subject of Husbandry has been adorn'd by the Writings and Labour of more than twenty Kings. It ought not therefore to be matter of Surprise to a modern Writer, that Kings, the Shepherds of the People in *Homer*, laid their first Rudiments in tending their mute Subjects; nor that the Wealth of *Ulysses* consisted in Flocks and Herds, the Intendants over which, were then in equal Esteem with Officers of State in latter times. And therefore *Eumæus* is call'd $\Delta\iota\omicron\varsigma\ \iota\omicron\pi\omicron\varsigma\beta\omicron\varsigma$ in *Homer*; not so much because *Homer* was a lover of a Country Life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the Dignity and Greatness of his Trust, and because he was the Son of a King, stolen away, and sold by the *Phœnician* Pirates, which the ingenious Mr. Cowley seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it seem strange, that the Master of the Horse to King *Latinus*, in the Ninth *Æneid*, was found in the homely

Employment of cleaving Blocks, when News of the first Skirmish betwixt the *Trojans* and *Latins* was brought to him.

Being therefore of such Quality, they cannot be supposed so very ignorant and unpolish'd; the Learning and Good-breeding of the World was then in the Hands of such People. He who was chosen by the Consent of all Parties to arbitrate so delicate an Affair, as which was the fairest of the three celebrated Beauties of Heaven; he who had the Address to debauch away *Helen* from her Husband, her native Country, and from a Crown, understood what the *French* call by the too soft Name of *Galanterie*; he had Accomplishments enough, how ill use soever he made of them. It seems therefore that Mr. F. had not duly consider'd the matter when he reflected so severely upon *Virgil*, as if he had not observed the Laws of Decency in his *Pastorals*, in making Shepherds speak to things beside their Character, and above their Capacity. He stands amaz'd that Shepherds should thunder out, as he expresses himself, the Formation of the World, and that too according to the System of *Epicurus*. In truth, says he, Page 176, I cannot tell what to make of this whole Piece: (the Sixth Past.) I can neither comprehend the Design of the Author, nor the Connexion of the *Paris*; first come the Ideas of Philosophy, and presently after those incoherent Fables, &c. To expose him yet more, he subjoins, It is *Silenus* himself who makes all this absurd Discourse. *Virgil* says indeed that he had drank too much the Day before; perhaps the Debauch hung in his Head when he compos'd this Poem, &c. Thus far Mr. F. who, to the Disgrace of Reason, as himself ingenuously owns, first built his House, and then studied Architecture; I mean, first compos'd his Eclogues, and then studied the Rules. In answer to this, we may observe, first, that this very *Pastoral* which he singles out to triumph over, was recited by a famous Player on the Roman Theatre, with marvellous Applause; insomuch that *Cicero* who had heard part of it only, order'd the whole

whole to be rehears'd, and struck with Admiration of
confer'd then upon *Virgil* the glorious Title of

Magnæ spes altera Romæ.

Nor is it old *Donatus* only who relates this, we have
same Account from another very credible and ancient
Author; so that here we have the Judgment of *Cicero*
and the People of *Rome*, to confront the single Opinion
of this adventrous Critick. A Man ought to be well
assur'd of his own Abilities, before he attacks an Author
of establish'd Reputation. If Mr. F. had perus'd the
Fragments of the *Phœnician* Antiquity, traced the Pro-
gress of Learning thro' the ancient *Greek* Writers, or
much as consulted his learned Countryman *Huetius*, he
would have found (which falls out unluckily for him)
that a *Chaldean* Shepherd discover'd to the *Egyptians*
and *Greeks* the Creation of the World. And what Sub-
ject more fit for such a *Pastoral*, than that great Affair
which was first notified to the World by one of that Pro-
fession? Nor does it appear, what he takes for granted
that *Virgil* describes the Original of the World according
to the Hypothesis of *Epicurus*; he was too well seen in
Antiquity to commit such a gross Mistake; there is not
the least mention of *Chance* in that whole Passage,
nor of the *Clinamen Principiorum*, so peculiar to *Epi-
curus's* Hypothesis. *Virgil* had not only more Piety, but
was of too nice a Judgment to introduce a God denying
the Power and Providence of the Deity, and singing a
Hymn to the Atoms, and blind Chance. On the con-
trary, his Description agrees very well with that of
Moses; and the eloquent Commentator *Dacier*, who is
so confident that *Horace* had perus'd the sacred History,
might with greater Reason have affirm'd the same thing
of *Virgil*. For, besides the famous Passage in the Sixth
Æneid, (by which this may be illustrated) where the
Word *Principio* is used in front of both by *Moses* and
Virgil, and the Seas are first mention'd, and the *Spiritus*
intus alit, which might not improbably, as Mr. *Dacier*
would

ould suggest, allude to the *Spirit moving upon the Face of the Waters*; But omitting this parallel Place, the successive Formation of the World is evidently describ'd in these Words,

Rerum paulatim sumere formas;

and 'tis hardly possible to render more literally that Verse of Moses,

Let the Waters be gathered into one Place, and let the Land appear, than in this of Virgil,

Jam durare solum, & discludere Nerea Ponto.

After this the Formation of the Sun is described, exactly in the *Mosaical Order*, and next the Production of the first living Creatures, and that too in a small Number, (still in the same Method.)

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the aforesaid Author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly the *Mosaic System*, than an ingenious Writer, who will by no means allow Mountains to be coeval with the World. Thus much will make it probable at least, that Virgil had Moses in his Thoughts rather than Epicurus, when he compos'd this Poem. But it is further remarkable, that this Passage was taken from a Song attributed to Apollo, who himself too unluckily had been a Shepherd, and he took it from another yet more ancient, compos'd by the first Inventor of Music, and at that time a Shepherd too; and this is one of the noblest Fragments of Greek Antiquity; and because I cannot suppose the ingenious Mr. F. one of their Number, who pretend to censure the Greeks, without being able to distinguish Greek from Ephesian Characters, I shall here set down the Lines from which Virgil took this Passage, tho' none of the Commentators have observed it.

ἔρατῃ δ' οἱ ἔπειτο φώνῃ,
 Κράινον ἀθανάτους τε Θεούς, καὶ γαῖαν ἱρήμην,
 ὡς τὰ πρῶτα γέγονε, καὶ ὡς λόχῳ μοῖραν ἔλασε,

Thus *Linus* too began his Poem, as appears by this Fragment of it preserv'd by *Diogenes Laertius*; and it may be instanc'd in *Musæus* himself.

So that our Poet here with great Judgment, as always follows the ancient Custom of beginning their more solemn Songs with the Creation, and does it too most properly under the Person of a Shepherd; and thus the first and best Employment of Poetry was, to compose Hymns in Honour of the great Creator of the Universe.

Few Words will suffice to answer his other Objections. He demands why those several Transformations are mention'd in that Poem? And is not Fable then the Life and Soul of Poetry? Can himself assign a more proper Subject of *Pastoral*, than the *Saturnia Regna*, the Age and Scene of this kind of Poetry? What Theme more fit for the Song of a God, or to imprint religious Awe than the Omnipotent Power of transforming the Species of Creatures at their Pleasure: Their Families liv'd in Groves, near the clear Springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young Shepherds, than that they should not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous Looking-glass, for fear of being stol'n by the Water-nymphs, that is, falling and being drown'd, as *Hylas* was? *Pasiphaë's* monstrous Passion for a Bull, is certainly a Subject enough fitted for *Bucolics*. Can Mr. P. tax *Silenus* for fetching too far the Transformation of the Sisters of *Phaeton* into Trees, when perhaps they sat at that very time under the hospitable Shade of those Alders and Poplars? Or the Metamorphosis of *Philomela* into that ravishing Bird, which makes the sweetest Music of the Groves? If he had look'd into the ancient Greek Writers, or so much as consulted honest *Servius*, he would have discover'd that under the Allegory of this Drunkenness of *Silenus*, the Refinement and Exaltation of Mens Minds by Philosophy was intended. But if the Author

these Reflexions can take such Flights in his Wine, is almost pity that Drunkenness should be a Sin, or that he shou'd ever want good store of *Burgundy* and *Campaign*. But indeed he seems not to have ever drank of *Silenus* his Tankard, when he compos'd either his *Critic* or *Pastorals*.

His Censure on the Fourth seems worse grounded than the other; it is entitled in some ancient Manuscripts, *History of the Renovation of the World*; he complains that he cannot understand what is meant by those many *Figurative Expressions*: But if he had consulted the younger *Plinius* his Dissertation on this *Pastoral*, or read the excellent Oration of the Emperor *Constantine*, made *French* by a good Pen of their own, he would have found there a plain Interpretation of all those *Figurative Expressions*; and withal, very strong Proofs of the Truths of the Christian Religion; such as converted Heathens, as *Varronianus*, and others: And upon account of this Piece, the most learned of all the *Latin* Fathers calls *Virgil* a Christian, even before Christianity. *Cicero* takes notice of it in his Books of Divination, and *Virgil* probably had it in Verse a considerable time before the Edition of his *Pastorals*. Nor does he appropriate it to *Pollio*, or his Son, but Complimentally dates it from his Consulship. And therefore some one who had not so kind Thoughts of Mr. F. as I, would be inclin'd to think him no bad a Catholic as Critic in this Place.

But, in respect to some Books, he has wrote since, I pass by a great part of this, and shall only touch briefly some of the Rules of this sort of Poem.

The first is, that an Air of Piety upon all Occasions should be maintain'd in the whole Poem: This appears in all the ancient *Greek* Writers; as *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Aratus*, &c. And *Virgil* is so exact in the Observation of it, not only in this Work, but in his *Aeneis* too, that a celebrated *French* Writer taxes him for permitting *Aeneas* to do nothing without the Assistance of some God. But by this it appears, at least, that Mr. St. Eur. is no *Jansenist*.

Mr.

Mr. F. seems a little defective in this Point: He brings in a Pair of Shepherdesses disputing very warmly whether *Victoria* be a Goddess, or a Woman. Her great Condescension and Compassion, her Affability and Goodness, none of the meanest Attributes of the Divinity, proper for convincing Arguments that she could not possibly be a Goddess.

*Les Déeses toujours fieres & méprisantes
Ne rassureroient point les Bergeres tremblantes
Par d'obligeans discours, des souris gracieux;
Mais tu l'as veu; cette Auguste Personne
Qui vient de paroître en ces lieux
Prend soin de rassurer au moment qu'elle etonne,
Sa bonté descendant sans peine jusqu'à nous.*

In short, she has too many Divine Perfections to be a Deity, and therefore she is a Mortal [which was the thing to be prov'd.] It is directly contrary to the Practice of all ancient Poets, as well as to the Rules of Decency and Religion, to make such odious Preference. I am much surpris'd therefore that he should use such an Argument as this.

*Gloris, as-tu veu des Déeses
Avoir un air si facile & si doux?*

Was not *Aurora*, and *Venus*, and *Luna*, and I know not how many more of the Heathen Deities, too easy of Access to *Tithonus*, to *Anchises*, and to *Endymion*? Is there any thing more sparkish and better-humour'd than *Venus* her accosting her Son in the Desarts of *Libya*? or than the behaviour of *Pallas* to *Diomedes*, one of the most perfect and admirable Pieces of all the *Iliads* where she condescends to raille him so agreeably; and notwithstanding her severe Virtue, and all the Ensigns of Majesty, with which she so terribly adorns herself, she condescends to ride with him in his Chariot? But the *Odysseys* are full of greater Instances of Condescension than this.

This brings to mind that famous Passage of *Lucan*, in which he prefers *Cato* to all the Gods at once,

Vilrix causa diis placuit, sed vieta Catoni.

Which *Brabeuf* has render'd so flatly, and which may thus Paraphras'd;

Heaven meanly with the Conqueror did comply,
But *Cato* rather than submit would die.

It is an unpardonable Presumption in any sort of Religion, to compliment their Princes at the Expence of their Deities.

But letting that pass, this whole Eclogue is but a long paraphrase of a trite Verse in *Virgil* and *Homer*.

Nec vox Hominem sonat, O Dea certos.

So true is that Remark of the admirable Earl of *Rochester*, if apply'd to the *Romans*, rather I fear than to the *English*, since his own Death.

— one sterling Line,

Drawn to French Wire, would thro' whole Pages shine.

Another Rule is, that the Characters should represent that ancient Innocence, and unpractis'd Plainness, which was then in the World. *P. Rapin* has gather'd many instances of this out of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*; and the Reader can do it as well as himself. But Mr. *F.* transgress'd this Rule, when he hid himself in the Thicket to listen to the private Discourse of the two Shepherdesses. This is not only ill Breeding at *Versailles*; the *Arcadian* Shepherdesses themselves would have set their Dogs upon him for such an unpardonable piece of Rudeness.

A Third Rule is, That there should be some Ordinance, some Design, or little Plot, which may deserve the Title of a Pastoral Scene. This is every where observ'd by *Virgil*, and particularly remarkable in the first Eclogue; the Standard of all *Pastorals*; a beautiful Landskip presents itself to your View, a Shepherd with his

his Flock around him, resting securely under a spreading Beach, which furnish'd the first Food to our Ancestors. Another in a quite different Situation of Mind and Circumstances, the Sun setting, the Hospitality of the more fortunate Shepherd, &c. And here Mr. [unclear] seems not a little wanting.

A Fourth Rule, and of great Importance in this delicate sort of Writing, is, that there be choice Diversity of Subjects; that the *Eclogue*, like a beautiful Prospect, should charm by its Variety. *Virgil* is admirable in this Point, and far surpasses *Theocritus*, as he does everywhere, when Judgment and Contrivance have the principal Part. The Subject of the first *Pastoral* is hinted above.

The Second contains the Love of *Corydon* for *Alexis*, and the seasonable Reproach he gives himself, that he left his Vines half-prun'd, (which according to the *Roman* Rituals, derived a Curse upon the Fruit that grew upon it) whilst he pursu'd an Object undeserving his Passion.

The Third, a sharp Contention of two Shepherds for the Prize of Poetry.

The Fourth contains the Discourse of a Shepherd comforting himself in a declining Age, that a better was ensuing.

The Fifth a Lamentation for a dead Friend, the first Draught of which is probably more ancient than any of the *Pastorals* now extant; his Brother being at first intended; but he afterwards makes his Court to *Augustus*, by turning it into an Apotheosis of *Julius Caesar*.

The Sixth is the *Silenus*.

The Seventh, another Poetical Dispute, first compos'd at *Mantua*.

The Eighth is the description of a despairing Lover, and a Magical Charm.

He sets the Ninth after all these, very modestly, because it was particular to himself; and here he would have ended

ded that Work, if *Gallus* had not prevail'd upon him
 to add one more in his Favour.

Thus Curious was *Virgil* in diversifying his Subjects.
 But Mr. F. is a great deal too Uniform; begin where
 you please, the Subject is still the same. We find it true
 what he says of himself,

Toujours, toujours de l'Amour.

He seems to take *Pastorals* and Love-Verses for the
 same thing. Has human Nature no other Passion; Does
 not Fear, Ambition, Avarice, Pride, a Capricio of Ho-
 nour, and Laziness itself often triumph over Love? But
 this Passion does all, not only in *Pastorals*, but in Modern
 Tragedies too. A Hero can no more Fight, or be Sick,
 or Die, than he can be Born, without a Woman. But
 Dramatics have been compos'd in compliance to the
 Humour of the Age, and the prevailing Inclination of
 the Great, whose Example has a more powerful Influence,
 not only in the little Court behind the Scenes, but on
 the great Theatre of the World. However, this inun-
 dation of Love-Verses is not so much an effect of their
 Amorousness, as of immoderate Self-Love. This being
 the only sort of Poetry, in which the Writer can, not
 only without Censure, but even with Commendation,
 talk of himself. There is generally more of the Passion
 of *Narcissus*, than Concern for *Chloris* and *Corinna*, in
 this whole Affair. Be pleas'd to look into almost any of
 those Writers, and you shall meet every where that eter-
 nal *Moy*, which the admirable *Paschal* so judiciously
 condemns. *Homer* can never be enough admir'd for this
 one so particular Quality, that he never speaks of him-
 self, either in the *Iliad* or the *Odseys*; and if *Horace*
 had never told us his Genealogy, but left it to the
 Writer of his Life, perhaps he had not been a loser by
 it. This Consideration might induce those great Criticks,
Varius and *Tucca*, to raze out the four first Verses of the
Aeneis, in great measure, for the sake of that unlucky
Ille ego. But extraordinary Genius's have a sort of Pre-
 judice,

rogative, which may dispense them from Laws, bind to Subject Wits. However, the Ladies have the reason to be pleas'd with those Addressees, of which Poet takes the greater Share to himself. Thus the Poet presses into their Dressing-Room, but it is not so much to adore their fair Eyes, as to adjust his own Stenks and Peruke, and set his Countenance in their Glasse.

A fifth Rule, (which one may hope will not be contested) is, that the Writer should shew in his Composition some competent Skill of the subject Matter, that which makes the Character of Persons introduc'd. In this, in all other Points of Learning, Decency, and Economy of a Poem, *Virgil* much excels his Master *Theocritus*. The Poet is better skill'd in Husbandry than those that get their Bread by it. He describes the Nature of the Diseases, the Remedies, the proper Places, and Seasons, of Feeding, of Watering their Flocks; the Furniture, Diet; the Lodging and Pastimes of the Shepherds. But the Persons brought in by Mr. F. as Shepherds in Masquerade, and handle their Sheep-Hooks as awkwardly, as they do their Oaten-Reed. They fance about with their *chers Moutons*, but they relate as little to the Business in hand, as the Painter's Dog, or the *Dutch Ship*, does to the History design'd. One would suspect some of them, that instead of leading out their Sheep into the Plains of *Mont-Brison*, and *Marcellis* to the flowry Banks of *Lignon*, or the *Charant*; that they are driving directly *à la Boucherie*, to make Money of them. I hope hereafter Mr. F. will choose his Servants better.

A sixth Rule is, That as the Style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar Relish of the ancient Fashion of Writing. Parables in those times were frequently us'd, as they are still by the *Eastern Nations*, Philosophical Questions, *Ænigma's*, &c. and of this we find Instances in the Sacred Writings, in *Homer*, contemporary with King *David*, in *Hærodorus*, in the *Greek Tragedians*; this piece of Antiquity

imitated by *Virgil* with great judgment and discretion: He has propos'd one Riddle, which has never been solv'd by any of his Commentators. Tho' he knew the Rules of Rhetorick, as well as *Cicero* himself, conceals that Skill in his *Pastorals*, and keeps close the Character of Antiquity: Nor ought the Connexions and Transitions to be very strict and regular; it would give the *Pastorals* an Air of Novelty; and of neglect of exact Connexions, we have instances in the Writings of the ancient *Chinese*, of the *Jews* and *Greeks*, in *Pindar*, and other Writers of Dithyrambics, the Chorus's of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. Mr. F. and *Ruæus* had consider'd this, the one would have spar'd his Critic of the Sixth, and the other, his Reflexions upon the Ninth *Pastoral*. The over-scrupulous Care of Connexions, makes the Modern Compositions oftentimes tedious and flat: And by the omission of them it comes to pass, that the *Pensées* of the incomparable Mr. *Pascal*, and perhaps of Mr. *Bruyère*, are two of the most entertaining Books which the Modern *French* can boast of. *Virgil*, in this point, was not only faithful to the Character of Antiquity, but copies after Nature herself. Thus a Meadow, where the Beauties of Spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful Prospect, than a curious Parterre of sorted flowers in our Gardens, and we are much more transfused with the Beauty of the Heavens, and Admiration of their Creator, in a clear Night, when we behold Stars of all Magnitudes, promiscuously moving together, than if those glorious Lights were rank'd in their several Orders, or reduc'd into the finest Geometrical Figures.

Another Rule omitted by *P. Rapin*, as some of his say by me (for I do not design an intire Treatise in this preface) is, that not only the Sentences should be short and smart, upon which account he justly blames the *Italian* and *French*, as too talkative, but that the whole Piece should be so too. *Virgil* transgress'd this Rule in his first *Pastorals*, I mean those which he compos'd

at *Mantua*, but rectify'd the Fault in his riper Years. This appears by the *Culex*, which is as long as five of his *Pastorals* put together. The greater Part of that he finish'd, have less than an Hundred Verses, and two of them exceed that Number. But the *Silva*, which he seems to have design'd for his Master-piece, in which he introduces a God singing, and he too full of Inspiration, (which is intended by that Ebriety, which Mr. F. so unreasonably ridicules) tho' it go thro' so wide a Field of Matter, and comprises the Mythology of near Two thousand Years, consists but of Fifty Lines, so that its Brevity is no less admirable, than the subject Matter; the noble Fashion of handling it, and the Deity speaking. *Virgil* keeps up his Characters in this respect too, with the strictest Decency. For Poetry and Pastime was not the Business of Mens Lives in those Days, but only their seasonable Recreation after necessary Labours. And therefore the length of some of the modern *Italian* and *English* Compositions, is against the Rules of this kind of Poesy.

I shall add something very briefly, touching the Versification of *Pastorals*, tho' it be a mortifying Consideration to the Moderns. Heroic Verse, as it is commonly call'd, was us'd by the *Greeks* in this sort of Poem, a very ancient and natural: Lyrics, Iambics, &c. being invented afterwards: But there is so great a difference in the Numbers, of which it may be compounded, that it may pass rather for a Genus, than Species of Verse. Whosoever shall compare the Numbers of the three following Verses, will quickly be sensible of the Truth of this Observation.

Tityrs, tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi.

The first of the *Georgics*,

Quid faciat latus segetes, quo sydere terram,
and of the *Æneis*,

Arma, virumque cano, Troja qui Primus ab oris.

The Sound of the Verses, is almost as different as the Subjects. But the *Greek* Writers of *Pastorals*, usually imitated themselves to the Example of the first; which *Virgil* found so exceeding difficult, that he quitted it and gave the Honour of that part to *Theocritus*. It is indeed probable, that what we improperly call Rhyme, is the most ancient sort of Poetry; and learned Men have given good Arguments for it; and therefore a *French* Historian commits a gross Mistake, when he attributes the Invention to a King of *Gaul*, as an *English* Gentleman does, when he makes a *Roman* Emperor the Inventor of it. But the *Greeks*, who understood fully the Force and Power of Numbers, soon grew weary of this harsh sort of Verse, as the younger *Vossius* justly calls it; and therefore those rhyming Hexameters, which *Plutarch* observes in *Homer* himself, seem to be the Remains of a barbarous Age. *Virgil* had them in such Abhorrence, that he would rather make a false Syntax, than use what we call a Rhyme. Such a Verse as this,

Vir precor Uxori, frater succurre Sorori,

is passable in *Ovid*, but the nicer Ears in *Augustus* Court could not pardon *Virgil* for

At Regina pyra.

that the principal Ornament of Modern Poetry, was accounted Deformity by the *Latins* and *Greeks*; it was they who invented the different Terminations of Words, and happy Compositions, those short Monosyllables, and Transpositions for the elegance of the Sound and Sense, which are wanting so much in modern Languages. The *French* sometimes crowd together ten or twelve Monosyllables, into one disjointed Verse; they may understand the nature of, but cannot imitate, those wonderful Sondees of *Pythagoras*, by which he could suddenly signify a Man that was in a violent transport of Anger; or those swift Numbers of the Priests of *Cybele*, which gave the force to enrage the most sedate and phlegmatic

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Temper: Nor can any Modern put into his Language the Energy of that single Poem of *Catullus*.

Super alia victus Atys, &c.

Latin is but a corrupt Dialect of *Greek*; and the *Spanish*, and *Italian*, a corruption of *Latin*; and therefore a Man might as well go about to persuade me that Vinegar is a nobler Liquor than Wine, as that the modern Compositions can be as graceful and harmonious as the *Latin* itself. The *Greek* Tongue very naturally falls into *Iambicks*, and therefore the diligent Reader may find six or seven and twenty of them in those famous Orations of *Isocrates*. The *Latin* as naturally falls into *Heroic*; and therefore the beginning of *Livy's* History is half an *Hexameter*, and that of *Tacitus* an entire one. The *Roman* Historian describing the glorious effort of a Colonel to break thro' a Brigade of the Enemies, after the defeat at *Cannæ*, falls, unknowingly, into Verse not unworthy *Virgil* himself.

*Hæc ubi dicta dedit, stringit gladium, cuneoque
Facto per medios, &c.*

Ours and the *French* can at best but fall into Blank Verse, which is a fault in Prose. The Misfortune indeed is common to us both, but we deserve more compassion because we are not vain of our Barbarities. As *Ascham* brings Men back into the state and infirmities of Childhood, upon the fall of their Empire, the *Romans* do so into Rhime, as appears sufficiently by the Hymns of the *Latin* Church; and yet a great deal of the *French* Poetry does hardly deserve that poor Title. I shall give an Instance out of a Poem which had the good luck to gain the Prize in 1685, for the Subject deserv'd a noble Pen.

*Tous les jours ce grand Roy des autres Roys l'exemple
S'en va sur un nouveau chemin au faîte de son temple, &c.*

—Livy.

The judicious *Members* exploded this sort of Verse
 eighty Years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at
 the Passage of a famous Academician, in which He,
 with compassionately, excuses the Ancients for their not
 being so exact in their Compositions, as the Modern
 French, because they wanted a Dictionary, of which the
 French are at last happily provided. If *Demosthenes* and
Cicero had been so lucky as to have had a Dictionary,
 and such a Patron as Cardinal *Richelieu*, perhaps they
 might have applied to the Honour of *Basil*, & *Poly* of
 ten Pounds, *Le prix de l'Eloquence*.

On the contrary, I dare assert that there are hardly
 Lines in either of those great Orators, or even in
 the Catalogue of *Homers Ships*, which is not more
 harmonious, more truly rhythmical, than most of the
 French or English Sonnets; and therefore they lose, at
 least, one half, of their native Beauty by Translation.

I cannot but add one Remark on this occasion, that
 the French Verse is oftentimes not so much as Rhime, in
 the lowest Sense; for the childish Repetition of the same
 Note cannot be call'd Musick; such Instances are in-
 finite, as in the foregoing Poems.

'Epris	<i>Toujours</i>	<i>caché;</i>
Mepris	<i>Cherché</i>	<i>cherché.</i>

Mr. Boileau himself has a great deal of this *monotonie*,
 by his own neglect, but purely by the faultiness and
 poverty of the French Tongue. Mr. F. at last goes into
 the excessive Paradoxes of Mr. *Perault*, and boasts of the
 number of their excellent Songs, preferring them to
 the Greek and Latin. But an ancient Writer of as good
 credit has assur'd us, that seven Lives would hardly
 suffice to read over the Greek Odes; but a few Weeks
 would be sufficient, if a Man were so very idle as to
 read over all the French. In the mean time, I shou'd
 be very glad to see a Catalogue of but Fifty of theirs with

* *Exact Propriety of Word and Thought;*

L 2

notwith-

* *Essay of Poetry.*

notwithstanding all the high Encomiums and mutual Gratulations which they give one another (for I am far from censuring the whole of that illustrious Society to which the Learned World is much oblig'd) after all those golden Dreams at the *L'Ouvre*, that their Piece will be as much valu'd ten or twelve Ages hence, as the ancient *Greek* or *Roman*, I can no more get it into my Head, that they will last so long, than I could believe the learned Dr. H— K. [of the *Royal Society*] if he should pretend to shew me a Butterfly that had liv'd a thousand Winters.

When Mr. F. wrote his Eclogues, he was so far from equalling *Virgil* or *Theocritus*, that he had some Pains to take before he could understand in what the principal Beauty and Graces of their Writings do consist.



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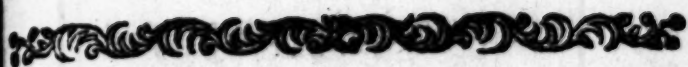
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THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS TICKELL, *Esq*;



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TO THE SUPPOSED
AUTHOR *of the* SPECTATOR.

FN Courts licentious, and a shameless Stage,
How long the War shall Wit with Virtue wage?
Inchanted by this prostituted Fair,
Our Youth run headlong in the fatal Snare;
In height of Rapture clasp unheeded Pains,
And suck Pollution thro' their tingling Veins.
Thy spotless Thoughts unshock'd the Priest may hear;
And the pure Vestal in her Bosom wear.
No conscious Blushes and diminish'd Pride,
Thy Glass betrays what treach'rous Love would hide;
For harsh thy Precepts, but insus'd by Stealth,
Heal'd while they cure, and cheat us into Health.
Thy Works in *Chloe's* Toilet gain a Part,
And with his Tailor share the Fopling's Heart:
Laugh'd in thy satire, the penurious Cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in Wit:
From Felon Gamesters the raw Squire is free,
And *Britain* owes her rescu'd Oaks to thee.
His Miss the frolic Viscount dreads to roast,
For his third Cure the shallow Templer boast;
And the rash Fool who scorn'd the beaten Road,
Shakes quake at Thunder, and confess his God.
The brainless Stripling, who, expell'd the Town,
Damn'd the stiff College and pedantic Gown,
Sw'd by thy Name, is dumb, and thrice a Week
Sells uncouth *Latin* and pretends to *Greek*.
O bantring Tribe! such born to wide Estates,
With yea and no in Senates hold Debates:
At length despis'd each to his Fields retires,
Lies with the Dogs, and King amidst the Squires;

From port to stupid, sinks supinely down,
In Youth a Coxcomb, and in Age a Clown.

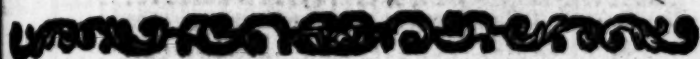
Such Readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring Flight
Above the Stars, and tread'st the Fields of Light;
Fame, Heav'n and Hell, are thy exalted Theme,
And Visions such as *Jove* himself might dream;
Man sunk to Slavery, tho' to Glory born,
Heav'n's Pride when upright, and deprav'd his Scorn.

Such Hints alone could *British Virgil* lead,
And thou alone deserve from such a Friend
A Debt so borrow'd is illustrious Shame,
And Fame when shar'd with him is double Fame.
So hush'd with Sweets, by Beauty's Queen bestow'd,
With more than mortal Charms *Eneas* glow'd,
Such gen'rous Strifes *Eugene* and *Marlbro'* try,
And as in Glory, so in Friendship vie.

Permit these Lines by thee to live, — nor blame
A Muse that pants and languishes for Fame;
That fears to sink when humbler Themes she sings,
Lost in the Mass of mean forgotten things:
Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy, my Rhimes,
The Praise of Virgins in succeeding Times:
Mix'd with thy Works, their Life no Bounds shall see
But stand protected, as inspir'd, by thee.

So some weak Shoot, which else would poorly rise,
Jove's Tree adapts, and lifts him to the Skies;
Thro' the new Pupil soft'ning Juices flow,
Thrust forth the Gems, and give the Flow'rs to blow
Aloft; immortal reigns the Plant unknown,
With borrow'd Life, and Vigour not his own.





A
P O E M,
To His EXCELLENCY the
LORD PRIVY-SEAL,
ON THE
PROSPECT *of* PEACE.

----- Sacerdos
Trende super Mitram, & felici comptus Oliva. Virg.



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A

OF THE



OF THE

ON THE

PROSPECT OF PEACE

BY

JOHN R. HARRIS, Esq. of New York.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. HARRIS, 1851.

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TO THE
LORD PRIVY-SEAL.

Contending Kings, and Fields of Death, too long
Have been the Subject of the British Song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's Plain,
Bavaria's Fall, and Danube chok'd with Slain?
Exhausted Themes! A gentler Note I raise,
And sing returning Peace in softer Lays.
Their Fury quell'd, and martial Rage allay'd,
I wait our Heroes in the Sylvan Shade:
Distant Hosts are imagin'd to my Mind,
And warring Pow'rs in friendly Leagues combin'd,
While Ease and Pleasure make the Nations smile,
And Heav'n and Anna bless Britannia's Isle.
Well sends our Queen her mitred Bristol forth,
For early Counsels fam'd, and long-try'd Worth,
Who, thirty rolling Years, had oft withstood
The Swede and Saxon from the dusty Field;
Completely form'd to heal the Christian Wounds,
To name the Kings, and give each Kingdom Bounds,
The Face of ravag'd Nature to repair,
By Leagues to soften Earth, and Heav'n by Pray'r,
To gain by Love, where Rage and Slaughter fail,
And make the Crozier o'er the Sword prevail.
So when great Moses, with JEHOVAH's Wand,
Had scatter'd Plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's Land,
Now spread an Host of Locusts round the Shore,
Now turn'd Nile's fatt'ning Streams to putrid Gore;
Plenty and Gladness mark'd the Priest of God,
And sudden Almonds shot from Aaron's Rod.
O thou, from whom these bounteous Blessings flow,
To whom, as chief, the Hopes of Peace we owe,

(For

(For next to this: the Man whom Kings esteem
 To stile Companion, and to make their Friend,
 Great Strafford, rich in every courtly Grace,
 With joyful Pride accepts the second Place.)
 From Britain's Isle, and Isis' sacred Spring
 One Hour, ob! listen while the Muses sing.
 Though Ministers of mighty Monarchs wait,
 With beating Hearts to learn their Master's Fate,
 One Hour forbear to speak thy Quæst's Command,
 Nor think the World, thy Charge, neglected stands:
 The blissful Prospects, in my Verse display'd,
 May lure the Stubborn, the Deceiv'd persuade,
 E'en thou to Peace shalt speedier urge the Way,
 And more be hasten'd by this short Delay.





P O E M

ON THE

PROSPECT of PEACE.



HE, haughty Gaul, in ten Campaigns o'er-
thrown,

Now ceas'd to think the Western World
his own.

Of, had he mourn'd his boasting Leaders
bound,

And his proud Bulwarks smoking on the Ground;
In vain with Pow'r renew'd he fill'd the Plain,
Made tim'rous Vows, and brib'd the Saints in vain;
As off his Legions did the Fight decline,
Lark'd in the Trench, and skulk'd behind the Line,
Before his Eyes the fancy'd Javelin gleams,
At Feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in Dreams,
On Glory past reflects with secret Pain,
On Mines exhausted, and on Millions slain.
To Britain's Queen the sceptred Suppliant bows,
To her his Crowns and infant Race commends,
Who grieves her Fame with Christian Blood to buy,
Nor asks for Glory at a Price so high.

At her Decree the War suspended stands,
 And *Britain's* Heroes hold their lifted Hands,
 Their open Brows no threatening Frowns disguise,
 But gentler Passions sparkle in their Eyes.
 The *Gauls*, who never in their Courts could find
 Such temper'd Fire with manly Beauty join'd,
 Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the View
 In Forms so fierce their fearful Fancies drew,
 At whose dire Names ten thousand Widows prest
 Their helpless Orphans clinging to the Breast.
 In silent Rapture each his Foe surveys,
 They vow firm Friendship, and give mutual Praise,
 Brave Minds, howe'er at War, are secret Friends,
 Their gen'rous Discord with the Battle ends;
 In Peace they wonder whence Dissension rose,
 And ask how Souls so like cou'd e'er be Foes.
 Methinks I hear more friendly Shouts rebound,
 And social Clarions mix their sprightly Sound,
 The *British* Flags are furl'd, her Troops disband,
 And scatter'd Armies seek their native Land.
 The hardy Vet'ran, proud of many a Scar,
 The manly Charms and Honours of the War,
 Who hop'd to share his Friends' illustrious Doom,
 And in the Battle find a Soldier's Tomb,
 Leans on his Spear to take his farewell View,
 And sighing bids the glorious Camp adieu.

Ye gen'rous Fair, receive the Brave with Smiles,
 O'er-pay their sleepless Nights, and crown their Toils
 Soft Beauty is the gallant Soldier's Due,
 For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
 In vain proud *Gaul* with boastful *Spain* conspires,
 When *English* Valour *English* Beauty fires;
 The Nations dread your Eyes, and Kings despair
 Of Chiefs so brave, till they have Nymphs so fair.

See the fond Wife, in Tears of Transport drown'd,
 Hugs her rough Lord, and weeps o'er ev'ry Wound,
 Hangs on the Lips that Fields of Blood relate,
 And smiles, or trembles at his various Fate.

Near the full Bowl he draws the fancy'd Line,
 And marks feign'd Trenches in the flowing Wine,
 Then sets th' invested Fort before her Eyes,
 And Mines, that whirl'd Battalions to the Skies;
 His little list'ning Progeny turn pale,
 And beg again to hear the dreadful Tale.
 Such dire Achievements sings the Bard, that tells
 Of palfrey'd Dames, bold Knights, and magic Spells,
 Where whole Brigades one Champion's Arms o'erthrow,
 And cleave a Giant at a random Blow,
 Lay Paynims vile, that force the Fair, and tame
 The Goblin's Fury, and the Dragon's Flame.
 Our eager Youth to distant Nations run,
 To visit Fields, their valiant Fathers won;
 From Flandria's Shore their Country's Fame they trace,
 Till far Germania shews her blasted Face.
 Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful Guide,
 Where his hard Fate the lost Bavaria try'd;
 Where Steyne grav'd the Stone to ANNA's Fame,
 He points to *Blenheim*, once a vulgar Name;
 Here fled the *Houſhold*, there did *Tallard* yield,
 Here *Marlb'rough* turn'd the Fortune of the Field,
 On those steep Banks, near *Danube's* raging Flood,
 The *Gauls* thrice started back, and trembling stood:
 When, *Churchill's* Arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,
 But plung'd amidst the Waves, a desp'rate Throng,
 Crowds whelm'd on Crowds dash'd wide the watry Bed,
 And drove the Current to its distant Head.
 As when by *Raphael's*, or by *Kneller's* Hands
 A warlike Courſer on the Canvas ſtands,
 Such as on *Landen* bleeding *Ormond* bore,
 Or ſet young *Ammon* on the *Granic* Shore;
 If chance a gen'rous Steed the Work behold,
 He ſnorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy Gold:
 So, *Haeſter* ſeen, tumultuous Paſſions roll,
 And Hints of Glory fire the *Briton's* Soul,
 In fancy'd Fights he ſees the Troops engage,
 And all the Tempeſt of the Battle rage.

Charm

Charm me, ye Pow'rs, with Scenes less nobly bright,
 Far humbler Thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight,
 Content to see the Monours of the Field
 By Plough-shares level'd, or in Flow'rs conceal'd.
 O'er shatter'd Walls may creeping Ivy twine,
 And Grass luxuriant clothe the harmless Mine,
 Tame Flocks ascend the Breach without a Wound,
 Or crop the Bastion, now a fruitful Ground;
 While Shepherds sleep, along the Rampart laid,
 Or pipe beneath the formidable Shade.

Who was the Man? Oblivion blast his Name,
 Torn out, and blotted from the List of Fame!
 Who fond of lawless Rule, and proudly brave,
 First sunk the filial Subject to a Slave,
 His Neighbour's Realms by Frauds unkingly gain'd,
 In guiltless Blood the sacred Ermine stain'd,
 Laid Schemes for Death, to Slaughter turn'd his Heart,
 And fitted Murder to the Rules of Art.

Ah! curst Ambition, to thy Lures we owe
 All the great Ills, that Mortals bear below.
 Curst by the Hind, when to the Spoil he yields
 His Year's whole Sweat, and vainly ripen'd Fields;
 Curst by the Maid, torn from her Lover's Side,
 When left a Widow, though not yet a Bride;
 By Mothers curst, when Floods of Tears they shed,
 And scatter useless Roses on the Dead.

Oh sacred *Bristol*! then what Dangers prove
 The Arts, thou smil'st on with paternal Love?
 Then, mix'd with Rubbish by the brutal Foes,
 In vain the Marble breathes, the Canvas glows;
 To Shades obscure the glitt'ring Sword pursues
 The gentle Poet, and defenceless Muse.

A Voice, like thine alone, might then assuage
 The Warrior's Fury, and control his Rage;
 To hear thee speak might the fierce *Vandal* stand,
 And fling the brandish'd Sabre from his Hand.

Far hence be driv'n to *Scythia's* stormy Shore
 The Drums harsh Music, and the Cannon's Roar;

Let gain *Bellona* hunt the lowly Plain,
Where *Tartar* Klans, and guilty *Cassars* reign;
Let the steel'd *Scythian* fleet to *Mastora's* Glens,
See *Virgins* ravish'd with reluctant Eyes,
To Death gray'd Head and falling Infants doom,
Nor spare the Promise of the pregnant Womb,
O'er waded Kingdoms spread his wide Command,
The savage Lord of an unpeopled Land.

Her guiltless *Glory* just *Belshazzar* draws
From pure Religion, and impartial Laws,
To *Europe's* Wounds a Mother and she brings,
And holds in equal Scales the rival Kings:
Her gen'rous Sons in choicest Gifts abound,
Alike in Arms, alike in Arts renowned.

As when sweet *Keos* (for the Fable sings)
Awak'd by *Nereids*, from the Ocean springs,
With Smiles, she sees the threatening Billows rise,
Spreads smooth the Surge, and clears the lowering Skies,
Light o'er the Deep, with flaming *Capitals* crown'd,
The pearly Couch and *Milner's* Turban bound;
Her Tresses shed ambrosial Odours round.

Amidst the Wonders of *Wonders* so stupendous
Britannia's Isle, the Ocean's stately Queen;
In vain the Nations have conspir'd her Fall,
Her Trench the Sea, and flanks her floating Walls:
Defenceless Barks, her powerful Navy near,
Have only Waves and Hurricanes to fear.
What bold Invader, or what Land oppress
Hath not her Anger quell'd, her Aid (redress)
Say, where have we her Union-Crosses fail'd,
But much her Arms, her Justice more prevail'd!
Her Labours are to plead th' Almighty's Cause,
Her Pride to teach th' untam'd Barbarian Laws:
Who conquers wins by brutal Strength the Prize;
But 'tis a Godlike Weakness to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great *Rosbe's* Throne
The King, whose *Rosbe's* half *Europe's* Regions own,

Whose

Whose Sceptre waving, with one Shout rush forth
 In Swarms the harness'd Millions of the North,
 Through Realms of Ice pursu'd his tedious Way
 To court our Friendship, and our Fame survey;
 Hence the rich Prize of useful Arts he bore,
 And round his Empire spread the learned Store:
 (T' adorn old Realms is more than new to raise,
 His Country's Parent is a Monarch's Praise.)
 His Bands now march in just Array to War,
 And *Caspian* Gulphs unusual Navies bear;
 With *Rumick* Lays *Smolensko's* Forests ring,
 And wond'ring *Volga* hears the Muses sing;
 Did not the Painted Kings of *India* greet
 Our Queen, and lay their Sceptres at her Feet;
 Chiefs who full Bowls of hostile Blood had quaff'd,
 Fam'd for the Javelin, and invenom'd Shaft,
 Whose haughty Brows made Savages adore,
 Nor bow'd to less than Stars, or Sun before.
 Her pitying Smile accepts their suppliant Claim,
 And adds four Monarchs to the Christian Name.
 Blest Use of Pow'r! O virtuous Pride in Kings!
 And like his Bounty, whence Dominion springs!
 Which o'er new Worlds makes Heav'n's Indulgence
 shine,

And ranges Myriads under Laws divine!
 Well bought with all that those sweet Regions hold,
 With Groves of Spices, and with Mines of Gold.

Fearless our Merchant now pursues his Gain,
 And roams securely o'er the boundless Main.
 Now o'er his Head the Polar Bear he spies,
 And freezing Spangles of the *Lapland* Skies,
 Now swells his Canvas to the sultry Line,
 With glitt'ring Spoils where *Indian* Grottoes shine,
 Where Fumes of Incense glad the Southern Seas,
 And wasted Citron scents the balmy Breeze,
 Here nearer Suns prepare the rip'ning Gem,
 To grace Great *Asia's* Imperial Diadem,

And here the Ore, whose melted Mass shall yield
 The faithful Coins each memorable Field;
 Rich, mixt with Medals of immortal Rome,
 Try clear Disputes, and teach the Times to come.
 In circling Beams shall Godlike Anna glow,
 And Churchill's Sword hang o'er the prostrate Foe,
 Whom comely Wounds shall bleeding Worthies stand,
 Webb's firm Platoon, and Lumley's faithful Band,
 And Mordaunt in Iberian Trophies drest,
 And Campbell's Dragon on his dauntless Breast,
 Great Ormond's Deeds on Vigo's Spoils enroll'd,
 And Guiscard's Knife on Harley's Chili Gold.
 And if the Muse, O Bristol, might decree,
 That Granville noted by the Lyre should be,
 The Lyre for Granville, and the Cross for Thee. }
 Such are the Honours grateful Britain pays,
 To Patriots merit, and to Monarchs praise.
 For distant Times such Records shall prevail,
 When English Numbers, antiquated, fail:
 Striving Song the Muse can only yield,
 And sooth her Soldiers panting from the Field.
 Sweet Retirements see them safe convey'd,
 And raise their Battles in the rural Shade.
 From Fields of Death to Woodstock's peaceful Glooms,
 The Poet's Haunt) Britannia's Hero comes—
 Hail, my Muse, and softly touch the String:
 Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to sing.
 Hail fabled Grotto! hail Elysian Soil!
 Thou fairest Spot of fair Britannia's Isle!
 Where Kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the Throne,
 And Beauty was content to shine unknown,
 Where Love and War by turns Pavilions rear,
 And Henry's Bow'rs near Blenheim's Dome appear:
 The weary'd Champion lull in soft Alcoves,
 The noblest Boast of thy Romantic Groves.
 If the Muse presage, shall He be seen
 Rosamonda fleeing o'er the Green,

In Dreams be hind by Heroes mighty Shakes;
And hear old *Chimæra* warble through the Glades;
O'er the fam'd echoing Vaults his Name shall bound;
And Hill to Hill reflect the far fire Sound.

Here, here at least thy Love for Arms give o'er,
Nor, one World conquer'd, fondly wish for more.
Vice of great Souls alone! O Thirst of Fame!
The Muse admires it, while the striver to blame.
Thy Toils be now to chase the bounding Deer,
Or view the Countess stretch'd in wild Career.
This lovely Scene shall Joseph thy Sout to Rest;
And wear each dreadful Image from thy Breast.
With Pleasure, by thy Conqueror shalt thou see
Thy Queen Triumphant; and all Europe free.
No Care henceforth shall thy Repose destroy;
But what thou giv'st the World, thyself enjoy.

Sweet Solitude! when Life's gay Hours are past,
Howe'er we range, in that we fix at last;
Toft through tempestuous Seas (the Voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly Shore.
Our own strict Judges our past Life we scan,
And ask if Glory hath enlarg'd the Span:
If bright the Prospect, we the Grave defy,
Trust future Ages, and contented die.

When Strangers from far distant Climes shall come
To view the Pomp of this Triumphant Dome,
Where ready-act dissembled Prophets stand;
And breathing Labours on the Sculptor's Hand;
Where Kneller's Art shall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's Woer shall fill the story'd Wall;
Heirs of thy Blood shall o'er their bounteous Bard
Fix Europe's Guard, thy Monumental Sword,
Banners that oft have war'd on conquest Walls,
And Trumps, that down'd the Grooms of galling Gaul.
Fair Dames shall oft, with curious Eyes explore
The costly Robes that slaughter'd Generals wore;
Rich Trappings from the Danube's Waters brought,
(*Hesperian* Nuns the gorgeous Broid'ry wrought)

As stiff with Gold, the *Bosnian* Horseman's Pride,
 And *Gaul's* fair Flow'rs, in humane Crimson dy'd.
 Churchill's Race perhaps some lovely Boy,
 Shall mark the burnish'd Steel that hangs on high,
 Shall gaze transported on its glitt'ring Charms,
 And reach it struggling with unequal Arms,
 Signs the Drum's tumultuous Sound request,
 Then seek, in Starts, the hushing Mother's Breast.
 So, in the Painter's animated Frame,
 There *Mars* embraces the soft *Phrygian* Dame,
 The little Loves in sport his Hauchion wield,
 Or join their Strength to heave his pond'rous Shield:
 He strokes the Plum in *Troy's* Gore embrod,
 And one the Spear, that reeks with *Typhon's* Blood,
 Another's Infant Brows the Helme sustain,
 He nods his Crest, and frights the shrieking Train.
 Thus, the rude Tempest of the Field o'er-blown,
 Shall whiter Rounds of smiling Years roll on,
 Our Victors, blest in Peace, forget their Wars,
 Enjoy past Dangers, and absolve the Stars.
 But oh! what Sorrows shall bedew your Urns,
 Ye honour'd Shades, whom widow'd *Albion* mourns!
 Of your thin Forms yet discontented moan,
 And haunt the mangled Mansions, once your own:
 Behold what Flow'rs the pious Muses strow,
 And Tears, which in the midst of Triumph flow,
 Cypress and Baye your envy'd Brows surround,
 Your Names the tender Matron's Heart shall wound,
 And the soft Maid grow pensive at the Sound.
 Accept, Great *Ance*, the Tears their Memory draw,
 Who nobly perish'd in their Sov'reign's Cause:
 For Thou in Pity bid'st the War give o'er,
 Mourn'st thy slain Heroes, nor wilt venture more
 Vast Price of Blood on each victorious Day:
 (But *Europe's* Freed'm doth that Price repay)
 Lamented Triumph'd when once *Baccha* was told
 That *Macedon* was conquer'd, and that *Demetrius* fell.

Great Queen ! whose Name strikes haughty Monarch
pale,

On whose just Sceptre hangs *Europe's* Scale,
Whose Arm like Mercy wounds, decides like Fate,
On whose Decree the Nations anxious wait :
From *Albion's* Cliffs Thy wide-extended Hand
Shall o'er the Main to far *Peru* command,
So vast a Tract whose wide Domain shall run,
Its circling Skies shall see no setting Sun.
Thee, Thee an hundred Languages shall claim,
And savage *Indians* swear by *Anna's* Name,
The Line and Poles shall own thy rightful Sway,
And thy Commands the sever'd Globe obey.

Round the vast Ball thy new Dominions chain
The watry Kingdoms, and control the Main,
Magellan's Straits to *Gibraltar* they join,
Across the Seas a formidable Line ;
The Sight of adverse *Gaule* we fear no more,
But pleas'd see *Dunkirk*, now a guiltless Shore ;
In vain great *Neptune* tore the narrow Ground,
And meant his Waters for *Britannia's* Bound,
Her Giant Genius takes a mighty Stride,
And sets his Foot beyond th' incroaching Tide,
On either Bank the Land its Master knows,
And in the midst the subject Ocean flows.

So near proud *Rhodes*, across the raging Flood,
Stupendous Form ! the vast *Colossus* stood,
(While at one Foot their thronging Gallies ride,
A whole Hour's Sail scarce reach'd the further Side)
Betwixt his brazen Thighs, in loose Array,
Ten thousand Streamers on the Billows play.

By *Harley's* Counsels *Dunkirk* now restor'd
To *Britain's* Empire, owns her ancient Lord.
In him transfus'd his Godlike Father reigns,
Rich in the Blood which swell'd that Patriot's Veins,
Who boldly faithful met his Sov'reign's Frown,
And scorn'd for Gold to yield th' important Town.

His Son was born the ravish'd Prey to claim,
And *France* still trembles at an *Harley's* Name.

A Fort so dreadful to our *English* Shore,
Our Fleets scarce fear'd the Sands or Tempests more,
Whose vast Expences to such Sums amount,
That the tax'd *Gaul* scarce furnish'd out th' Account,
Whose Walls such Bulwarks, such vast Tow'rs restrain,
Its weakest Ramparts are the Rocks and Main,
His Boast great *Louis* yields, and cheaply buys
Thy Friendship, *Anna*, with the mighty Prize.
Holland repining, and in Grief cast down,
Sees the new Glories of the *British* Crown :

Oh ! may they ne'er provoke Thee to the Fight,
Nor Foes, more dreadful than the *Gaul*, invite,
Soon may they hold the Olive, soon assuage
Their secret Murmurs, nor call forth thy Rage
To rend their Banks, and pour, at one Command,
Thy Realm, the Sea, o'er their precarious Land.

Henceforth be Thine, Vice-gerent of the Skies,
Corn'd Worth to raise, and Vice in Robes chastise,
To dry the Orphan's Tears, and from the Bar
Chace the Brib'd Judge, and hush the wordy War,
Deny the curst Blasphemer's Tongue to rage,
And turn God's Fury from an impious Age.
Woe Change ! the Soldier's late destroying Hand
Shall rear new Temples in his native Land,
Mistaken Zealots shall with Fear behold,
And beg Admittance in our sacred Fold ;

On her own Works the Pious Queen shall smile,
And turn her Cares upon her Fav'rite Isle.

So the keen Bolt a Warrior Angel aims,
Array'd in Clouds, and wrapt in mantling Flames,
He bears a Tempest on his sounding Wings,
And his red Arm the forky Vengeance flings ;
At length, Heav'n's Wrath appeas'd, he quits the War,
To roll his Orb, and guide his destin'd Star,
To shed kind Fate, and lucky Hours bestow,
And smile propitious on the World below.

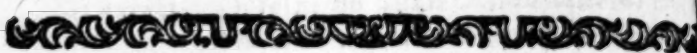
Around thy Throne shall faithful Nobles wait,
 These guard the Church, and those direct the State.
 To *Bristol*, graceful in maternal Tears,
 The Church her Tow'ry Forehead gently rears,
 She begs her pious Son t' assert her Cause,
 Defend her Rights, and re-inforce her Laws,
 With holy Zeal the sacred Work begin,
 To bend the Stubborn, and the Meek to win.

Our *Oxford's* Earl in careful Thought shall stand,
 To raise his Queen, and save a sinking Land.
 The wealthiest Glebe to rav'nous *Spaniards* known
 He marks, and makes the Golden World our own,
 Content with Hands unsoil'd to guard the Prize,
 And keep the Store with undesiring Eyes.

So round the Tree, that bore *Hesperian* Gold,
 The sacred Watch lay curl'd in many a Fold,
 His Eyes up-rearing to th' untasted Prey,
 The sleepless Guardian wasted Life away.

Beneath the peaceful Olives, rais'd by you,
 Her ancient Pride shall ev'ry Art renew,
 (The Arts with you fam'd *Harcourt* shall defend,
 And courtly *Bolingbroke* the Muse's Friend.)
 With piercing Eye some search where Nature plays,
 And trace the Wanton through her darksome Maze,
 Whence Health from Herbs; from Seeds how Groves beg
 How vital Streams in circling Eddies run.
 Some teach why round the Sun the Spheres advance,
 In the fix'd Measures of their mystic Dance,
 How Tides, when heav'd by pressing Moons, o'erflow
 And Sun-born *Iris* paints her show'ry Bow.
 In happy Chains our daring Language bound,
 Shall sport no more in arbitrary Sound,
 But buskin'd Bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
 And *Grecian* Plans reform *Britannia's* Stage:
 Till *Congreve* bids her smile, *Augusta* stands
 And longs to weep when flowing *Rowe* commands.
Britain's Spectators shall their Strength combine
 To mend our Morals, and our Taste refine,

Fight Virtue's Cause, stand up in Wit's Defence,
 Win us from Vice, and laugh us into Sense.
 Nor, *Prior*, hast thou hush'd the Trump in vain,
 Thy Lyre shall now revive her mirthful Strain,
 New Tales shall now be told; if right I see,
 The Soul of *Chaucer* is restor'd in thee.
 Garth, in majestick Numbers, to the Stars
 Shall raise Mock-Heroes, and fantastick Wars;
 Like the young spreading Laurel, *Pope*, thy Name
 Shoots up with Strength, and rises into Fame;
 With *Philips* shall the peaceful Vallies ring,
 And *Britain* hear a second *Spenser* sing.
 That much-lov'd Youth, whom *Utrecht's* Walls confine,
 To *Bristol's* Praises shall his *Strafford's* join:
 He too, from whom attentive *Oxford* draws
 Rules for just Thinking, and Poetick Laws,
 To growing Bards his learned Aid shall lend,
 The strictest Critick, and the kindest Friend.
 Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude Essays
 Scarce hope for Pardon, not aspire to Praise,
 Cherish'd by you in Time may grow to Fame,
 And mine survive with *Bristol's* glorious Name.
 Fir'd with the Views this glitt'ring Scene displays,
 And smit with Passion for my Country's Praise,
 My artless Reed attempts this lofty Theme,
 Where sacred *Isis* rolls her ancient Stream;
 In Cloister'd Domes the great *Philippa's* Pride,
 Where Learning blooms, while Fame and Worth preside,
 Where the Fifth *Henry* Arts and Arms was taught,
 And *Edward* form'd his *Cressy*, yet unfought,
 Where Laurel'd Bards have struck the warbling Strings,
 The Seat of Sages, and the Nurse of Kings.
 Here thy Commands, O *Lancaster*, inflame
 My eager Breast to raise the *British* Name,
 Urge on my Soul, with no ignoble Pride,
 To woo the Muse, whom *Addison* enjoy'd,
 See that bold Swan to Heav'n sublimely soar,
 Pursue at Distance, and his Steps adore.



To Mr. ADDISON on his Opera
ROSAMOND.

— Ne fortè pudori
Sit Tibi Musa Lyrae solers, & Cantor Apollo.

THE Opera first *Italian* Masters taught,
Enrich'd with Songs, but innocent of Thought;
Britannia's learned Theatre disdains
Melodious Trifles, and enervate Strains;
And blushes, on her injur'd Stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet Stupidity.

No Charms are wanting to thy artful Song,
Soft as *Corelli*, and as *Virgil* strong.
From Words so sweet new Grace the Notes receive,
And Music borrows Helps, she us'd to give.
Thy Stile hath match'd what ancient *Romans* knew,
Thy flowing Numbers far excel the new.
Their Cadence in such easy Sound convey'd,
That height of Thought may seem superfluous Aid;
Yet in such Charms the noble Thoughts abound,
That needles seem the Sweets of easy Sound.

Landskips how gay the bow'ry Grotto yields,
Which Thought creates, and lavish Fancy builds!
What Art can trace the visionary Scenes,
The flow'ry Groves, and everlasting Greens,
The babbling Sounds that mimic Echo plays,
The fairy Shade, and its eternal Maze?
Nature and Art in all their Charms combin'd,
And all *Elysium* to one View confin'd!
No further could Imagination roam,

'Till *Vanbrugh* fram'd, and *Marlbro'* rais'd the Dome.
Ten thousand Pangs my anxious Bosom tear,
When drown'd in Tears I see th' imploring Fair;

When

When Bards less soft the moving Words supply,
 A seeming Justice dooms the Nymph to die;
 But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain;
 (In dirges thus expiring Swans complain;))
 Each Verse so swells expressive of her Woes,
 And ev'ry Tear in Lines so mournful flows;
 We, spite of Fame, her Fate revers'd believe,
 O'erlook her Crimes, and think she ought to live.
 Let Joy salute fair *Rosamonda's* Shade,
 And wreaths of Myrtle crown the lovely Maid.
 While now perhaps with *Dido's* Ghost she roves,
 And hears and tells the Story of their Loves,
 Alike they mourn, alike they bless their Fate,
 Since Love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great.
 Nor longer that relentless Doom bemoan,
 Which gain'd a *Virgil*, and an *Addison*.
 Accept, great Monarch of the *British* Lays,
 The tribute Song an humble Subject pays.
 So tries the artless Lark her early Flight,
 And soars, to hail the God of Verse, and Light.
 Unrival'd as unmatch'd be still thy Fame,
 And thy own Laurels shade thy envy'd Name:
 Thy Name, the boast of all the tuneful Quire,
 Shall tremble on the Strings of ev'ry Lyre;
 While the charm'd Reader with thy Thought complies,
 Feels corresponding Joys or Sorrows rise,
 And views thy *Rosamond* with *Henry's* Eyes. }



To the same on his Tragedy of CATO.

TOO long hath Love engross'd *Britannia's* Stage,
 And sunk to Softness all our tragic Rage:
 By that alone did Empires fall or rise,
 And Fate depended on a fair one's Eyes:

The sweet Infection, mixt with dangerous Art,
 Debas'd our Manhood, while it sooth'd the Heart.
 You scorn to raise a Grief thyself must blame,
 Nor from our Weakness steal a vulgar Fame:
 A Patriot's Fall may justly melt the Mind,
 And Tears flow nobly, shed for all Mankind.

How do our Souls with gen'rous Pleasure glow!
 Our Hearts exulting, while our Eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm Hero stands beneath the Weight
 Of all his Sufferings venerably Great?

Rome's poor Remains still shelt'ring by his Side,
 With conscious Virtue and becoming Pride.

The aged Oak thus rears his Head in Air,
 His Sap exhausted, and his Branches bare,
 'Midst Storms and Earthquakes, he maintains his State,
 Fixt deep in Earth, and fasten'd by his Weight:
 His naked Boughs still lend the Shepherds Aid,
 And his old Trunk projects an awful Shade.

Amidst the Joys triumphant Peace bestows,
 Our Patriots sadden at his glorious Woes,
 Awhile they let the World's great Business wait,
 Anxious for *Rome*, and sigh for *Cato's* Fate.
 Here taught how ancient Heroes rose to Fame,
 Our *Britons* crowd, and catch the *Roman* Flame,
 Where States and Senates well might lend an Ear,
 And Kings and Priests without a Blush appear.

France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
 Now first pays Homage to her Rival's Stage,
 Hastes to learn thee, and Learning shall submit
 Alike to *British* Arms, and *British* Wit:
 No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
 Who think like *Romans*, could like *Romans* fight.

Thy *Oxford* smiles this glorious Work to see,
 And fondly triumphs in a Son like thee.
 The Senates, Consuls, and the Gods of *Rome*,
 Like old Acquaintance at their native Home,
 In thee we find: each Deed, each Word express,
 And ev'ry Thought that swell'd a *Roman* Breast,

We trace each Hint that could thy Soul inspire
With *Virgil's* Judgment, and with *Lucan's* Fire;
We know thy Worth, and give us leave to boast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.



The Royal Progress.

WHEN *Brunswick* first appear'd, each honest Heart,
Intent on Verse, disdain'd the Rules of Art;
For him the Songsters, in unmeasur'd Odes,
Debas'd *Alcides*, and dethron'd the Gods,
In golden Chains the Kings of *India* led,
Or rent the Turban from the Sultan's Head.
One, in old Fables, and the Pagan Strain,
With Nymphs and Tritons, wafts him o'er the Main;
Another draws fierce *Lucifer* in Arms,
And fills th' infernal Region with Alarms:
A third awakes some Druid to foretel
Each future Triumph, from his dreary Cell.
Explod'd Fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the Mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My Muse th' expected Hero shall pursue
From Clime to Clime, and keep him still in View:
His shining March describe in faithful Lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
Their Charms, if Charms they have, the Truth supplies,
And from the Theme unlabour'd Beauties rise.
By longing Nations for the Throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the Rights of Human-kind;
With secret Grief his god-like Soul repines,
And *Britain's* Crown with joyless Lustre shines,
While Prayers and Tears his destin'd Progress stay,
And Crowds of Mourners choke their Sov'reign's Way!
Not so he march'd, when hostile Squadrons stood
In Scenes of Death, and fir'd his generous Blood;

When his hot Courser paw'd th' *Hungarian* Plain,
 And adverse Legions stood the Shock in vain.
 His Frontiers past, the *Belgian* Bounds he views,
 And cross the level Fields his March pursues.
 Here pleas'd the Land of Freedom to survey,
 He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless Sway.
 O'er the thin Soil, with silent Joy, he spies
 Transplanted Woods, and borrow'd Verdure rise ;
 Where every Meadow won with Toil and Blood,
 From haughty Tyrants and the raging Flood,
 With Fruits and Flow'rs the careful Hind supplies,
 And clothes the Marshes in a rich Disguise.
 Such Wealth for frugal Hands doth Heav'n decree,
 And such thy Gifts, celestial Liberty !

Through stately Towns, and many a fertile Plain,
 The Pomp advances to the neighbouring Main,
 Whole Nations croud around with joyful Cries,
 And view the Hero with insatiate Eyes.

In *Haga's* Towers he waits, 'till eastern Gales
 Propitious rise to swell the *British* Sails.
 Hither the Fame of *England's* Monarch brings
 The Vows and Friendships of the neighb'ring Kings ;
 Mature in Wisdom, his extensive Mind
 Takes in the blended Int'rests of Mankind,
 The World's great Patriot. Calm thy anxious Breast,
 Secure in him, O *Europe*, take thy Rest ;
 Henceforth thy Kingdoms shall remain confin'd
 By Rocks or Streams, the Mounds which Heav'n design'd
 The *Alps* their new-made Monarch shall restrain,
 Nor shall thy Hills, *Pirene*, rise in vain.

But see ! to *Britain's* Isle the Squadrons stand,
 And leave the sinking Tow'rs, and lessening Land.
 The royal Bark bounds o'er the floating Plain,
 Breaks thro' the Billows, and divides the Main.
 O'er the vast Deep, great Monarch, dart thine Eyes,
 A watry Prospect bounded by the Skies :
 Ten thousand Vessels, from Ten thousand Shores,
 Bring Gums and Gold, and either *India's* Stores :

Behold

Behold the Tributes hast'ning to thy Throne,
 And see the wide Horizon all thy own.
 Still is it thine; tho' now the chearful Crew
 Hail *Albion's* Cliffs; just whitening to the View.
 Before the Wind with swelling Sails they ride,
 Till *Thames* receives them in his opening Tide,
 The Monarch hears the thund'ring Peals around,
 From trembling Woods and echoing Hills rebound,
 Nor misses yet, amid the deafening Train,
 The Roarings of the hoarse-resounding Main.
 As in the Flood he sails, from either Side
 He views his Kingdom in its rural Pride;
 A various Scene the wide-spread Landskip yields,
 O'er rich Inclosures and luxuriant Fields;
 A lowing Herd each fertile Pasture fills,
 And distant Flocks stray o'er a thousand Hills.
 Fair *Greenwich* hid in Woods with new Delight,
 Made above Shade, now rises to the Sight:
 His Woods ordain'd to visit ev'ry Shore,
 And guard the Island which they grac'd before.
 The Sun now rolling down the western Way,
 A blaze of Fires renews the fading Day;
 Unnumber'd Barks the regal Barge infold,
 Brightening the Twilight with its beamy Gold;
 Less thick the finny Shoals, a countless Fry,
 Before the Whale or kingly Dolphin fly.
 In one vast Shout he seeks the crowded Strand,
 And in a Peal of Thunder gains the Land.
 Welcome, great Stranger, to our longing Eyes,
 Th' King desir'd, adopted *Albion* cries.
 For thee the East breath'd out a prosperous Breeze,
 Bright were the Suns, and gently swell'd the Seas.
 Thy Presence did each doubtful Heart compose,
 And Factions wonder'd that they once were Foes.
 That joyful day they lost each hostile Name,
 The same their Aspect, and their Voice the same.
 So two fair Twins, whose Features were design'd
 In one soft Moment in the Mother's Mind,

Show each the other with reflected Grace,
And the same Beauties bloom in either Face ;
The puzzled Strangers which is which enquire ;
Delusion grateful to the smiling Sire.

From that fair * Hill, where hoary Sages boast
To name the Stars, and count the heav'nly Host,
By the next Dawn doth great *Augusta* rise,
Proud Town ! the noblest Scene beneath the Skies,
O'er *Thames* her thousand Spires their Lustre shed,
And a vast Navy hides his ample Bed,
A floating Forest. From the distant Strand
A Line of golden Carrs strikes o'er the Land :
Britannia's Peers in Pomp and rich Array,
Before their King, triumphant, lead the Way.
Far as the Eye can reach, the gaudy Train,
A bright Procession, shines along the Plain.

So, haply, through the Heav'n's wide pathless Ways
A Comet draws a long extended Blaze ;
From East to West burns through th' ethereal Frame,
And half Heav'n's Convex glitters with the Flame.

Now to the regal Tow'rs securely brought,
He plans *Britannia's* Glories in his Thought ;
Resumes the delegated Pow'r he gave,
Rewards the Faithful, and restores the Brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining Throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her Song ?
Thee, *Halifax*. To thy capacious Mind,
O Man approv'd, is *Britain's* Wealth consign'd.
Her Coin, while *Nassau* fought, debas'd and rude,
By thee in Beauty and in Truth renews'd,
An arduous Work ! again thy Charge we see,
And thy own Care once more returns to thee.
O ! form'd in every Scene to awe and please,
Mix Wit with Pomp, and Dignity with Ease :
Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on Arts thyself did once adorn :

* *Mr. Flamstead's House.*

For this thy Name succeeding Time shall praise,
 And envy less thy Garter, than thy Bays.
 The Muse, if fir'd with thy enliv'ning Beams,
 Perhaps shall aim at more exalted Themes,
 Record our Monarch in a nobler Strain,
 And sing the op'ning Wonders of his Reign :
 Bright *Carolina's* heav'nly Beauties trace,
 Her valiant Consort, and his blooming Race.
 A train of Kings their fruitful Love supplies,
 A glorious Scene to *Albion's* ravish'd Eyes ;
 Who sees by *Brunswick's* Hand her Scepter sway'd,
 And through his Line from Age to Age convey'd.



An Imitation of the Prophecy of NEREUS,
From Horace. Book I. Ode XV.

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio. non secus in jugis
Exsarnis stupet Evias
Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Lustratam Rhodopen. ————— Hor.

AS *Mar* his Round one Morning took,
 (Whom some call Earl, and some call Duke)
 And his new Brethren of the Blade,
 Shiv'ring with Fear and Frost, survey'd,
 On *Pert's* bleak Hills he chanc'd to spy
 An aged Wizard six Foot high,
 With bristled Hair, and Visage blighted,
 Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd and Second-fighted.
 The grizly Sage in Thought profound
 Beheld the Chief with Back so round,

Then

Then roll'd his Eye-balls to and fro
O'er his paternal Hills of Snow,
And into these tremendous Speeches
Broke forth the Prophet without Breeches.

Into what Ills betray'd, by thee,
This ancient Kingdom do I see !
Her Realms un-peopled and forlorn !
Wae's me ! that ever thou wert born !
Proud *English* Loons (our Clans o'ercome)
On *Scotish* Pads shall amble home ;
I see them drest in Bonnets blue,
(The Spoils of thy rebellious Crew)
I see the Target, cast away,
And chequer'd Plad become their Prey,
The chequer'd Plad to make a Gown
For many a Lads in *London* Town.

In vain thy hungry Mountaineers
Come forth in all their warlike Geers,
The Shield, the Pistol, Durk, and Dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger,
And oft have sally'd out to pillage
The Hen-roosts of some peaceful Village,
Or, while their Neighbours were asleep,
Have carry'd off a low-land Sheep.

What boots thy high-born Host of Beggars,
Mac-leans, *Mac-kenzies*, and *Mac-gregors*,
With Popish Cut-throats, perjur'd Ruffians,
And *Forster's* Troop of Raggamuffins ?

In vain thy Lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with Bag-pipe and with Brandy.
Doth not bold *Sutherland* the trusty,
With Heart so true, and Voice so rusty,
(A loyal Soul) thy Troops affright,
While hoarsely he demands the Fight ?
Dost thou not gen'rous *Ilay* dread,
The bravest Hand, the wisest Head ?
Undaunted dost thou hear th' Alarms
Of hoary *Asbole* sheath'd in Arms ?

Douglas,

Douglas, who draws his Lineage down
From *Thanes* and *Peers* of high Renown,
Fiercy, and young, and uncontrol'd,
With *Knights*, and *Squires*, and *Barons Bold*,
(His noble Household-Band) advances,
And on his Milk-white Courser prances.

Thee *Forfar* to the Combat dares,
Grown swarthy in *Iberian Wars* :
And *Monroe* kindled into Rage
Scourly defies thee to engage ;
He'll rout thy Foot, though ne'er so many,
And Horse to boot-----if thou hadst any.

But see *Argyle*, with watchful Eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep Entrenchments lies !
Touch'd like a Lion in thy way,
He waits to spring upon his Prey ;
While like a Herd of tim'rous Deer,
Thy Army shakes and pants with Fear,
Led, by their doughty Gen'ral's Skill,
From Frith to Frith, from Hill to Hill.

Is thus thy haughty Promise paid
That to the *Chevalier* was made,
When thou didst Oaths and Duty barter,
For Dukedom, Gen'ralship, and Garter ?
Three Moons thy *Jemmy* shall command,
With highland Scepter in his Hand,
Too good for his pretended Birth.

---Then down shall fall the King of *Perth*.
'Tis so decreed : for *GEORGE* shall reign,
And Traitors be forsworn in vain.
Heav'n shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an *Argyle*.

While thou, pursu'd by vengeful Foes,
Condemn'd to barren Rocks and Snows,
And hinder'd passing *Inverlochy*,
Shall burn thy Clan, and curse poor *Jocky*.

*An EPISTLE from a Lady in England
to a Gentleman at Avignon.*

TO thee, dear Rover, and thy vanquish'd Friends,
The Health, she wants, thy gentle *Chloe* sends.
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
Worse than an Exile on my native Shore.
Companions in your Master's Flight you roam,
Unenvy'd by your haughty Foes at home;
For ever near the royal Outlaws side
You share his Fortunes, and his Hopes divide,
On glorious Schemes, and Thoughts of Empire dwell,
And with imaginary Titles swell.

Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred Line,
The passive Doctrine, and the Right Divine,
Say, what new Succours does the Chief prepare?
The Strength of Armies? or the Force of Pray'r?
Does he from Heav'n or Earth his Hopes derive?
From Saints departed, or from Priests alive?
Nor Saints nor Priests can *Brunswick's* Troops withstand
And Beads drop useless through the Zealot's Hand;
Heav'n to our Vows may future Kingdoms owe,
But Skill and Courage win the Crowns below.

Ere to thy Cause, and thee, my Heart inclin'd,
Or Love to Party had seduc'd my Mind,
In female Joys I took a dull Delight,
Slept all the Morn, and punted half the Night:
But now, with Fears and public Cares possess'd,
The Church, the Church, for ever breaks my Rest.
The *Postboy* on my Pillow I explore,
And sift the News of ev'ry foreign Shore,
Studious to find new Friends, and new Allies;
What Armies march from *Sweden* in disguise;
How *Spain* prepares her Banners to unfold,
And *Rome* deals out her Blessings, and her Gold:

Then o'er the Map my Finger, taught to stray,
 Cross many a Region marks the winding Way;
 From Sea to Sea, from Realm to Realm I rove,
 And grow a meer Geographer by Love:
 Not still *Avignon*, and the pleasing Coast
 That holds thee banish'd, claims my Care the most:
 Oft on the well-known Spot I fix my Eyes,
 And span the Distance that between us lies.

Let not our *James* tho' foil'd in Arms, despair,
 Whilst on his side he reckons half the Fair:
 In *Britain's* lovely Isle a shining Throng
 War in his Cause, a thousand Beauties strong.
 Th' unthinking Victors vainly boast their Pow'rs;
 Be theirs the Musket, while the Tongue is ours.
 We reason with such Fluency and Fire,
 The Beaux we baffle, and the Learned tire,
 Against her Prelates plead the Church's Cause,
 And from our Judges vindicate the Laws.
 Then mourn not, hapless Prince, thy Kingdoms lost,
 A Crown, tho' late, thy sacred Brow may boast;
 Heav'n seems through us thy Empire to decree;
 Those who win Hearts, have giv'n their Hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard that, when profusely gay,
 Our well-drest Rivals grac'd their Sov'reign's Day,
 We stubborn Damsels met the public View
 In loathsome Wormwood, and repenting Rue?
 What Whig but trembled, when our spotless Band
 In Virgin-Roses whiten'd half the Land!
 Who can forget what Fears the Foe possess'd,
 When Oaken-boughs mark'd ev'ry loyal Breast!
 Lost scar'd near *Medway's* Stream the *Norman* stood,
 When cross the Plain he spy'd a marching Wood,
 Till, near at hand, a gleam of Swords betray'd
 The Youth of *Kent* beneath its wandring Shade.

Those, who the Succours of the Fair despise,
 May find that we have Nails as well as Eyes.
 Thy female Bands, O Prince by Fortune cross'd,
 At least more Courage than thy Men may boast:

Our

Our Sex has dar'd the Mug-house Chiefs to meet,
 And purchas'd Fame in many a well-fought Street.
 From *Drury-Lane*, the Region of Renown,
 The Land of Love, the *Paphos* of the Town,
 Fair Patriots sallying oft have put to flight
 With all their Poles the Guardians of the Night,
 And bore, with Screams of Triumph, to their Side
 The Leader's Staff in all its painted Pride.
 Nor fears the Hawker in her warbling Note
 To vend the discontented Statesman's Thought,
 Tho' red with Stripes, and recent from the Thong,
 Sore smitten for the Love of sacred Song,
 The tuneful Sisters still pursue their Trade,
 Like *Philomela* darkling in the Shade.
 Poor *Trott* attends, forgetful of a Fare,
 And hums in Concert o'er his empty Chair,
 Mean while, regardless of the royal Cause,
 His Sword for *James* no brother Sov'reign draws.
 The Pope himself, surrounded with Alarms,
 To *France* his Bulls, to *Corfu* sends his Arms,
 And though he hears his darling Son's Complaint,
 Can hardly spare one tutelary Saint,
 But lifts them all to guard his own Abodes,
 And into ready Money coins his Gods.
 The dauntless *Swede*, pursu'd by vengeful Poes,
 Scarce keeps his own hereditary Snows;
 Nor must the friendly Roof of kind *Lorrain*
 With Feasts regale our garter'd Youth again.
 Safe, *Bar-le-duc*, within thy silent Grove
 The Pheasant now may perch, the Hare may rove:
 The Knight, who aims unerring from afar,
 Th' advent'rous Knight, now quits the sylvan War:
 Thy brinded Boars may slumber undismay'd,
 Or grunt secure beneath the Chesnut Shade.
 Inconstant *Orleans*, (still we mourn the Day
 That trusted *Orleans* with imperial Sway,)
 Far o'er the *Alps* our helpless Monarch sends,
 Far from the Call of his desponding Friends,

Such

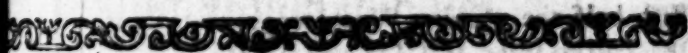
Such are the Terms, to gain *Britannia's* Grace!
 And such the Terrors of the *Brunswick* Race!
 Was it for this the Sun's whole Lustre fail'd,
 And sudden Midnight o'er the Moon prevail'd!
 For this did Heav'n display to mortal Eyes
 Serial Knights and Combats in the Skies!
 Was it for this *Northumbrian* Streams look'd red!
 And *Thames* driv'n backward show'd his secret Bed!
 False Auguries! th' insulting Victors scorn!
 Ev'n our own Prodigies against us turn!
 O Portents constru'd on our side in vain!
 Let never Tory trust Eclipse again!
 Run clear, ye Fountains! be at Peace, ye Skies;
 And *Thames* henceforth to thy green Borders rise!
 To *Rome* then must the royal Wand'rer go,
 And fall a Suppliant at the papal Toe?
 His Life in Sloth inglorious must he wear,
 One half in Luxury, and one in Pray'r;
 His Mind perhaps at length debauch'd with Ease,
 The proffer'd Purple and the Hat may please.
 Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal Race
 To mighty *Nimrod* in one Line we trace,
 In solemn Conclave sit, devoid of Thought,
 And poll for points of Faith his trusty Vot'
 Be summon'd to his Stall in time of Need,
 And with his casting Suffrage fix a Creed!
 Shall he in Robes on stated Days appear,
 And *English* Heretics curse once a Year!
 Garnet and *Faux* shall he with Pray'rs invoke,
 And beg that *Smithfield* Piles once more may smoke!
 Forbid it Heav'n! my Soul, to Fury wrought,
 Turns almost *Hanoverian* at the Thought.
 From *James* and *Rome* I feel my Heart decline,
 And fear, O *Brunswick*, 'twill be wholly thine;
 Yet still his Share thy Rival will contest,
 And still the double Claim divides my Breast.
 The Fate of *James* with pitying Eyes I view,
 And wish my Homage were not *Brunswick's* due:

To *James* my Passion and my Weakness guide,
 But Reason sways me to the Victor's side.
 Though griev'd I speak it, let the Truth appear!
 You know my Language, and my Heart, sincere.
 In vain did Falshood his fair Frame disgrace;
 What Force had Falshood, when he show'd his Face!
 In vain to War our boastful Clans were led;
 Heaps driv'n on Heaps, in the dire Shock they fled:
France shuns his Wrath, nor raises to our Shame
 A second *Dunkirk* in another Name:
 In *Britain's* Funds their Wealth all *Europe* throws,
 And up the *Thames* the World's Abundance flows:
 Spite of feign'd Fears, and artificial Cries,
 The pious Town sees fifty Churches rise:
 The Hero triumphs as his Worth is known,
 And sits more firmly on his shaken Throne.

To my sad Thought no Beam of Hope appears
 Through the long Prospect of succeeding Years.
 The Son aspiring to his Father's Fame,
 Shows all his Sire: another and the same.
 He, blest in lovely *Carolina's* Arms,
 To future Ages propagates her Charms:
 With Pain and Joy at strife, I often trace
 The mingled Parents in each Daughter's Face,
 Half sick'ning at the sight, too well I spy
 The Father's Spirit through the Mother's Eye:
 In vain new Thoughts of Rage I entertain,
 And strive to hate their Innocence in vain.

O Princess! happy by thy Foes confess!
 Blest in thy Husband! in thy Children blest!
 As they from thee, from them new Beauties born,
 While *Europe* lasts; shall *Europe's* Thrones adorn.
 Transplanted to each Court, in times to come,
 Thy Smile celestial and unfading Bloom,
 Great *Austria's* Sons with softer Lines shall grace,
 And smooth the Frowns of *Bourbon's* haughty Race.
 The fair Descendents of thy sacred Bed,
 Wide-branching o'er the western World shall spread

the fam'd *Banian* Tree, whose pliant Shoot
 Earthward bending of itself takes Root,
 like their Mother-plant, ten Thousand stand
 verdant Arches on the fertile Land;
 beneath her Shade the tawny *Indians* rove,
 hunt at large through the wide echoing Grove.
 O thou, to whom these mournful Lines I send,
 my promis'd Husband, and my dearest Friend;
 since Heav'n appoints this favour'd Race to reign,
 and Blood has drench'd the *Scotish* Fields in vain;
 wilt I be wretched, and thy Flight partake?
 wilt not thou, for thy lov'd *Chloe's* sake,
 'd out at length, submit to Fate's Decree?
 not to *Brunswick*, O return to me!
 strate before the Victor's Mercy bend:
 that spares whole Thousands, may to thee extend.
 could blinded Friends thy doubtful Conduct blame,
 great *Brunswick's* Virtues will secure thy Fame:
 y, these invite thee to approach his Throne,
 and own the Monarch, Heav'n vouchsafes to own:
 the World, convinc'd, thy Reasons will approve;
 y this to them; but swear to me 'twas Love.



An ODE, occasion'd by his Excellency the
 Earl of Stanhope's Voyage to France.

I.

FAIR Daughter once of *Windsor's* Woods!
 In Safety o'er the rolling Floods,
Britannia's Boast and darling Care,
 with the Fate of *Europe*, bear.
 May Winds propitious on his way
 The Minister of Peace convey;
 Nor rebel Wave, nor rising Storm
 Great *George's* liquid Realms deform.

II. Our

II.

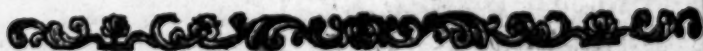
Our Vows are heard. Thy crowded Sails
 Already swell with western Gales;
 Already *Albion's* Coast retires,
 And *Calais* multiplies her Spires:
 At length has royal *Orleans* prest,
 With open Arms, the well-known Guest;
 Before in sacred Friendship join'd,
 And now in Counsels for Mankind:

III.

Whilst his clear Schemes our Patriot shows,
 And plans the threaten'd World's Repose,
 They fix each haughty Monarch's Doom,
 And bless whole Ages yet to come.
 Henceforth great *Brunswick* shall decree
 What Flag must awe the *Tyrrhene* Sea;
 For whom the *Tuscan* Grape shall glow;
 And fruitful *Arctusa* flow.

IV.

See in firm Leagues with *Thames* combine
 The *Seine*, the *Maese*, and distant *Rhine*!
 Nor, *Ebro*, let thy single Rage
 With half the warring World engage.
 Oh! call to mind thy Thousands slain,
 And *Almanara's* fatal Plain;
 While yet the *Gallic* Terrors sleep,
 Nor *Britain* thunders from the Deep.



PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford

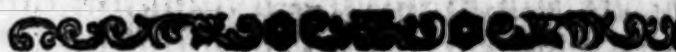
WHAT Kings henceforth shall reign, what States
 be free,

Is fix'd at length by *Anna's* just Decree:
 Whose Brows the Muse's sacred Wreath shall fit,
 Is left to you the Arbiters of Wit.

With beating Hearts the rival Poets wait,
 Till you, *Athenians*, shall decide their Fate;
 Secure, when to these learned Seats they come,
 Of equal Judgment, and impartial Doom.
 Poor is the Player's Fame, whose whole Renown
 Is but the Praise of a capricious Town;
 While with Mock-Majesty, and fancy'd Pow'r,
 He struts in Robes, the Monarch of an Hour.
 Of wide of Nature must he act a Part,
 To make Love in Tropes, in Bombast break his Heart:
 A Turn and Simile resign his Breath,
 And rhyme and quibble in the Pangs of Death.
 We blush, when Plays like these, receive Applause;
 And laugh, in secret, at the Tears we cause;
 With honest Scorn our own Success disdain,
 A worthless Honour, and inglorious Gain.
 No trifling Scenes at *Oxford* shall appear;
 Well, what we blush to act, may you to hear.
 To you our fam'd, our standard Plays we bring,
 The Work of Poets, whom you taught to sing:
 Tho' crown'd with Fame, they dare not think it due,
 Nor take the Laurel till bestow'd by you.
 Great *Cato's* self the Glory of the Stage,
 Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the Age,
 Begs here he may be try'd by *Roman* Laws;
 To you, O Fathers, he submits his Cause;
 He rests not in the People's gen'ral Voice
 Till you, the Senate, have confirm'd his Choice.
 Fine is the Secret, delicate the Art,
 To wind the Passions and command the Heart,
 For fancy'd Ills to force out Tears to flow,
 And make the gen'rous Soul in Love with Woe;
 To raise the Shades of Heroes to our View;
 To rebuild fall'n Empires, and old Time renew.
 How hard the Task! how rare the godlike Rage!
 None should presume to dictate for the Stage,
 But such as boast a great extensive Mind,
 Enrich'd by Nature, and by Art refin'd;

Who

Who from the ancient Stores their Knowledge bring,
 And tasted early of the Muse's Spring.
 May none pretend upon her Throne to sit,
 But such, as sprung from you, are born to Wit:
 Chos'n by the Mob, their lawless Claim we slight:
 Yours is the old hereditary Right.



*Thoughts occasioned by the Sight of an original
 Picture of King CHARLES I. taken at
 the Time of his Trial.*

Inscribed to GEORGE CLARKE, Esq;

— *Animum Pictura pascit inani*
Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum. Vi

CAN this be he! could *Charles*, the Good, the Great
 Be sunk by Heaven to such a dismal State!
 How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with Care!
 What steady Sadness, and august Despair!
 In those sunk Eyes the Grief of Years I trace,
 And Sorrow seems acquainted with that Face.
 Tears, which his Heart disdain'd, from me o'erflow,
 Thus to survey God's Substitute below,
 In solemn Anguish, and majestic Woe.

When spoil'd of Empire by un-hallow'd Hands,
 Sold by his Slaves, and held in impious Bands;
 Rent from, what oft had sweeten'd anxious Life,
 His helpless Children, and his bosom Wife;
 Doom'd for the Faith, plebeian Rage to stand,
 And fall a Victim for the guilty Land;
 Then thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
 The King, the Father, and the Saint to mourn.—
 How could'st thou, Artist, then thy Skill display?
 Thy steady Hands thy savage Heart betray:

Near thy bold Work the stun'd Spectators faint,
Nor see unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'st paint.
What brings to mind each various Scene of Woe,
Th' insulting Judge, the solemn-mocking Show,
The horrid Sentence, and accursed Blow.

Where then, just Heav'n, was thy unactive Hand,
Thy idle Thunder, and thy ling'ring Brand!
Thy Adamantine Shield, thy Angel Wings,
And the great *Genii* of anointed Kings!
Treason and Fraud shall thus the Stars regard!
And injur'd Virtue meet this sad Reward!
So sad, none like, can Time's old Records tell,
Though *Pompey* bled, and poor *Darius* fell.
All Names but one too low—that one too high:
All Parallels are Wrongs, or Blasphemy.

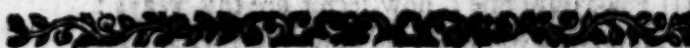
O Pow'r supreme? how secret are thy Ways!
Yet Man, vain Man, would trace the mystic Maze,
With foolish Wisdom, arguing, charge his God,
His Balance hold, and guide his angry Rod;
New-mould the Spheres, and mend the Sky's Design,
And sound th' Immense, with his short scanty Line.
Do thou, my Soul, the destin'd Period wait,
When God shall solve the dark Decrees of Fate,
His now unequal Dispensations clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear;
When suff'ring Saints aloft in Beams shall glow,
And prosp'rous Traitors gnash their Teeth below.

Such boding Thoughts did guilty Conscience dart,
A Pledge of Hell to dying *Cromwell's* Heart:
Then this pale Image seem'd t' invade his Room,
Gaz'd him to Stone, and warn'd him to the Tomb,
While Thunders roll, and nimble Lightnings play,
And the Storm wings his spotted Soul away.

A Blast more bounteous ne'er did Heav'n command
To scatter Blessings o'er the *British* Land.
Not that more kind, which dash'd the Pride of *Spain*,
And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the Main;

Not those more kind, which guide our floating Tow'rs
 Waft Gums and Gold, and made far *India* ours:
 That only kinder, which to *Britain's* Shore
 Did Mitres, Crowns, and *Stuart's* Race restore,
 Renew'd the Church, revers'd the Kingdom's Doom,
 And brought with *Charles* an *Anna* yet to come.

O *Clarke*, to whom a *Stuart* trusts her Reign
 O'er *Albion's* Fleets, and delegates the Main;
 Dear, as the Faith thy loyal Heart hath sworn,
 Transmit this Piece to Ages yet unborn.
 This Sight shall damp the raging *Russian's* Breast,
 The Poison spill, and half-drawn Sword arrest;
 To soft Compassion stubborn Traitors bend,
 And one destroy'd, a thousand Kings defend.



A Fragment of a Poem on Hunting.

*Dona cano Divum, lætas venantibus artes,
 Auspicio, Diana, tuo ————— Gratius.*

Horses and Hounds, their Care, their various Race,
 The numerous Beasts, that range the rural Chase
 The Huntsman's chosen Scenes, his friendly Stars,
 The Laws and Glory of the Sylvan Wars,
 I first in *British* Verse presume to raise;
 A vent'rous Rival of the *Roman* Praise.
 Let me, chaste Queen of Woods, thy Aid obtain,
 Bring here thy light-foot Nymphs, and sprightly Train
 If oft, o'er Lawns, thy Care prevents the Day
 To rouse the Foe, and press the bounding Prey,
 Woo thine own *Phæbus* in the Task to join,
 And grant me Genius for the bold Design.
 In this soft Shade, O, sooth the Warrior's Fire,
 And fit his Bow-string to the trembling Lyre,

and teach, while thus their Arts and Arms we sing,
The Groves to echo, and the Vales to ring.

Thy Care be first the various Gifts to trace,
The Minds and Genius of the latrant Race.
Pow'rs distinct the diff'rent Clans excel,
Sight or Swiftness, or sagacious Smell;
Wiles ungenerous some surprise the Prey,
and some by Courage win the doubtful Day.
Art thou the Gaze-hound! how with Glance severe
from the close Herd he marks the destin'd Deer!
How every Nerve the Greyhound's stretch displays,
The Hare preventing in her airy Maze;
The luckless Prey how treach'rous Tumblers gain,
and dauntless Wolf dogs shake the Lion's Mane;
Ever all, the Blood-hound boasts superior Skill,
To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill!
His Fellows' vain Alarms rejects with Scorn,
True to the Master's Voice, and learned Horn.
His Nostrils oft, if ancient Fame sing true,
Trace the sly Felon through the tainted Dew,
Once snuff'd he follows with unalter'd Aim,
Nor Odours lure him from the chosen Game,
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.
Some Hounds of Manners vile, nor less we find
Of Fops in Hounds, than in the reas'ning Kind,
And with Conceit run gladding o'er the Plain,
And from the Scent divert the wiser Train;
For the Foe's Footsteps fondly snuff their own,
And mar the Music with their senseless Tone;
Start at the starting Prey, or rustling Wind,
And, hot at first, inglorious lag behind.
Slanting Tribe! may such my Foes disgrace.
Give me, ye Gods, to breed the nobler Race.
Nor grieve thou to attend, while Truths unknown
sing, and make *Asbenian* Arts our own.

Dost thou in Hounds aspire to deathless Fame?
 Learn well their Lineage and their ancient Stem.
 Each Tribe with joy old rustic Heralds trace,
 And sing the chosen Worthies of their Race;
 How his Sire's Features in the Son were spy'd,
 When *Die* was made the vig'rous *Ringwood's* Bride.
 Lest sure thick Lips the Fate of *Austria* doom,
 Or eagle Noses rul'd almighty *Rome*.

Good Shape to various Kinds old Bards confine,
 Some praise the *Greek*, and some the *Roman* Line;
 And Dogs to Beauty make as diff'ring Claims,
 As *Albion's* Nymphs, and *India's* jetty Dames.
 Immense to name their Lands, to mark their Bounds,
 And paint the thousand Families of Hounds:
 First count the Sands, the Drops where Oceans flow,
 Or *Gauls* by *Marlbrough* sent to Shades below.
 The Task be mine to teach *Britannia's* Swains,
 My much-lov'd Country, and my native Plains.

Such be the Dog, I charge, thou mean'st to train,
 His Back is crooked, and his Belly plain,
 Of Fillet stretch'd, and huge of Haunch behind,
 A tap'ring Tail, that nimbly cuts the Wind;
 Truss-thigh'd, straight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd his Paw,
 Large-leg'd, dry-sol'd, and of protended Claw.
 His flat, wide Nostrils snuff the sav'ry Steam,
 And from his Eyes he shoots pernicious Gleam;
 Middling his Head, and prone to Earth his View,
 With Ears and Chest that dash the Morning Dew:
 He best to stem the Flood, to leap the Bound,
 And charm the *Dryads* with his Voice profound;
 To pay large Tribute to his weary Lord,
 And crown the Sylvan Hero's plenteous Board.

The matron Bitch whose Womb shall best produce
 The Hopes and Fortune of th' illustrious House,
 Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign Seed,
 For various Nature loathes incestuous Breed,
 Is like the Sire throughout, Nor yet displease
 Large Flanks, and Ribs, to give the Teamer-ease.

In Spring let loose thy Pairs. Then all things grow
 The Stings of Pleasure, and the Pangs of Love:
 Ethereal *Jove* then glads, with genial Show'rs,
 Earth's mighty Womb, and strews her Lap with Flow'rs;
 Hence Juices mount, and Buds, embolden'd, try
 More kindly Breezes, and a softer Sky:
 Kind *Venus* reveals. Hark! on ev'ry Bough,
 Lulling Strains the feather'd Warblers woo,
 All Tigers soften in th' infectious Flames,
 And Lions, fawning, court their brindled Dames:
 Great Love pervades the Deep; to please his Mate,
 The Whale, in Gambols, moves his monstrous Weight;
 Heav'd by his wayward Mirth old Ocean roars,
 And scatter'd Navies bulge on distant Shores.
 All Nature smiles; come now, nor fear, my Love,
 To taste the Odours of the wood-bine Grove,
 To pass the evening Gloom: in harmless Play,
 And, sweetly swearing, languish Life away.
 On Altar, bound with recent Flow'rs, I rear
 To thee, best Season of the various Year;
 All hail! such Days in beauteous Order ran,
 So swift, so sweet, when first the World began,
 Eden's Bow'rs, when Man's great Sire assign'd
 The Names, and Natures of the brutal Kind.
 Then Lamb, and Lion friendly walk'd their Round,
 And Hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling Hound;
 Wondrous to tell! but when, with luckless Hand,
 Our daring Mother broke the sole Command,
 When Want and Envy brought their meagre Train,
 When Wrath came down, and Death had leave to reign:
 Hence Foxes earth'd, and Wolves abhor'd the Day,
 And hungry Charles ensnar'd the nightly Prey;
 Hence Arts at first; but witty Want refin'd
 The Huntsman's Wiles, and Famine form'd the Mind.
 Bold *Nimrod* first the Lion's Trophies wore,
 The Panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling Boar;
 He taught to turn the Hare, to bay the Deer,
 And wheel the Courser in his mid Career:

Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant Hand!
 Let me, ye Pow'rs, an humbler Wreath demand.
 No Poms I ask, which Crowns and Scepters yield,
 Nor dang'rous Laurels in the dusty Field;
 Fast by the Forest, and the limpid Spring,
 Give me the Warfare of the Woods to sing,
 To breed my Whelps, and healthful press the Game,
 A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless Name.

And now thy Female bears in ample Womb
 The Bane of Hares, and Triumphs yet to come.
 No Sport, I ween, nor blast of sprightly Horn,
 Should tempt me then to hurt the Whelps unborn.
 Unlock'd, in Covers let her freely run,
 To range thy Courts, and bask before the Sun;
 Near thy full Table let the Fav'rite stand,
 Strok'd by thy Son's, or blooming Daughter's Hand.
 Caress, indulge, by arts the Matron bribe,
 T' improve her Breed, and teem a vig'rous Tribe.

So, if small Things may be compar'd with great,
 And Nature's Works the Muses imitate,
 So, stretch'd in Shades, and lull'd by murm'ring Streams
 Great *Maro's* Breast receiv'd the heav'nly Dreams.
 Recluse, serene the musing Prophet lay,
 'Till Thoughts in embryo, rip'ning, burst their way.
 Hence Bees in State, and foaming Coursers come,
 Heroes, and Gods, and Walls of lofty *Rome*.

• • • • •
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To APOLLO making Love. From
Monfieur FONTENELLE.

I.

I Am, cry'd *Apollo*, when *Daphne* he woo'd,
 And panting for Breath, the coy Virgin pursu'd,
 When his Wisdom, in manner most ample, express'd
 The long List of the Graces his Godship possess'd:

II.

I'm the God of sweet Song, and Inspirer of Lays;
Nor for Lays, nor sweet Song, the fair Fugitive stays;
I'm the God of the Harp—stop my fairest—in vain;
Nor the Harp, nor the Harper, could fetch her again.

III.

Ev'ry Plant, ev'ry Flow'r, and their Virtues I know,
God of Light I'm above, and of Physic below:
At the dreadful Word Physic, the Nymph fled more fast;
At the fatal Word Physic she doubled her haste.

IV.

Thou fond God of Wisdom, then alter thy Phrase,
Did her view thy young Bloom, and thy ravishing Rays,
Tell her less of thy Knowledge, and more of thy Charms,
And my life for't, the Damsel shall fly to thy Arms.

The fatal Curiosity.

MUCH had I heard of fair *Francelia's* Name,
The lavish Praises of the Babler, Fame,
I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the Charmer, with a Critic's Eye,
Resolv'd to find some Fault, before unspy'd,
And disappointed, if but satisfy'd.

Love pierc'd the vassal Heart, that durst rebel,
And where a Judge was meant, a victim fell:
On those dear Eyes, with sweet Perdition gay,
Gaz'd, at once, my Pride and Soul away;
All o'er I felt the luscious Poison run,
And, in a Look, the hasty Conquest won.

Thus the fond Moth around the Taper plays,
And sports, and flutters near the treach'rous Blaze;
Ravish'd with Joy he wings his eager Flight,
Nor dreams of Ruin in so clear a Light;
He tempts his Fate, and courts a glorious Doom,
A bright Destruction, and a shining Tomb.

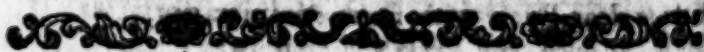


To a L A D Y ; with a Description of
the P H O E N I X.

L Avish of Wit, and bold appear the Lines,
Where *Claudian's* Genius in the *Phoenix* shines;
A thousand Ways each brilliant Point is turn'd,
And the gay Poem, like its Theme, adorn'd:
A Tale more strange ne'er grac'd the Poets Art,
Nor e'er did Fiction play so wild a Part.

Each fabled Charm in matchless *Celia* meets,
The heav'nly Colours, and ambrosial Sweets;
Her virgin Bosom chaster Fires supplies,
And Beams more piercing guard her kindred Eyes.
O'erflowing Wit th' imagin'd Wonder drew,
But fertile Fancy ne'er can reach the true.

Now buds your Youth, your Cheeks their Bloom disclose
Th' untainted Lilly, and unfolding Rose;
Ease in your Mien, and Sweetness in your Face,
You speak a *Siren*, and you move a *Grace*;
Nor Time shall urge these Beauties to decay,
While Virtue gives, what Years shall steal away:
The Fair, whose Youth can boast the Worth of Age,
In Age shall with the Charms of Youth engage;
In ev'ry Change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer *Phoenix* in a purer Flame.



A Description of the Phoenix : From
C L A U D I A N.

I N utmost Ocean lies a lovely Isle,
Where Spring still blooms, and Greens for ever smile
Which sees the Sun put on his first Array,
And hears his panting Steeds bring on the Day;

When

When, from the Deep, they rush with rapid Force,
 And whirl aloft, to run their glorious Course;
 When first appear the ruddy Streaks of Light,
 And glimm'ring Beams dispel the parting Night.
 In these soft Shades, unpress'd by human Feet,
 The happy *Phoenix* keeps his balmy Seat,
 Far from the World disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
 Like the Empire, and its King unknown.
 A God-like Bird! whose endless Round of Years
 Out-lasts the Stars, and tires the circling Spheres;
 Not us'd like vulgar Birds to eat his Fill,
 Or drink the Crystal of the murmur'ing Rill;
 Not fed by Warmth from *Titan's* purer Ray,
 And slak'd by Streams which eastern Seas convey:
 Till he renews his Life in these Abodes,
 Contemns the Pow'r of Fate, and mates the Gods.
 His fiery Eyes shoot forth a glitt'ring Ray,
 And round his Head ten thousand Glories play:
 High on his Crest, a Star celestial bright
 Divides the Darkness with its piercing Light;
 His Legs are stain'd with Purple's lively Dye,
 His azure Wings the fleeting Winds out-fly;
 Soft Plumes of cheerful Blue his Limbs infold,
 enrich'd with Spangles, and bedropt with Gold.
 Begot by none himself, begetting none,
 Of himself he is, and of himself the Son:
 His Life in fruitful Death renews its Date,
 And kind Destruction but prolongs his Fate:
 E'en in the Grave new Strength his Limbs receive,
 And on the fun'ral Pile begin to live.
 Or when a thousand Times the Summer Sun
 His bending Race has on the Zodiac run,
 And when as oft the vernal Signs have roll'd,
 As oft the Wint'ry brought the numbing Cold;
 Then drops the Bird, worn out with aged Cares,
 And bends beneath the mighty Load of Years.
 So falls the stately Pine, that proudly grew,
 The Shade, and Glory of the Mountain's Brow.

When pierc'd by Blasts, and spouting Clouds o'er-spread
It, slowly sinking, nods its tott'ring Head,
Part dies by Winds, and part by sickly Rains,
And wasting Age destroys the poor Remains.

Then, as the silver Empress of the Night
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter Light,
So, froz'n with Age, and shut from Light's Supplie,
In lazy Rounds scarce roll his feeble Eyes,
And those fleet Wings, for Strength and Speed renown'd
Scarce rear th' unactive Lumber from the Ground.

Mysterious Arts a second Time create
The Bird, prophetic of approaching Fate.
Pild on an Heap *Sabean* Herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his Sire the Sun's intensest Rays ;
The Pile design'd to form his fun'ral Scene
He wraps in Covers of a fragrant Green,
And bids the spicy Heap at once become
A Grave destructive, and a teeming Womb.

On the rich Bed the dying Wonder lies,
Imploring *Phæbus* with persuasive Gries,
To dart upon him in collected Rays,
And new-create him in a deadly Blaze.

The God beholds the Suppliant from afar,
And stops the Progress of his heav'nly Carr.

" O Thou, says he, whom harmless Fires shall burn,

" Thy Age the Flame to second Youth shall turn,

" An Infant's Cradle is thy fun'ral Urn.

" Thou, on whom Heav'n has fix'd th' ambiguous Door

" To live by Ruin, and by Death to Bloom,

" Thy Life, thy Strength, thy lovely Form renew,

" And with fresh Beauties doubly charm the View.

Thus speaking, 'midst the aromatic Bed
A golden Beam he tosses from his Head ;
Swift as Desire, the shining Ruin flies,
And straight devours the willing Sacrifice.
Who hastes to perish in the fertile Fire,
Sink into Strength, and into Life expire.

In Flames the circling Odours mount on high,
 perfume the Air, and glitter in the Sky,
 The Moon and Stars, amaz'd, retard their Flight,
 and Nature startles at the doubtful Sight;
 For whilst the pregnant Urn with Fury glows,
 The Goddess labours with a Mother's Throes,
 Her joys to cherish, in the friendly Flames,
 The noblest Product of the Skill she claims.
 Th' enliv'ning Dust its Head begins to rear,
 and on the Ashes sprouting Plumes appear;
 The dead Bird reviving Vigour reigns,
 and Life returning revels in his Veins:
 A new-born *Phoenix* starting from the Flame,
 obtains at once a Son's, and Father's Name:
 And the great Change of double Life displays,
 in the short Moment of one transient Blaze.
 On his new Pinions to the *Nile* he bends,
 and to the Gods his parent Urn commends,
 To *Egypt* bearing, with majestic Pride,
 The balmy Nest, where first he liv'd and dy'd.
 Herds of all Kinds admire th' unusual Sight,
 and grace the Triumph of his infant Flight;
 Crowds unnumber'd round their Chief they fly,
 oppress the Air, and cloud the spacious Sky;
 Nor dares the fiercest of the winged Race
 obstruct his Journey thro' th' æthereal Space,
 The Hawk and Eagle useless Wars forbear,
 Forgo their Courage, and consent to fear;
 The feather'd Nations humble Homage bring,
 and bless the gaudy Flight of their ambrosial King.
 Less glitt'ring Pomp does *Parthia's* Monarch yield,
 commanding Legions to the dusty Field;
 Who sparkling Jewels on his Helm abound,
 and royal Gold his awful Head surround;
 Who rich Embroid'ry paint his purple Vest,
 and his Steed bound in costly Trappings drest,
 Was'd in the Battle's dreadful Van to ride,
 In graceful Grandeur, and imperial Pride.

Fam'd for the Worship of the Sun, there stands
 A sacred Fane in *Egypt's* fruitful Lands,
 Hewn from the *Theban* Mountain's rocky Womb
 An hundred Columns rear the Marble Dome;
 Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious Load,
 A grateful Off'ring to the beamy God;
 Upon whose Altar's consecrated Blaze
 The Seeds and Relicks of himself he lays,
 Whence flaming Incense makes the Temple shine,
 And the glad Altars breathe Perfumes divine.
 The wafted Smell to far *Perusia* flies,
 To cheer old Ocean, and enrich the Skies,
 With *Nectar's* Sweets to make the Nations smile,
 And scent the sev'n-fold Channels of the Nile.

Thrice happy *Phoenix*! Heav'n's peculiar Care
 Has made thyself thyself's surviving Heir;
 By Death thy deathless Vigour is supply'd,
 Which sinks to Ruin all the World beside;
 Thy Age, not thee, assisting *Phabus* burns,
 And vital Flames light up thy fun'ral Urns.
 Whate'er Events have been, thy Eyes survey,
 And thou art fixt, while Ages roll away;
 Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his Bed,
 O'er-top'd the Mountains, and the Earth o'er-spread;
 When the rash Youth inflam'd the high Abodes,
 Scorch'd up the Skies, and scar'd the deathless Gods.
 When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
 Nor second *Chaos* bound thy endless Reign;
 Fate's tyrant Laws thy happier Lot shall brave,
 Baffle Destruction, and elude the Grave.





Verses to Mrs. LOWTHER on her Marriage.

From MENAGE.

THE greatest Swain that treads th' *Arcadian* Grove,
Our Shepherds envy, and our Virgins love,
His charming Nymph, his soster Fair obtains,
The bright *Diana* of our flow'ry Plains :
He, 'midst the graceful, of superior Grace,
And she the loveliest of the loveliest Race.

Thy fruitful Influence, guardian *Juno* shed,
And crown the Pleasures of the genial Bed,
Raise thence, their future Joy, a smiling Heir,
Brave as the Father, as the Mother fair.
Well may'st thou show'r thy choicest Gifts on those,
Who' boldly rival thy most hated Foes ;
The vig'rous Bridegroom with *Alcides* vies,
And the fair Bride has *Cytherea's* Eyes.



To a Lady ; with a Present of Flowers.

THE fragrant Painting of our flow'ry Fields,
The choicest Stores that youthful Summer yields,
Strephon to fair *Elisa* hath convey'd,
The sweetest Garland to the sweetest Maid.
O cheer the Flow'rs, my Fair, and let them rest
On the *Elysium* of thy snowy Breast,
And there regale the Smell, and charm the View,
With richer Odours, and a lovelier Hue.
Learn hence, nor fear a Flatt'rer in the Flow'r,
Thy Form divine, and Beauty's matchless Pow'r :
Faint, near thy Cheeks, the bright Carnation glows,
And thy ripe Lips out-blush the op'ning Rose ;
The Lilly's Snow betrays less pure a Light,
Lost in thy Bosom's more unsullied White ;

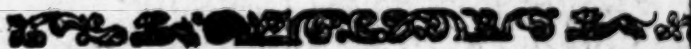
And

And wreaths of Jess'mine shed Perfumes, beneath
Th' ambrosial Incense of thy balmy Breath.

Ten thousand Beauties grace the rival Pair,
How fair the Chaplet, and the Nymph how fair!
But ah! too soon these fleeting Charms decay,
The fading Lustre of one hast'ning Day.

This Night shall see the gaudy Wreath decline,
The Roses wither, and the Lilies pine.

The Garland's Fate to thine shall be apply'd,
And what advance thy Form, shall check thy Pride:
Be wise my Fair, the present Hour improve,
Let Joy be now, and now a waste of Love;
Each drooping Bloom shall plead thy just Excuse,
And that which shew'd thy Beauty, shew its Use.



On a LADY'S PICTURE:

To Gilfred Lawson, Esq;

AS *Damon Chlos's* painted Form survey'd,
He sigh'd, and languish'd for the jilting Shade:
For *Cupid* taught the Artist Hand its Grace,
And *Venus* wanton'd in the mimic Face.

Now he laments a Look so falsely fair,
And almost damns, what yet resembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing Eyes;
Now sated, from the lovely Phantom flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her iv'ry Neck his Lips presume to kiss,
And his bold Hands the swelling Bosom press;
The Swain drinks in deep Draughts of vain Desire,
Melts without Heat, and burns in fancy'd Fire.

Strange Pow'r of Paint! thou nice Creator art!
What Love inspires, may Life itself impart.
Struck with like Wounds, of old, *Pygmalion* pray'd,
And hugg'd to Life his artificial Maid;

Clasp, new *Pygmalion*, clasp the seeming Charms,
 Perhaps ev'n now th' enliv'ning Image warms,
 Destin'd to crown thy Joys, and revel in thy Arms:
 Thy Arms which shall with Fire so fierce invade,
 That she at once shall be, and cease to be a Maid.

}



Part of the Fourth Book of LUCAN.

Cæsar, having resolved to give Battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's Lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the Enemy in the same Field. The Behaviour of their Soldiers, at their seeing and knowing one another, is the Subject of the following Verses.

THEIR ancient Friends, as now they nearer drew,
 Prepar'd for Fight the wond'ring Soldiers knew;
 Brother, with Brother in unnat'ral Strife,
 And the Son arm'd against the Father's Life:
 Curs'd Civil War! then Conscience first was felt,
 And the tough Vet'ran's Heart began to melt.
 Fix'd in dumb Sorrow all at once they stand,
 Then wave, a Pledge of Peace, the guiltless Hand;
 For Vent ten Thousand struggling Passions move,
 The Stings of Nature, and the Pangs of Love.
 All Order broken, wide their Arms they throw,
 And run, with Transport, to the longing Foe:
 Here their long-lost Acquaintance Neighbours claim,
 There an old Friend recalls his Comrade's Name,
 Youths, who in Arts beneath one Tutor grew,
 Rome rent in twain, and kindred Hosts they view.

Tears wet their impious Arms, a fond Relief,
 And Kisses, broke by Sobs, the Words of Grief;
 Though yet no Blood was spilt, each anxious Mind
 With Horror thinks on what his Rage design'd.
 Ah! generous Youths, why thus, with fruitless Pain,
 Beat ye those Breasts? why gush those Eyes in vain?

Why

Why blame ye Heav'n, and charge your Guilt on Fate?
 Why dread the Tyrant, whom yourselves make great?
 Bids he the Trumpet sound? the Trumpet slight.
 Bids he the Standards move? refuse the Fight.
 Your Gen'ral, left by you, will love again,
 A Son and Father, when they're private Men.

Kind Concord, Heav'nly born! whose blissful Reign
 Holds this vast Globe in one surrounding Chain,
 Whose Laws the jarring Elements control,
 And knit each Atom close from Pole to Pole;
 Soul of the World! and Love's eternal Spring!
 This lucky Hour, thy Aid, fair Goddess, bring!
 This lucky Hour, ere aggravated Crimes
 Heap Guilt on Guilt, and doubly stain the Times.
 No Veil henceforth for Sin, for Pardon none;
 They know their Duty, now their Friends are known.
 Vain Wish! from Blood short must the Respite be,
 Now Crimes, by Love inham'd, this Night shall see:
 Such is the Will of Fate, and such the hard Decree.

'Twas Peace. From either Camp, now void of Fear,
 The Soldiers mingling cheerful Feasts prepare:
 On the green Sod the friendly Bowls were crown'd,
 And hasty Banquets pil'd upon the Ground:
 Around the Fire they talk; one shews his Scars,
 One tells what Chance first led him to the Wars;
 Their Stories o'er the tedious Night prevail,
 And the mute Circle listens to the Tale.
 They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could hate,
 Deny their Guilt, and lay the blame on Fate;
 Their Love revives, to make them guiltier grow,
 A short-liv'd Blessing, but to heighten Woe.

When to *Petreus* first the News was told,
 The jealous Gen'ral thought his Legions fold.
 Swift, with the Guards, his head-strong Fury drew,
 From out his Camp he drives the hostile Crew;
 Cuts clasping Friends asunder with his Sword,
 And stains with Blood each hospitable Board.

Then

Then thus his Wrath breaks out. ' Oh ! lost to Fame !
 Oh ! false to *Pompey*, and the *Roman* Name !
 Can ye not conquer, ye degen'rate Bands ?
 Oh ! die at least ; 'tis all that *Rome* demands.
 What ? will ye own, while ye can wield the Sword,
 A rebel Standard, and usurping Lord ?
 Shall he be su'd to take you into Place
 Amongst his Slaves, and grant you equal Grace ?
 What ? shall my Life be begg'd ? inglorious Thought !
 And Life abhor'd, on such Conditions bought ?
 The Toils we bear, my Friends, are not for Life,
 Too mean a Prize in such a dreadful Strife ;
 But Peace would lead to Servitude and Shame,
 A fair Amusement, and a specious Name.
 Never had Man explor'd the iron Ore,
 Mark'd out the Trench, or rais'd the lofty Tow'r,
 Ne'er had the Steed in Harness fought the Plain,
 Or Fleets encounter'd on th' unstable Main ;
 Were Life, were Breath, with Fame to be compar'd,
 Or Peace to glorious Liberty prefer'd.
 By guilty Oaths the hostile Army bound,
 Holds fast its impious Faith, and stands its Ground ;
 Are you perfidious, who espouse the Laws,
 And Traitors only in a righteous Cause ?
 Oh Shame ! in vain through Nations far and wide,
 Thou call'st the crowding Monarchs to thy Side,
 Fall'n *Pompey* ! while thy Legions here betray
 Thy cheap bought Life, and treat thy Fame away ?

He ended fierce. The Soldier's Rage returns,
 His Blood flies upward, and his Bosom burns.

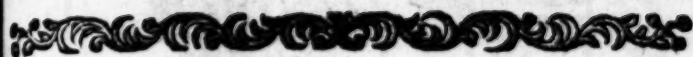
So, haply tam'd, the Tiger bears his Bands,
 Lells grimly growls, and licks his Keeper's Hands ;
 But if by chance he tastes forbidden Gore,
 He yells amain, and makes his Dungeon roar.
 He glares, he foams, he aims a desp'rate Bound,
 And his pale Master flies the dangerous Ground.

Now Deeds are done, which Man might charge aright
 On stubborn Fate, or undiscerning Night,

Had

Had not their Guilt the lawless Soldiers known,
And made the whole Malignity their own.
The Beds, the plenteous Tables float with Gore,
And Breasts are stabb'd, that were embrac'd before:
Pity awhile their Hands from Slaughter kept,
Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept,
But ev'ry Blow their wav'ring Rage assures,
In Murder hardens, and to Blood inures.
Crowds charge on Crowds, nor Friends their Friends descry,
But Sires by Sons, and Sons by Fathers die.
Black, monstrous Rage! each, with victorious Cries,
Drags his slain Friend before the Gen'ral's Eyes,
Exults in Guilt, that throws the only Shame
On *Pompey's* Cause, and blots the *Roman* Name,





THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.





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THE
DEDICATION.

WHEN I first entered upon this Translation, I was ambitious of Dedicating it to the late Earl of *Halifax*, but being prevented from doing myself that Honour, by the unspeakable Loss which our Country hath sustained in the Death of that extraordinary Person, I hope I shall not be blamed for presuming to make a Dedication of it to his Memory. The Greatness of his Name will justify a Practice altogether uncommon, and may gain Favour towards a Work, which (if it had deserved his Patronage) is perhaps the only one inscribed to his Lordship, that will escape being rewarded by him.

I might have one Advantage from such a Dedication, that nothing, I could say in it, would be suspected of Flattery. Besides that the World would take a Pleasure in hearing those Things said of this great Man, now he
is

DEDICATION.

is dead, which he himself would have been offended at when Living. But though I am sensible, so amiable and exalted a Character would be very acceptable to the Public, were I able to draw it in its full Extent: I should be censured very deservedly, should I venture upon an Undertaking, to which I am by no means equal.

His consummate Knowledge in all kinds of Business, his winning Eloquence in public Assemblies, his active Zeal for the Good of his Country, and the Share he had in conveying the supreme Power to an illustrious Family famous for being Friends to Mankind are Subjects easy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhausted. The Nature of the following Performance more directly leads me to lament the Misfortune, which hath befallen the learned World, by the Death of so generous and universal a Patron.

He rested not in a barren Admiration of the polite Arts, wherein he himself was so great a Master; but was acted by that Humanity they naturally inspire: which gave Rise to many excellent Writers, who have cast a Light upon the Age in which he lived, and will distinguish it to Posterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated Pieces have been published for several Years, but what were either promoted by his Encouragement, or supported by his Approbation, or recompensed by his Bounty. And if the Succession

DEDICATION.

Men, who excel in the most refined Arts, should not continue; though some may impute it to a Decay of Genius in our Countrymen; those, who are unacquainted with his Lordship's Character, will know more justly how to account for it.

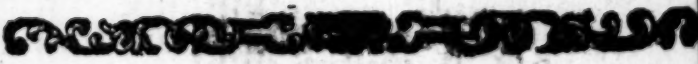
The Cause of Liberty will receive no small Advantage in future Times, when it shall be observed that the Earl of *Halifax* was one of the Patriots who were at the Head of it; and that most of those, who were eminent in the several Parts of polite or useful Learning, were by his Influence and Example engaged in the same Interest.

I hope therefore the Public will excuse my Ambition for thus intruding into the Number of those applauded Men, who have payed him this kind of Homage: especially since I am also prompted to it by Gratitude, for the Protection with which he had begun to honour me; and do it at a time when he cannot suffer by the Importunity of my Acknowledgments.



To the READER.

I Must inform the Reader, that when I begun this First Book, I had some Thoughts of Translating the whole *Iliad*: but had the Pleasure of being diverted from that Design by finding the Work was fallen into a much abler Hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other View in publishing this small Specimen of *Homer's Iliad*, than to bespeak, if possible, the Favour of the Public to a Translation of *Homer's Odyssæis*, wherein I have already made some Progress.





The FIRST BOOK of the

I L I A D.



CHILLES' fatal Wrath, whence Discord
rose,

That brought the Sons of *Greece* unnum-
ber'd Woes,

O Goddess sing. Full many a Hero's Ghost
Was driv'n untimely to th' infernal Coast,

While in promiscuous Heaps their Bodies lay,

Feast for Dogs, and ev'ry Bird of Prey.

Did the Sire of Gods and Men fulfill

A steadfast Purpose, and almighty Will;

At time the haughty Chiefs their Jars begun,

Peleus, King of Men, and *Peleus'* godlike Son.

What God in Strife the Princes did engage?

Atreus, burning with vindictive Rage

Against the scornful King, whose impious Pride

His Priest dishonour'd, and his Pow'r defy'd.

By swift Contagion, by the God's Commands,

Hept through the Camp, and thinn'd the *Grecian* Bands.

For, Wealth immense the holy *Ghryses* bore,

(His Daughter's Ransom) to the tented Shore:

His Scepter stretching forth, the golden Rod,

Surround with hallow'd Garlands of his God,

And all the Host, of ev'ry princely Chief,

At first of *Atreus'* Sons he begg'd Relief.

Great

- ‘ Great *Atreus*’ Sons, and warlike *Greeks* attend.
- ‘ So may th’ immortal Gods your Cause befriend,
- ‘ So may you *Priam*’s lofty Bulwarks burn,
- ‘ And rich in gather’d Spoils to *Greece* return,
- ‘ As for these Gifts my Daughter you bestow,
- ‘ And Rev’rence due to great *Apollo* show,
- ‘ *Jove*’s fav’rite Offspring, terrible in War,
- ‘ Who sends his Shafts, unerring, from afar.

Throughout the Host consenting Murmurs rise
 The Priest to rev’rence, and give back the Prize;
 When the great King, incens’d, his Silence broke
 In Words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke.

- ‘ Hence, Dotard, from my Sight. Nor ever more
- ‘ Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden Shore;
- ‘ Lest thou stretch forth, my Fury to restrain,
- ‘ The Wreaths and Sceptre of thy God, in vain.
- ‘ The Captive Maid I never will resign.
- ‘ Till Age o’ertakes her, I have vow’d her mine.
- ‘ To distant *Argos* shall the Fair be led:
- ‘ She shall; to ply the Loom, and grace my Bed.
- ‘ Begone, ere Evil intercept thy Way.
- ‘ Hence, on thy Life: nor urge me by thy Stay.

He ended frowning. Speechless and dismay’d,
 The aged Sire his stern Command obey’d.
 Silent he pass’d, amid the deaf’ning Roar
 Of tumbling Billows, on the lonely Shore;
 Far from the Camp he pass’d: then suppliant stood;
 And thus the hoary Priest invok’d his God.

- ‘ Dread Warrior with the silver Bow, give Ear.
- ‘ Patron of *Chrysa* and of *Cilla*, hear.
- ‘ To thee the Guard of *Tenedos* belongs;
- ‘ Propitious *Smintheus*! Oh! redress my Wrongs.
- ‘ If e’er within thy Fane, with Wreaths adorn’d,
- ‘ The Fat of Bulls and well-fed Goats I burn’d,
- ‘ O! hear my Pray’r. Let *Greece* thy Fury know,
- ‘ And with thy Shafts avenge thy Servant’s Woe.

Apollo heard his injur’d Suppliant’s Cry.
 Down rush’d the vengeful Warrior from the Sky;

'Tis his Breast the glitt'ring Bow he flung,
 And at his Back the well-stor'd Quiver hung:
 His Arrows rattled, as he urg'd his Flight.)
 Clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal Sight;
 Then took his Stand the well-aim'd Shaft to throw:
 He sprang the String, and twang'd the silver Bow.
 The Dogs and Mules his first keen Arrow flew;
 And the Ranks the next more fatal flew,
 A deathful Dart. The Fun'ral Piles around
 Were ever blaz'd on the devoted Ground.
 Nine Days entire, he vex'd th' embattel'd Host,
 The Tenth, *Achilles* through the winding Coast
 Summon'd a Council, by the Queen's Command
 Who wields Heav'n's Scepter in her snowy Hand:
 She mourn'd her fav'rite *Greeks* who now inclose
 The Hero, swiftly speaking as he rose.
 'What now, O *Atreus*' Son, remains in view,
 But o'er the Deep our Wand'rings to renew,
 Doom'd to Destruction, while our wasted Pow'rs
 The Sword and Pestilence at once devours?
 Why haste we not some Prophet's Skill to prove,
 Or seek by Dreams? (for Dreams descend from *Jove*.)
 What moves *Apollo's* Rage let him explain,
 What Vow withheld, what Hecatomb unslain:
 And if the Blood of Lambs and Goats can pay
 The Price for Guilt, and turn this Curse away?
 Thus He. And next the rev'rend *Calchas* rose,
 Their Guide to *Ilion* whom the *Grecians* chose;
 The Prince of Augurs, whose enlighten'd Eye
 Could Things past, present, and to come, descry:
 Whom Wisdom *Phœbus* gave. He thus began,
 A Speech addressing to the godlike Man.
 'Me then command'st thou, Lov'd of *Jove*, to show
 What moves the God, that bends the dreadful Bow?
 First plight thy Faith thy ready Help to lend,
 By Words to aid me, or by Arms defend.
 For I foresee his Rage, whose ample Sway
 The *Argian* Pow'rs and sceptred Chiefs obey.'

- ' The Wrath of Kings what Subject can oppose?
 ' Deep in their Breasts the smother'd Vengeance glow
 ' Still watchful to destroy. Swear, valiant Youth,
 ' Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I speak the Truth?
 To this *Achilles* swift replies. ' Be bold.
 ' Disclose, what *Phæbus* tells thee, uncontrol'd.
 ' By him, who list'ning to thy pow'rful Pray'r
 ' Reveals the Secret, I devoutly swear,
 ' That, while these Eyes behold the Light, no Hand
 ' Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded Strand.
 ' Not *Atreus*' Son. Though now himself he boast
 ' The King of Men, and Sov'reign of the Host.
 Then boldly He. ' Nor does the God complain
 ' Of Vows withheld, or Hecatombs unslain.
 ' *Chryseis* to her awful Sire refus'd,
 ' The Gifts rejected, and the Priest abus'd,
 ' Call down these Judgments, and for more they call,
 ' Just ready on th' exhausted Camp to fall;
 ' Till Ransom-free the Damsel is bestow'd,
 ' And Hecatombs are sent to sooth the God,
 ' To *Chrysa* sent. Perhaps *Apollo's* Rage
 ' The Gifts may expiate, and the Priest assuage.
 He spoke and sat. When, with an angry Frown,
 The Chief of Kings, upstart'd from his Throne.
 Disdain and Vengeance in his Bosom rise,
 Lour in his Brows, and sparkle in his Eyes:
 Full at the Priest their fiery Orbs he bent,
 And all at once his Fury found a Vent.
 ' Augur of Ills, (for never Good to me
 ' Did that most inauspicious Voice decree.)
 ' For ever ready to denounce my Woes.
 ' When *Greece* is punish'd, I am still the Cause.
 ' And now, when *Phæbus* spreads his Plagues abroad,
 ' And wastes our Camp, 'tis I provoke the God,
 ' Because my blooming Captive I detain,
 ' And the large Ransom is produc'd in vain.
 ' Fond of the Maid, my Queen, in Beauty's Pride,
 ' Ne'er charm'd me more, a Virgin and a Bride;

Not *Clytemnestra* boasts a nobler Grace,
 A sweeter Temper, or a lovelier Face,
 In Works of Female Skill hath more Command,
 Or guides the Needle with a nicer Hand.
 Yet she shall go. The Fair our Peace shall buy:
 Better I suffer, than my People die.
 But mark me well. See instantly prepar'd
 A full Equivalent, a new Reward.
 Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his Share,
 Your Chief should lose his Portion of the War:
 In vain your Chief; whilst the dear Prize, I boast,
 Is wrested from me, and for ever lost.
 To whom the swift Pursuer quick reply'd.
 Oh! sunk in Avarice, and swol'n with Pride!
 How shall the *Greeks*, though large of Soul they be,
 Collect their sever'd Spoils, a Heap for thee
 To search anew, and cull the choicest Share
 Amid the mighty Harvest of the War?
 Then yield thy Captive, to the God resign'd,
 Assur'd a tenfold Recompence to find,
 When *Jove's* Decree shall throw proud *Ilion* down,
 And give to Plunder the devoted Town.
 Think not, *Atrides* answer'd, though thou shine,
 Graceful in Beauty, like the Pow'rs divine,
 Think not, thy Wiles, in specious Words convey'd,
 From its firm Purpose shall my Soul dissuade.
 Must I alone bereft sit down with Shame,
 And thou insulting keep thy captive Dame?
 As I ask, the large-soul'd *Greeks* consent
 Full Recompence to give, I stand content.
 Not: a Prize I shall myself decree,
 From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.
 While the proud Prince, despoil'd, shall rage in vain.
 But break we here. The rest let Time explain.
 Launch now a well-trim'd Galley from the Shore:
 With Hands, experienc'd at the bending Oar:
 Enclose the Hecatomb: and then with Care
 To the high Deck convey the Captive Fair.

- ' The sacred Bark let sage *Ulysses* guide,
 ' Or *Ajax*, or *Idomeneus*, preside:
 ' Or thou, O mighty Man, the Chief shalt be.
 ' And who more fit to sooth the God than thee?
 ' Shameless, and poor of Soul, the Prince replies,
 And on the Monarch casts his scornful Eyes,
 ' What *Greek* henceforth will march at thy Command,
 ' In search of Danger on the doubtful Strand?
 ' Who in the face of Day provoke the Fight,
 ' Or tempt the secret Ambush of the Night?
 ' Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free.
 ' For ne'er was *Priam's* House a Foe to me.
 ' Far from their Inroads, in my Pastures feed
 ' The lowing Heifer, and the pamper'd Steed,
 ' On *Phthia's* Hills our Fruits securely grow,
 ' And ripen, careless of the distant Foe,
 ' Between whose Realms and our *Thessalian* Shore
 ' Unnumber'd Mountains rise, and Billows roar.
 ' For thine, and for thy baffled Brother's Fame,
 ' Across those Seas, disdainful Man, I came;
 ' Yet, Insolent! by arbitrary Sway,
 ' Thou talk'st of seizing on my rightful Prey,
 ' The Prize whose Purchase Toils and Dangers cost,
 ' And giv'n by Suffrage of the *Grecian* Host.
 ' What Town, when sack'd by our victorious Bands,
 ' But still brought Wealth to those rapacious Hands?
 ' To me, thus scorn'd, contented dost thou yield
 ' My Share of Blood in the tumultuous Field;
 ' But still the Flow'r of all the Spoil is thine;
 ' There claim'st thou most. Nor e'er did I repine.
 ' Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it best,
 ' With Slaughter tir'd, and panting after Rest.
 ' To *Phthia* now, for I shall fight no more,
 ' My Ships their crooked Prows shall turn from Shore
 ' When I am scorn'd, I think I well foresee
 ' What Spoils and Pillage will be won by thee.
 ' Hence! cry'd the Monarch, hence! without Delay
 ' Think not, vain Man! My Voice shall urge thy Stay

• Oth

Others thou leav'st to the great Cause inclin'd,
 A League of Kings thou leav'st, and *Jove* behind.
 Of all the Chiefs dost thou oppose me most:
 Outrage and Uproar are thy only Boast,
 Discord and Jars thy Joy. But learn to know,
 If thou art strong, 'tis *Jove* hath made thee so.
 Go, at thy Pleasure. None will stop thy Way.
 Go, bid thy base-born *Myrmidons* obey.
 Thou, nor thy Rage, shall my Resolves subdue;
 I fix my Purpose, and my Threats renew.
 Since 'tis decreed I must the Maid restore,
 A Ship shall waft her to th' offended Pow'r;
 But fair *Briseis*, thy allotted Prize,
 Myself will seize, and seize before thy Eyes:
 That thou and each audacious Man may see,
 How vain the rash Attempt to cope with me.
 Stung to the Soul, tumultuous Thoughts began
 This way and that to rend the godlike Man.
 To force a Passage with his Falchion drawn,
 And hurl th' imperial Boaster from his Throne,
 He now resolves: and now resolves again
 To quell his Fury, and his Arm restrain.
 While thus by Turns his Rage and Reason sway'd,
 And half unsheath'd he held the glitt'ring Blade;
 That Moment, *Juno*, whose impartial Eye
 Watch'd o'er them both, sent *Pallas* from the Sky:
 She flew, and caught his yellow Hair behind,
 (To him alone the radiant Goddess shin'd.)
 Sudden he turn'd, and started with Surprise.
 Rage and Revenge flash'd dreadful in his Eyes.
 Then thus with hasty Words. 'O! heav'nly-born,
 Com'st thou to see proud *Agamemnon's* Scorn?
 But thou shalt see (my Sword shall make it good)
 This glutted Sand smoke with the Tyrant's Blood.
 'To sooth thy Soul, the blue-ey'd Maid replies,
 (If thou obey my Voice) I left the Skies.
 Heav'n's Queen, who favours both, gave this Command:
 Suppress thy Wrath, and stay thy vengeful Hand.

- Be all thy Rage in tauntful Words express ;
- But guiltless let the thirsty Falchion rest.
- Mark what I speak. An Hour is on its way,
- When Gifts tenfold for this Affront shall pay.
- Suppress thy Wrath ; and Heav'n and me obey.

Then He. ' I yield ; though with reluctant Mind
 • Who yields to Heav'n shall Heav'n propitious find
 The silver Hilt close-grasping, at the Word,
 Deep in the Sheath he plung'd his mighty Sword.
 The Goddess, turning, darted from his Sight,
 And reach'd *Olympus* in a Moment's Flight.

- But fierce *Achilles*, in a thund'ring Tone,
 Throws out his Wrath, and goes impetuous on.
- Valiant with Wine, and furious from the Bowl !
 - Thou fierce-look'd Talker with a Coward Soul !
 - War's glorious Peril ever slow to share :
 - Aloof thou view'st the Field ; for Death is there.
 - 'Tis greater far this peaceful Camp to sway,
 - And peel the *Greeks*, at will, who disobey :
 - A Tyrant Lord o'er Slaves to Earth debas'd ;
 - For, had they Souls, this Outrage were thy last.
 - But, thou, my fix'd, my final Purpose hear.
 - By this dread Scepter solemnly I swear :
 - By this (which, once from out the Forest torn,
 - Nor Leaf nor Shade shall ever more adorn ;
 - Which never more its Verdure must renew,
 - Lopp'd from the vital Stem, whence first it grew :
 - But giv'n by *Jove* the Sons of Men to awe,
 - Now sways the Nations and confirms the Law.)
 - A Day shall come, when for this Hour's Disdain
 - The *Greeks* shall wish for me, and wish in vain ;
 - Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted Aid afford,
 - When Heaps on Heaps shall fall by *Hector's* Sword :
 - Too late with Anguish shall thy Heart be torn,
 - That the first *Greek* was made the public Scorn.

He said. And, mounting with a furious Bound,
 He dash'd his studded Scepter on the Ground ;

Then sat. *Atrides*, eager to reply,
 On the fierce Champion glanc'd a vengeful Eye.
 'Twas then, the madding Monarchs to compose,
 The *Pylian* Prince, the smooth-speech'd *Nestor* rose.
 His Tongue dropp'd Honey. Full of Days was he;
 Two Ages past, he liv'd the third to see:
 And, his first Race of Subjects long decay'd,
 O'er their Sons' Sons a peaceful Scepter sway'd.
 'Alas for *Greece*! he cries, and what with Joy
 Shall *Priam* hear, and ev'ry Son of *Troy*!
 That you, the first in Wisdom as in Wars,
 Waste your great Souls in poor ignoble Jars.
 Go to! you both are young. Yet oft rever'd
 Greater than you have the wise *Nestor* heard,
 Their Equals never shall these Eyes behold:
Ceneus the Just, *Piritheus* the Bold,
Exadius, *Dryas*, born to high Command,
 Shepherds of Men, and Rulers of the Land,
Theseus unrival'd in his Sire's Abodes,
 And mighty *Polypheme*, a Match for Gods.
 They, greatest Names that ancient Story knows,
 In mortal Conflict met as dreadful Foes:
 Fearless through Rocks and Wilds their Prey pursu'd,
 And the huge double *Centaur* Race subdu'd.
 With them my early Youth was pleas'd to roam
 Through Regions, far from my sweet native Home;
 They call'd me to the Wars. No living Hand
 Could match their Valour, or their Strength withstand;
 Yet wont they oft my sage Advice to hear.
 Then listen both, with an attentive Ear.
 Seize not thou, King of Men, the beauteous Slave,
 Th' allotted Prize the *Gracian* Voices gave.
 Nor thou, *Pelides*, in a threatening Tone
 Urge him to Wrath, who fills that sacred Throne,
 The King of forty Kings, and honour'd more
 By mighty *Jove*, than e'er was King before.
 Brave though thou art, and of a Race divine,
 Thou must obey a Pow'r more great than thine.

And thou, O King, forbear. Myself will sue
 Great *Thetis*' Son his Vengeance to subdue:
 Great *Thetis*' valiant Son, our Country's Boast,
 The Shield, and Bulwark, of the *Grecian* Host.
 'Wife are thy Words, O Sire, the King began,
 'But what can satiate this aspiring Man?
 'Unbounded Pow'r he claims o'er Human-kind,
 'And hopes for Slaves, I trust, he ne'er shall find.
 'Shall we, because the Gods have form'd him strong
 'Bear the lewd Language of his lawless Tongue!
 'If aw'd by thee, the *Greeks* might well despise
 'My Name, the Prince, precipitate, replies.
 'In vain thou nodd'st from thy imperial Throne.
 'Thy Vassals seek elsewhere: For I am none.
 'But break we here. The Fair, though justly mine,
 'With Sword undrawn I purpose to resign.
 'On aught beside, I once for all command,
 'Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous Hand.
 'Come not within my Reach. Nor dare advance.
 'Or thy Heart's Blood shall reek upon my Lance.

Thus both in soul Debate prolong'd the Day.
 The Council broke, each takes his separate Way.
Achilles seeks his Tent with restless Mind;
Patroclus and his Train move slow behind.

Mean time, a Bark was haul'd along the Sand,
 Twice ten selected *Greeks*, a brawny Band,
 Tug the tough Oars, at the great King's Command.
 The Gifts, the Hecatomb, the Captive Fair,
 Are all intrusted to *Ulysses*' Care.
 They mount the Deck. The Vessel takes its Flight,
 Bounds o'er the Surge, and lessens to the Sight.

Next he ordains along the winding Coast
 By hallow'd Rites to purify the Host.
 A Herd of chosen Victims they provide,
 And cast their Offals on the briny Tide.
 Fat Bulls and Goats to great *Apollo* die.
 In Clouds the sav'ry Steam ascends the Sky.

The *Greeks* to Heav'n their solemn Vows address;
But dire Revenge roll'd in the Monarch's Breast.

Obsequious at his Call two Heralds stand:

To them in Frowns he gives this harsh Command.

'Ye Heralds, to *Achilles'* Tent repair;

'Thence swift the Female Slave *Briseis* bear.

'With Arms, if disobey'd, myself will come.

'Bid him resign her, or he tempts his Doom.

The Heralds, though unwillingly, obey.

Along the Sea-beat Shore they speed their Way:

And, now the *Myrmidonian* Quarter past,

At his Tent-door they find the Hero plac'd.

Disturb'd the solemn Messengers he saw:

They too stood silent, with respectful Awe,

Before the royal Youth, They neither spoke.

He guess'd their Message, and the Silence broke.

'Ye Ministers of Gods and Men, draw near.

'Not you, but him, whose Heralds ye appear,

'Robb'd of my Right I blame. *Patroclus*, bring

'The Damsel forth for this disdainful King.

'But ye, my Wrongs, O Heralds bear in mind,

'And clear me to the Gods and all Mankind,

'Ev'n to your thoughtless King; if ever more

'My Aid be wanted on the hostile Shore.

'Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain Doom,

'Blind to the past, nor sees the Woes to come,

'His best Defence thus rashly to forego,

'And leave a naked Army to the Foe.

He ceas'd. *Patroclus* his dear Friend obey'd,

And usher'd in the lovely weeping Maid.

Sore sigh'd she, as the Heralds took her Hand,

And oft look'd back slow-moving o'er the Strand.

The widow'd Hero, when the Fair was gone,

Far from his Friends sat bath'd in Tears alone.

On the cold Beach he sat, and fix'd his Eyes

Where black with Storms the curling Billows rise,

And as the Sea wide-rolling he survey'd,

With out-stretch'd Arms to his fond Mother pray'd.

- ‘ Since to short Life thy hapless Son was born,
- ‘ Great *Jove* stands bound by Promise to adorn
- ‘ His stinted Course, with an immortal Name.
- ‘ Is this the great Amends? the promis’d Fame?
- ‘ The Son of *Atreus*, proud of lawless Sway,
- ‘ Demands, possesses, and enjoys my Prey.

Near her old Sire enthron’d, she heard him weep
From the low silent Caverns of the Deep:

- Then in a Morning Mist her Head she rears,
- Sits by her Son, and mingles Tears with Tears;
- Close grasps her Darling’s Hand. ‘ My Son, she cries,
- ‘ Why heaves thy Heart? and why o’erflow thy Eyes?
- ‘ Oh tell me, tell thy Mother all thy Care,
- ‘ That both may know it, and that both may share.
- ‘ Oh! Goddess! cry’d he, with an inward Groan,
- ‘ Thou know’st it all: To thee are all things known.
- ‘ *Ætïan Thebes* we sack’d, their ran sack’d Tow’rs,
- ‘ The Plunder of a People, all was ours.
- ‘ We stood agree’d the Booty to divide.
- ‘ *Chryseis* Rosy-cheek’d, and Glossy-ey’d,
- ‘ Fell to the King; but holy *Chryses* bore
- ‘ Vast Gifts of Ransom, to the tented Shore:
- ‘ His Scepter stretching forth (the golden Rod
- ‘ Hung round with hallow’d Garlands of his God)
- ‘ Of all the Host, of ev’ry princely Chief,
- ‘ But first of *Atreus*’ Sons, he begg’d Relief.
- ‘ Throughout the Host consenting Murmurs ran,
- ‘ To yield her to the venerable Man;
- ‘ But the harsh King deny’d to do him Right,
- ‘ And drove the trembling Prophet from his Sight.
- ‘ *Apollo* heard his injur’d Suppliant’s Cry,
- ‘ And dealt his Arrows through th’ infected Sky;
- ‘ The swift Contagion, sent by his Commands,
- ‘ Swept through the Camp, and thinn’d the *Grecian* Bands.
- ‘ The guilty Cause a sacred Augur show’d,
- ‘ And I first mov’d to mitigate the God.
- ‘ At this the Tyrant storm’d, and Vengeance vow’d;
- ‘ And now too soon hath made his Threatnings good.

‘ *Chryseis*

Chryseis first with Gifts to *Chrysa* sent,
 His Heralds came this Moment to my Tent,
 And bore *Briseis* thence, my beauteous Slave,
 Th' allotted Prize, which the leagu'd *Grecians* gave.
 Thou Goddess, then, and thou, I know, hast Pow'r,
 For thine own Son the Might of *Jove* implore.
 Oft in my Father's House I've heard thee tell,
 When sudden Fears on Heav'n's great Monarch fell,
 Thy Aid the Rebel Deities o'ercame,
 And sav'd the mighty Thunderer from Shame.
Pallas, and *Neptune*, and great *Juno*, bound
 The Sire in Chains, and hem'd their Sov'reign round:
 Thy Voice, O Goddess, broke their idle Bands,
 And call'd the Giant of the hundred Hands,
 The Prodigy, whom Heav'n and Earth reverse,
Briareus nam'd above, *Ægeon* here.
 His Father *Neptune* he in Strength surpass'd;
 At *Jove's* right Hand his hideous Form he plac'd,
 Proud of his Might. The Gods with secret Dread,
 Beheld the huge enormous Shape and fled.
 Remind him then: For well thou know'st the Art:
 Go, clasp his Knees, and melt his mighty Heart.
 Let the driv'n *Argians*, hunted o'er the Plain,
 Seek the last Verge of this tempestuous Main:
 There let them perish, void of all Relief,
 My Wrongs remember, and-enjoy their Chief.
 Too late with Anguish shall his Heart be torn,
 That the first *Greek* was made the public Scorn.
 Then She: (With Tears her azure Eyes ran o'er.)
 Why bore I thee! or nourish'd, when I bore!
 Blest, if within thy Tent, and free from Strife,
 Thou might'st possess thy poor Remains of Life.
 Thy Death approaching now the Fates foreshow:
 Short is thy destin'd Term, and full of Woe.
 Ill-fated thou! and oh unhappy I!
 But hence to the celestial Courts I fly,
 Where, hid in Snow, to Heav'n *Olympus* swells,
 And *Jove*, rejoicing in his Thunder, dwells.

• Mean.

' Mean time, my Son, indulge thy just Disdain:
 ' Vent all thy Rage, and shun the hostile Plain,
 ' Till *Jove* returns. Last Night my Waves he cross'd,
 ' And fought the distant *Ethiopian* Coast:
 ' Along the Skies his radiant Course he steer'd,
 ' Behind him all the Train of Gods appear'd,
 ' A bright Procession. To the holy Feast
 ' Of blameless Men he goes a grateful Guest.
 ' To Heav'n he comes, when twice six Days are o'er;
 ' Then shall my Voice the Sire of Gods implore,
 ' Then to his lofty Mansion will I pass,
 ' Founded on Rocks of ever-during Brags:
 ' There will I clasp his Knees with wonted Art,
 ' Nor doubt, my Son, but I shall melt his Heart.
 She ceas'd: and left him lost in doubtful Care,
 And bent on Vengeance for the ravish'd Fair.

But, safe arriv'd near *Chrysa's* sacred Strand,
 The sage *Ulysses* now advanc'd to Land.
 Along the Coast he shoots with swelling Gales,
 Then low'rs the lofty Mast, and furls the Sails;
 Next plies to Port with many a well-tim'd Oar,
 And drops his Anchors near the faithful Shore.
 The Bark now fix'd amidst the rolling Tide,
Chryseis follows her experienc'd Guide:
 The Gifts to *Phæbus* from the Grecian Host,
 A Herd of Bulls went bellowing o'er the Coast.
 To the God's Fane, high looking o'er the Land,
 He led, and near the Altar took his Stand,
 Then gave her to the joyful Father's Hand.

' All hail! *Atrides* sets thy Daughter free,
 ' Sends Off'rings to thy God, and Gifts to thee.
 ' But thou intreat the Pow'r, whose dreadful Sway
 ' Afflicts his Camp, and sweeps his Host away.

He said, and gave her. The fond Father smil'd
 With secret Rapture, and embrac'd his Child.

The Victims now they range in chosen Bands,
 And offer Gifts with unpolluted Hands:

When with loud Voice, and Arms up-rear'd in Air,
The hoary Priest prefer'd this pow'rful Prayer.

• Dread Warrior with the silver Bow, give Ear :
• Patron of *Chrysa* and of *Cilla*, hear.
• About this Dome thou walk'st thy constant Round :
• Still have my Vows thy Pow'r propitious found.
• Rous'd by my Pray'rs ev'n now thy Vengeance burns,
• And smit by thee, the *Grecian* Army mourns,
• Hear me once more ; and let the suppliant Foe
• Avert thy Wrath, and slack thy dreadful Bow.

He pray'd : and great *Apollo* heard his Pray'r.
The Suppliants now their votive Rites prepare :
Amid the Flames they cast the hallow'd Bread,
And Heav'n-ward turn each Victim's destin'd Head :
Next slay the fatted Bulls, their Skins divide,
And from each Carcase rend the smoking Hide ;
On ev'ry Limb large Rolls of Fat bestow,
And chosen Morsels round the Off'ring strow :
Mysterious Rites. Then on the Fire divine
The great High Priest pours forth the ruddy Wine ;
Himself the Off'ring burns. On either hand
A Troop of Youths, in decent Order, stand.
On sharpen'd Forks, obedient to the Sire,
They turn the tasteful Fragments in the Fire,
Adorn the Feast, see ev'ry Dish well-stor'd,
And serve the plenteous Messes to the Board.

When now the various Feast had cheer'd their Souls,
With sparkling Wines they crown the gen'rous Bowls,
The first Libations to *Apollo* pay.

And solemnize with sacred Hymns the Day :
His Praise in *Io* *Pæans* loud they sing,
And sooth the Rage of the far-shooting King.
At Evening, through the Shore dispers'd, they sleep,
Hush'd by the distant Roarings of the Deep.

When now, ascending from the Shades of Night,
Aurora glow'd in all her rosy Light,
The Daughter of the Dawn : th' awaken'd Crew
Back to the *Greeks* encamp'd their Course renew.

The

The Breezes freshen : for with friendly Gales,
Apollo swell'd their wide, distended, Sails :
 Cleft by the rapid Prow the Waves divide,
 And in hoarse Murmurs break on either Side,
 In Safety to the destin'd Port they pass'd,
 And fix'd their Bark with grappling Haulsers fast ;
 Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land Coast,
 Regain'd their Tents, and mingled in the Host.

But fierce *Achilles*, still on Vengeance bent,
 Cherish'd his Wrath, and madden'd in his Tent.
 Th' assembled Chiefs he shun'd with high Disdain,
 A Band of Kings ; nor sought the hostile Plain ;
 But long'd to hear the distant Troops engage,
 The Strife grow doubtful, and the Battle rage.

Twelve Days were past ; and now th' *Ethereal Train*,
Jove at their Head, to Heav'n return'd again :
 When *Thetis*, from the Deep prepar'd to rise,
 Shot through a big-swell'd Wave, and pierc'd the Skies
 At early Morn she reach'd the Realms above,
 The Court of Gods, the Residence of *Jove*.

On the Top-Point of high *Olympus*, crown'd
 With Hills on Hills, him far apart she found,
 Above the rest. The Earth beneath display'd
 (A boundless Prospect) his broad Eye survey'd.
 Her left Hand grasp'd his Knees, her Right she rear'd,
 And touch'd with Blandishment his awful Beard ;
 Then, suppliant with submissive Voice implor'd
 Old *Saturn's* Son, the God by Gods ador'd.

‘ If e'er, by Rebel Deities oppress,
 ‘ My Aid reliev'd thee, grant this one Request.
 ‘ Since to short Life my hapless Son was born,
 ‘ Do thou with Fame the scanty Space adorn.
 ‘ Punish the King of Men, whose lawless Sway
 ‘ Hath sham'd the Youth, and seiz'd his destin'd Prey.
 ‘ Awhile let *Troy* prevail, that *Greece* may grieve,
 ‘ And doubled Honours to my Offspring give.

She said. The God vouchsaf'd not to reply :
 (A deep Suspence sat in his thoughtful Eye)

Once

face more around his Knees the Goddesses clung,
 and to soft Accents form'd her artful Tongue.
 Oh! speak. Or grant me, or deny my Pray'r.
 Fear not to speak, what I am doom'd to bear;
 That I may know, if thou my Pray'r deny,
 The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.
 With a deep Sigh the Thund'ring Pow'r replies.
 To what a height will *Juno's* Anger rise!
 Still doth her Voice, before the Gods, upbraid
 My partial Hand, that gives the *Trojans* Aid.
 I grant thy Suit. But, hence! depart unseen,
 And shun the Sight of Heav'n's suspicious Queen.
 Believe my Nod, the great the certain Sign,
 When *Jove* propitious hears the Pow'r's divine;
 The Sign that ratifies my high Command,
 That thus I Will: and what I Will shall stand.
 This said, his kingly Brow the Sire inclin'd;
 The large black Curls fell awful from behind,
 Thick-shadowing the stern Forehead of the God:
 Olympus trembled at th' Almighty Nod.
 The Goddesses smil'd: and, with a sudden Leap,
 From the high Mountain plung'd into the Deep.
 But *Jove* repair'd to his celestial Tow'rs:
 And, as he rose, up-rose th' Immortal Pow'r's.
 Ranks, on either side, th' Assembly cast,
 Bow'd down, and did Obeisance as he pass'd.
 To him enthron'd (for whisp'ring she had seen
 At his Knees the Silver-footed Queen,
 Daughter of him, who, low beneath the Tides,
 Old and hoary in the Deep resides)
 With Invectives, *Juno* Silence broke,
 And thus, opprobrious, her Resentments spoke.
 'False *Jove*! what Goddess whisp'ring did I see?
 O fond of Counsels, still conceal'd from me!
 To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
 One single Thought of thy close-cover'd Heart.
 To whom the Sire of Gods and Men reply'd;
 Strive not to find, what I decree to hide.

' Laborious

- ‘ Laborious were the Search, and vain the Strife,’
- ‘ Vain ev’n for thee, my Sister and my Wife.
- ‘ The Thoughts and Counsels, proper to declare,
- ‘ Nor God nor Mortal shall before thee share :
- ‘ But, what my secret Wisdom shall ordain,
- ‘ Think not to reach, for know the Thought were vain
- ‘ Dread *Saturn’s* Son, why so severe? replies

The Goddess of the large majestic Eyes.

- ‘ Thy own dark Thoughts at Pleasure hide, or show :
- ‘ Ne’er have I ask’d, nor now aspire to know.
- ‘ Nor yet, my Fears are vain : nor came unseen
- ‘ To thy high Throne the Silver-footed Queen,
- ‘ Daughter of him, who low beneath the Tides
- ‘ Aged and hoary in the Deep resides.
- ‘ Thy Nod assures me she was not deny’d :
- ‘ And *Greece* must perish for a Madman’s Pride.

To whom the God, whose Hand the Tempest forms
Drives Clouds on Clouds, and blackens Heav’n with
Storms,

Thus wrathful answer’d, ‘ Dost thou still complain ?

- ‘ Perplex’d for ever, and perplex’d in vain !
- ‘ Should’st thou disclose the dark Event to come,
- ‘ How wilt thou stop th’ irrevocable Doom !
- ‘ This serves the more to sharpen my Disdain ;
- ‘ And Woes foreseen but lengthen out thy Pain.
- ‘ Be silent then. Dispute not my Command ;
- ‘ Nor tempt the Force of this superior Hand :
- ‘ Lest all the Gods, around thee leagu’d, engage
- ‘ In vain to shield thee from my kindled Rage.

Mute and abash’d she sat without Reply,
And downward turn’d her large majestic Eye,
Nor further durst th’ offended Sire provoke :
The Gods around him trembled, as he spoke.
When *Vulcan*, for his Mother sore distress’d,
Turn’d Orator, and thus his Speech address’d.

- ‘ Hard is our Fate, if Men of mortal Line
- ‘ Stir up Debate among the Pow’rs divine,

If things of Earth disturb the blest Abodes,
 And mar th' Ambrosial Banquet of the Gods!
 Then let my Mother once be rul'd by me,
 Though much more wise than I pretend to be;
 Let me advise her silent 'to obey,
 And due Submission to our Father pay,
 Nor force again his gloomy Rage to rise,
 Ill-tim'd, and damp the Revels of the Skies:
 For should he toss her from th' *Olympian* Hill,
 Who could resist the mighty Monarch's Will?
 Then thou to Love the Thund'rer reconcile,
 And tempt him kindly on us all to smile.

He said: and in his tott'ring Hands up-bore
 A double Goblet, fill'd, and foaming o'er.
 ' Sit down, dear Mother, with a Heart content,
 Nor urge a more disgraceful Punishment,
 Which if great *Jove* inflict, poor I, dismay'd,
 Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee Aid.
 Great *Jove* shall reign for ever, Uncontrol'd.
 Remember, when I took thy Part of old,
 Caught by the Heel he swung me round on high,
 And headlong hurl'd me from th' ethereal Sky:
 From Morn to Noon I fell, from Noon to Night;
 Till pitch'd on *Lemnos*, a most piteous Sight,
 The *Sintians* hardly could my Breath recal,
 Giddy and Gasping with the dreadful Fall.

She smil'd: and, smiling, her white Arm display'd
 To reach the Bowl her awkward Son convey'd.
 From Right to Left the gen'rous Bowl he crown'd,
 And dealt the rosy Nectar fairly round.

The Gods laugh'd out, unwearied, as they spy'd
 The busy Skinker hop from Side to Side.

Thus, feasting to the full, they pass'd away,
 In blissful Banquets, all the live-long Day.
 Nor wanted Melody. With heav'nly Art
 The Muses sung; Each Muse perform'd her Part,
 Alternate warbling; while the golden Lyre,
 Touch'd by *Apollo*, led the vocal Choir.

The Sun at length declin'd, when ev'ry Guest
 Sought his bright Palace, and withdrew to Rest:
 Each had his Palace on th' *Olympian Hill*,
 A Master-piece of *Vulcan's* matchless Skill.
 Ev'n he, the God, who Heav'n's great Scepter sways,
 And frowns amid the Lightning's dreadful Blaze,
 His Bed of State ascending, lay compos'd;
 His Eyes a sweet refreshing Slumber clos'd:
 And at his Side, all glorious to behold,
 Was *Juno* lodg'd in her Alcove of Gold.





To the Earl of WARWICK, on the Death
of Mr. ADDISON.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her Debt to *Addison* unpaid,
Blame not her Silence, *Warwick*, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my Bosom by your own.
What Mourner ever felt poetic Fires!

Slow comes the Verse that real Woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with Art,
Or flowing Numbers with a bleeding Heart.

Can I forget the dismal Night that gave
My Soul's best Part for ever to the Grave!
How silent did his old Companions tread,
By mid-night Lamps, the Mansions of the Dead,
Thro' breathing Statues, then unheeded Things,
Thro' Rows of Warriors, and thro' Walks of Kings!
What Awe did the slow solemn Knell inspire;
The pealing Organ, and the pausing Choir;
The Duties by the Lawn-rob'd Prelate pay'd;
And the last Words, that Dust to Dust convey'd!
While Speechless o'er thy closing Grave we bend,
Accept these Tears, thou dear departed Friend,
Oh gone for Ever, take this long Adieu;
And sleep in Peace, next thy lov'd *Montagu*.

To strew fresh Laurels let the Task be mine,
A frequent Pilgrim, at thy sacred Shrine;
Mine with true Sighs thy Absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful Epitaphs thy Stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd Memorial part,
May Shame afflict this alienated Heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a Song,
My Lyre be broken, and untun'd my Tongue,
My Grief be doubled from thy Image free,
And Mirth a Torment, unchastis'd by thee.

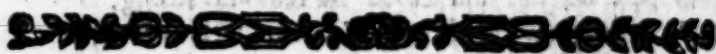
Oft let me range the gloomy Isles alone,
 Sad Luxury! to vulgar Minds unknown,
 Along the Walls where speaking Marbles show
 What Worthies form the hallow'd Mould below;
 Proud Names, who once the Reins of Empire held;
 In Arms who triumph'd; or in Arts excell'd;
 Chiefs, grac'd with Scars, and prodigal of Blood;
 Stern Patriots, who for sacred Freedom stood;
 Just Men, by whom impartial Laws were given;
 And Saints who taught, and led, the Way to Heav'n;
 Ne'er to these Chambers, where the Mighty rest,
 Since their Foundation, came a nobler Guest;
 Nor e'er was to the Bow'rs of Bliss convey'd
 A fairer Spirit or more welcome Shade.

In what new Region, to the just assign'd,
 What new Employments please th' unbody'd Mind;
 A winged *Virtue*, through th' Ethereal Sky,
 From World to World unweary'd does he fly?
 Or curious trace the long laborious Maze
 Of Heaven's Decrees, where wond'ring Angels gaze?
 Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
 How *Michael* battel'd and the Dragon fell;
 Or mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
 In Hymns of Love, not ill essay'd below?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
 A Task well suited to thy gentle Mind?
 Oh! if sometimes thy spotless Form descend;
 To me, thy Aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!
 When Rage misguides me, or when Fear alarms,
 When Pain distresses, or when Pleasure charms,
 In silent Whisp'rings purer Thoughts impart,
 And turn from Ill a frail and feeble Heart;
 Lead through the Paths thy Virtue trod before,
 Till Bliss shall join, nor Death can part us more.

That awful Form, which, so ye Heav'n's decree,
 Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me;
 In nightly Visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking Eyes.

If Business calls, or crouded Courts invite ;
 Th' unblemish'd Statesman seems to strike my Sight ;
 If in the Stage I seek to sooth my Care ;
 I meet his Soul which breathes in *Cato* there ;
 If pensive to the rural Shades I rove ;
 His Shape o'ertakes me in the lonely Grove ;
 'Twas there of Just and Good he reason'd strong,
 Lear'd some great Truth or rais'd some serious Song :
 There patient show'd us the wise Course to steer,
 A candid Censor, and a Friend severe ;
 There taught us how to live ; and, (oh ! too high
 The Price for Knowledge) taught us how to die.
 Thou Hill, whose Brow the antique Structures grace,
 Lear'd by bold Chiefs of *Warwick's* noble Race,
 Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy Bow'r appears,
 O'er my dim Eye-balls glance the sudden Tears !
 How sweet were once thy Prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping Walks, and unpolluted Air !
 How sweet the Glooms beneath thy aged Trees,
 Thy noon-tide Shadow, and thy ev'ning Breeze !
 His Image thy forsaken Bow'rs restore ;
 Thy Walks and airy Prospects charm no more ;
 No more the Summer in thy Glooms allay'd,
 Thy evening Breezes, and thy noon-day Shade.
 From other Ills, however Fortune frown'd ;
 Some Refuge in the Muse's Art I found ;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling String
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing ;
 And these sad Accents, murmur'd o'er his Urn,
 Betray that Absence, they attempt to mourn.
 O ! must I then, (now fresh my Bosom bleeds,
 And *Craggs* in death to *Addison* succeeds,)
 The Verse, begun to one lost Friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd Song !
 These Works divine, which on his Death-bed laid
 To thee, O *Craggs*, th' expiring Sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill-omen'd Monument of Fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.

Swift after him thy social Spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon ! thy Coffin lies.
 Blest Pair ! whose Union future Bards shall tell
 In future Tongues : each others boast ! farewell,
 Farewel ! whom join'd in Fame, in Friendship try'd,
 No Chance could sever, nor the Grave divide,



COLIN and LUCY. *A Ballad.*

OF *Leinster*, fam'd for Maidens fair,
 Bright *Lucy* was the Grace ;
 Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid Stream
 Reflect so sweet a Face :
 Till luckless Love, and pining Care,
 Impair'd her rosy Hue,
 Her coral Lips, and damask Cheeks,
 And Eyes of glossy Blue.

Oh ! have you seen a Lily pale,
 When beating Rains descend ?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming Maid,
 Her Life now near its end.
 By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains
 Take heed ye easy Fair :
 Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
 Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of Night,
 A Bell was heard to ring ;
 And shrieking at her Window thrice,
 The Raven flap'd his Wing,
 Too well the love-lorn Maiden knew
 The solemn boding Sound :
 And thus, in dying Words, bespoke,
 The Virgins weeping round :

I hear a Voice, you cannot hear,
 ' Which says, I must not stay;
 I see a Hand, you cannot see,
 ' Which beckons me away.
 By a false Heart, and broken Vows,
 ' In early Youth I die:
 Was I to blame, because his Bride
 ' Was thrice as rich as I?

Ah *Colin*! give not her thy Vows,
 ' Vows due to me alone:
 Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kifs,
 ' Nor think him all thy own.
 To-morrow, in the Church to wed,
 ' Impatient, both prepare!
 But know, fond Maid; and know, false Man,
 ' That *Lucy* will be there!

Then bear my Corse, my Comrades, bear,
 ' This Bridegroom blith to meet,
 He in his Wedding-trim so gay,
 ' I in my Winding-sheet.'
 He spoke, she dy'd, her Corse was born,
 The Bridegroom blith to meet,
 He in his Wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her Winding-sheet.

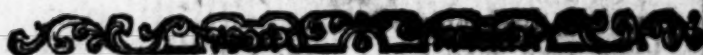
Then what were perjur'd *Colin*'s Thoughts?
 How were these Nuptials kept?
 The Bridesmen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
 And all the Village wept,
 Confusion, Shame, Remorse, Despair,
 At once his Bosom swell:
 The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain Bride, ah Bride no more!
 The varying Crimson fled,
 Then, stretch'd before her Rival's Corse,
 She saw her Husband dead.

Then

Then to his *Lucy's* new-made Grave,
 Convey'd by trembling Swains,
 One Mould with her, beneath one Sod,
 For ever he remains.

Of at this Grave, the constant Hind,
 And plighted Maid are seen;
 With Garlands gray, and True-love Knots,
 They deck the sacred Green;
 But, Swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd Spot forbear;
 Remember *Colin's* dreadful Fate,
 And fear to meet him there.



*To Sir GODFREY KNELLER at his
 Country Seat.*

TO *Whitton's* Shades, and *Hounslow's* airy Plain,
 Thou, *Kneller*, tak'st thy summer Flights in vain,
 In vain thy Wish gives all thy rural Hours
 To the fair Villa, and well-order'd Bow'rs;
 To court thy Pencil early at thy Gates,
 Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
 The boastful Muse, of others Fame so sure,
 Implores thy Aid to make her own secure;
 The great, the fair, and, if ought nobler be,
 Ought more belov'd, the Arts solicit thee.

How can'st thou hope to fly the World, in vain
 From *Europe* sever'd by the circling Main?
 Sought by the Kings of ev'ry distant Land,
 And ev'ry Hero worthy of thy Hand.
 Hast thou forgot that mighty *Bourbon* fear'd
 He still was mortal, till thy Draught appear'd?
 That *Cosmo* chose thy glowing Form to place,
 Amidst her Masters of the *Lombard* Race?

See on her *Titian's*, and her *Guido's* Urns,
Her falling Arts forlorn *Hesperia* mourns;
While *Britain* wins each Garland from her Brow,
Her Wit and Freedom first, her Painting now.

Let the faint Copier, on old *Tiber's* Shore,
Nor mean the Task, each breathing Bust explore,
Line after Line with painful Patience trace,
This *Roman* Grandeur, that *Athenian* Grace:
Vain Care of Parts; if, impotent of Soul,
Th' industrious Workman fails to warm the whole,
Each Theft betrays the Marble whence it came,
And a cold Statue stiffens in the Frame.

Thee Nature taught, nor Art her Aid deny'd,
The kindest Mistress, and the surest Guide,
To catch a Likeness at one piercing Sight,
And place the fairest in the fairest Light;

Yet thy Pencil tries her nicer Toils,
Or on thy Palette lie the blended Oils,
Thy careless Chalk has half achiev'd thy Art,
And her just Image makes *Clara* start.

A Mind that grasps the whole is rarely found,
Half Learn'd, half Painters, and half Wits abound;
Few like thy Genius, at Proportion aim,

All great, all graceful, and throughout the same,

Such be thy Life, O since the glorious Rage

That fir'd thy Youth, flames unsubdu'd by Age:

Tho' Wealth nor Fame, now touch thy fated Mind,

Still tinge the Canvas, bounteous to Mankind;

Once after thee may rise an impious Line,

Rude Mangers of the human Face divine,

Paint on, till Fate dissolve thy mortal Part,

And live and die the Monarch of thy Art.



On the Death of the Earl of Cadogan.

OF *Marlborough's* Captains and *Eugenie's* Friends,
 The last, *Cadogan*, to the Grave descends :
 Low lies each Hand, whence *Blenheim's* Glory sprung,
 The Chiefs who conquer'd, and the Bards who sung.
 From his cold Corse tho' ev'ry Friend be fled,
 Lo! Envy waits, that Lover of the dead :
 Thus did she feign o'er *Nassau's* Hearse to mourn ;
 Thus wept insidious, *Churchill*, o'er thy Urn ;
 To blast the Living, gave the Dead their due,
 And Wreaths; herself had tainted, trim'd anew.
 Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty Place,
 And lead to War thy Country's growing Race,
 Take ev'ry Wish a *British* Heart can frame,
 Add Palm to Palm, and rise from Fame to Fame.

An Hour must come, when thou shalt hear with R
 Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless Age :
 Nor yet for this decline the gen'rous Strife,
 These Ills, brave Man, shall quit thee with thy Life.
 Alive, though stain'd by ev'ry abject Slave,
 Secure of Fame, and Justice in the Grave.
 Ah! no ---- when once the Mortal yields to Fate,
 The Blast of Fame's sweet Trumpet sounds too late,
 Too late to stay the Spirit on its Flight,
 Or sooth the new Inhabitant of Light;
 Who hears regardless, while fond Man, distress'd,
 Hangs on the Absent, and laments the blest.

Farewel then Fame, ill fought through Fields and Blo
 Farewel unfaithful Promiser of Good :
 Thou Music, warbling to the deafen'd Ear!
 Thou Incense wasted on the fun'ral Bier !
 Through Life pursu'd in vain, by Death obtain'd,
 When ask'd deny'd us, and when giv'n disdain'd.

An ODE inscribed to the Earlof Sunderland
at Windsor.

I.

THOU Dome, where *Edward* first enroll'd
His red-crofs Knights and Barons bold,
Whose vacant Seats, by Virtue bought,
Ambitious Emperors have sought:
Where *Britains* foremost Names are found,
In Peace belov'd, in War renown'd,
Who made the hostile Nations moan,
Or brought a Blessing on their own:

II.

Once more a Son of *Spencer* waits,
A Name familiar to thy Gates,
Sprung from the Chief whose Prowess gain'd
The Garter while thy Founder reign'd,
He offer'd here his dinted Shield,
The Dread of *Gauls* in *Cressi's* Field,
Which in thy high-arch'd Temple rais'd,
For four long Centuries hath blaz'd.

III.

These Seats our Sires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce Sons of War confin'd,
The Flow'r of Chivalry, who drew
With finew'd Arm the stubborn Yew:
With heav'd Pole-ax clear'd the Field;
Who, in Justs and Tournays skill'd,
Before their Ladies' Eyes renown'd,
Drew Horse and Horseman to the Ground.

IV.

In After-times, as Courts refin'd,
Our Patriots in the List were join'd.
Not only *Warwick* stain'd with Blood,
But *Marl'rough* near the *Danube's* Flood,

Have in their crimson Crosses glow'd ;
 But, on just Lawgivers bestow'd ;
 These Emblems *Cecil* did invest,
 And gleam'd on wise *Godolphin's* Breast.

V.

So *Greece*, ere Arts began to rise,
 Fix'd huge *Orion* in the Skies,
 And stern *Alcides*, fam'd in Wars,
 Bespangled with a thousand Stars ;
 Till letter'd *Athens* round the Pole
 Made gentler Constellations roll,
 In the blue Heavens the * Lyre she strung,
 And near the Maid the Balance hung.

VI.

Then, *Spenser*, mount amid the Band,
 Where Knights and Kings promiscuous stand.
 What though the Hero's Flame repress'd
 Burns calmly in thy generous Breast !
 Yet who more dauntless to oppose
 In doubtful Days our home-bred Foes !
 Who rais'd his Country's Wealth so high,
 Or view'd with less desiring Eye !

VII.

The Sage who large of Soul surveys
 The Globe, and all its Empires weighs,
 Watchful the various Climes to guide,
 Which Seas, and Tongues, and Faiths divide,
 A nobler Name in *Windsor's* Shrine
 Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,
 Than sprung of old, abhor'd and vain,
 From ravag'd Realms and Myriads stain.

VIII.

Why praise we, prodigal of Fame,
 The Rage that sets the World on Flame ?
 My guiltless Muse his Brow shall bind
 Whose godlike Bounty spares Mankind.

* Names of Constellations.

For those, whom bloody Garlands crown,
The Brass may breathe, the Marble frown,
To him, through ev'ry rescu'd Land,
Ten thousand living Trophies stand:

KENSINGTON GARDEN.

—— *Campus, ubi Troja fuit.* Virg.

WHERE *Kensington* high o'er the neighb'ring Lands
'Midst Greens and Sweets, a regal Fabric, stands;
And sees each Spring, luxuriant in her Bowers,
A Snow of Blossoms, and a Wild of Flowers,
The Dames of *Britain* oft in Crowds repair
To gravel Walks, and unpolluted Air.
Here, while the Town in Damps and Darknes lies,
They breathe in Sun-shine, and see azure Skies;
Each Walk, with Robes of various Dyes bespread,
Seems from afar a moving Tulip-bed,
Where rich Brocades and glossy Damasks glow,
And Chints, the Rival of the show'ry Bow.
Here *England's* Daughter, Darling of the Land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin Band,
Gleams through the Shades. She, tow'ring o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess,
Form'd to gain Hearts, that *Brunswick's* Cause deny'd,
And charm a People to her Father's Side.
Long have these Groves to royal Guests been known,
Nor *Nassau* first prefer'd them to a Throne.
Ere *Norman* Banners wav'd in *British* Air;
Ere lordly *Hubba* with the golden Hair
Pour'd in his *Dani's*; ere elder *Julius* came;
Or *Dardan Brutus* gave our Isle a Name;
A Prince of *Albion's* Lineage grac'd the Wood,
The Scene of Wars, and stain'd with Lovers' Blood.

You, who through gazing Crowds, your Captive throng,
 Throw Pangs and Passions, as you move along,
 Turn on the left, ye Fair, your radiant Eyes,
 Where all unlevell'd the gay Garden lies:
 If generous Anguish for another's Pains
 E'er heav'd your Hearts, or shiver'd through your Veins,
 Look down attentive on the pleasing Dale,
 And listen to my melancholy Tale.

That hollow Space, where now in living Rows
 Line above Line the Yew's sad Verdure grows,
 Was, ere the Planter's Hand its Beauty gave,
 A common Pit, a rude unfashion'd Cave.
 The Landskip now so sweet we well may praise:
 But far far sweeter in its ancient Days,
 Far sweeter was it, when its peopled Ground
 With fairy Domes and dazling Tow'rs was crown'd,
 Where in the midst those verdant Pillars spring,
 Rose the proud Palace of the *Elfin* King;
 For ev'ry Hedge of vegetable Green,
 In happier Years a crowded Street was seen;
 Nor all those Leaves that now the Prospect grace,
 Could match the Numbers of its Pygmy Race.
 What urg'd this mighty Empire to its Fate,
 A Tale of Woe and Wonder, I relate.

When *Albion* rul'd the Land, whose Lineage came
 From *Neptune* mingling with a mortal Dame,
 Their midnight Pranks the sprightly Fairies play'd
 On ev'ry Hill, and danc'd in ev'ry Shade.
 But, Foes to Sun-shine, most they took Delight
 In Dells and Dales conceal'd from human Sight:
 There hew'd their Houses in the arching Rock;
 Or scoop'd the Bosom of the blasted Oak;
 Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving Hill,
 The distant Murmurs of the falling Rill.
 They, rich in pilfer'd Spoils, indulg'd their Mirth,
 And pity'd the huge wretched Sons of Earth.
 Ev'n now, 'tis said, the Hinds o'erhear their Strain,
 And strive to view their airy Forms in vain:

They

They to their Cells at Man's Approach repair,
Like the shy Leveret, or the Mother-Hare,
The whilst poor Mortals startle at the Sound
Of unseen Footsteps on the haunted Ground.

Amid this Garden, then with Woods o'ergrown,
Good the lov'd Seat of royal *Oberon*.

From ev'ry Region to his Palace-gate
Came Peers and Princes of the Fairy State,

Who, rank'd in Council round the sacred Shade,
Their Monarch's Will and great Behests obey'd.

From *Thames'* fair Banks, by lofty Tow'rs adorn'd,
With Loads of Plunder oft his Chiefs return'd:

Hence in proud Robes, and Colours bright and gay,
Shone ev'ry Knight and ev'ry lovely Fay.

Whoe'er on *Powell's* dazzling Stage display'd,
Hath fam'd King *Pepin* and his Court survey'd,

May guess, if old by modern Things we trace,
The Pomp and Splendor of the Fairy-race.

By Magic fenc'd, by Spells encompass'd round,
No Mortal touch'd this interdicted Ground:

No Mortal enter'd, those alone who came
Stolen from the Couch of some terrestrial Dame:

For oft of Babes they robb'd the Matron's Bed,
And left some sickly Changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd a Youth of *Albion's* royal Blood
Was foster'd here, the Wonder of the Wood.

Milkab for Wiles above her Peers renown'd,
Deep-skill'd in Charms and many a mystic Sound,

As through the regal Dome she sought for Prey,
Observ'd the Infant *Albion* where he lay

In Mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous Pride,
And stole him from the sleeping Mother's Side.

Who now but *Milkab* triumphs in her Mind!
Ah wretched Nymph, to future Evils blind!

The Time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The Theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty Day:

Thou in thy Turn shalt like the Queen repine,
And all her Sorrows doubled shall be thine:

He who adorns thy House, the lovely Boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred Moons in their pale Course had seen
The gay-rob'd Fairies glimmer on the Green,
And *Albion* now had reach'd in youthful Prime
To nineteen Years, as Mortals measure Time.
Flush'd with resistless Charms he fir'd to love
Each Nymph and little *Dryad* of the Grove;
For skilful *Milhab* spar'd not to employ
Her utmost Art to rear the princely Boy;
Each supple Limb she swath'd, and tender Bone,
And to the Elfin Standard kept him down;
She robb'd Dwarf-elders of their fragrant Fruit,
And fed him early with the Daisy's Root,
Whence through his Veins the powerful Juices ran,
And form'd in beauteous Miniature the Man.
Yet still, two Inches taller than the rest,
His lofty Port his human Birth confess;
A Foot in height, how stately did he show!
How look superior on the Crowd below!
What Knight like him could toss the rusty Lance!
Who move so graceful in the mazy Dance!
A Shape so nice, or Features half so fair,
What Elf could boast! or such a Flow of Hair!
Bright *Kenna* saw, a Princess born to reign,
And felt the Charmer burn in ev'ry Vein.
She, Heiress to this Empire's potent Lord,
Prais'd like the Stars, and next the Moon ador'd,
She, whom at distance Thrones and Princedoms view'd,
To whom proud *Oriel* and *Azuriel* su'd,
In her high Palace languish'd, void of Joy,
And pin'd in secret for a mortal Boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
By courtly Deeds to gain the Virgin's Love.
For her he cull'd the fairest Flowers that grew,
Ere Morning Suns had drain'd their fragrant Dew;
He chas'd the Hornet in his mid-day Flight,
And brought her Glow-worms in the Noon of Night;
When

THOMAS TICKELL, *Esq*; 345

When on ripe Fruits she cast a wishing Eye,
 Did ever *Albion* think the tree too high!
 He show'd her where the pregnant Goldfinch hung,
 And the Wren-mother brooding o'er her Young;
 To her th' Inscription on their Eggs he read,
 Admire, ye Clerks, the Youth whom *Milkab* bred)
 To her he show'd each Herb of virtuous Juice,
 Their Powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their Use:
 All vain their Powers alas to *Kenna* prove,
 And well sung *Ovid*, *There's no Herb for Love*.

As when a Ghost, enlarg'd from Realms below,
 Seeks its old Friend to tell some secret Woe,
 The poor Shade shivering stands, and must not break
 His painful Silence, 'till the Mortal speak:
 So far'd it with the little love-sick Maid,
 Forbid to utter, what her Eyes betray'd.
 He saw her Anguish, and reveal'd his Flame,
 And spar'd the Blushes of the tongue-ty'd Dame.
 The Day would fail me, should I reckon o'er
 The Sighs they lavish'd, and the Oaths they swore
 In Words so melting, that compar'd with those
 The nicest Courtship of terrestrial Beaus
 Wou'd sound like Compliments, from country Clowns
 To red-cheek'd Sweet-hearts in their home-spun Gowns.

All in a Lawn of many a various Hue
 A Bed of Flowers (a Fairy Forest) grew:
 'Twas here one Noon, the gaudiest of the *May*,
 The still, the secret, silent, Hour of Day,
 Beneath a lofty Tulip's ample Shade
 Sat the young Lover and th' immortal Maid,
 They thought all Fairies slept, ah luckless Pair!
 Hid, but in vain, in the Sun's noon-tide Glare!
 When *Albion*, leaning on his *Kenna*'s Breast,
 Thus all the Softness of his Soul express'd.

' All Things are hush'd. The Sun's meridian Rays
 Veil the Horizon in one mighty Blaze:
 Nor Moon nor Star in Heaven's blue Arch is seen
 With kindly Rays to silver o'er the Green,

- Grateful to Fairy Eyes; they secret take
- Their Rest, and only wretched Mortals wake.
- This dead of Day I fly to thee alone,
- A World to me, a Multitude in one.
- Oh sweet as Dew-drops on these flowery Lawns,
- When the Sky opens and the Evening dawns!
- Straight as the Pink, that towers so high in Air,
- Soft as the Blow-bell! as the Daisy, fair!
- Blest be the Hour, when first I was convey'd
- An infant Captive to this blissful Shade!
- And blest the Hand that did my Form refine,
- And shrunk my Stature to a Match with thine!
- Glad I for thee renounce my Royal Birth,
- And all the Giant-daughters of the Earth.
- Thou, if thy Breast with equal Ardor burn,
- Renounce thy Kind, and Love for Love return.
- So from us Two, combin'd by nuptial Ties,
- A Race unknown of Demi-gods shall rise.
- O speak, my Love! my Vows with Vows repay,
- And sweetly swear my rising Fears away.

To whom (the shining Azure of her Eyes
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd Maid replies.

- By all the Stars, and first the glorious Moon,
- I swear, and by the Head of *Obéron*,
- A dreadful Oath! no Prince of fairy Line
- Shall e'er in Wedlock plight his Vows with mine.
- Where-e'er my Footsteps in the Dance are seen,
- May Toadstools rise, and Mildews blast the Green,
- May the keen East-wind blight my fav'rite Flowers,
- And Snakes and spotted Adders haunt my Bowers.
- Confin'd whole Ages in an hemlock Shade
- There rather pine I a neglected Maid,
- Or worse, exil'd from *Cynthia's* gentle Rays,
- Parch in the Sun a thousand Summer-days,
- Than any Prince, a Prince of fairy Line,
- In sacred Wedlock plight his Vows with mine.

She ended; and with Lips of rosy Hue
Dipt five times over in Ambrosial Dew,

Stiff'd his Words. When, from his Covert rear'd,
The frowning Brow of *Oberon* appear'd.
A Sun-flower's Trunk was near, whence (killing Sight!)
The Monarch'd issu'd, half an Ell in Height:
Full on the Pair a furious Look he cast,
Nor spoke; but gave his Bugle-horn a Blast
That through the Woodland echo'd far and wide,
And drew a swarm of Subjects to his Side.
A hundred chosen Knights, in War renown'd,
Drive *Albion* banish'd from the sacred Ground;
And twice ten Myriads guard the bright Abodes,
Where the proud King, amidst his Demi-gods,
For *Kenna*'s sudden Bridal bids prepare,
And to *Axuriel* gives the weeping Fair.

If Fame in Arms, with ancient Birth combin'd,
A faultless Beauty, and a spotless Mind,
To Love and Praise can generous Souls incline,
That Love, *Axuriel*, and that Praise was thine.
Blood, only less than Royal, fill'd thy Veins,
Proud was thy Roof, and large thy fair Domains.
Where now the Skies high *Holland-House* invades,
And short-liv'd *Warwick* sadden'd all the Shades,
Thy Dwelling stood: nor did in him afford
A nobler Owner, or a lovelier Lord.
For thee a hundred Fields produc'd their Store,
And by thy Name ten thousand Vassals swore;
So lov'd thy Name, that, at their Monarch's Choice,
All Fairy shouted with a general Voice.

Oriel alone a secret Rage suppress,
That from his Bosom heav'd the golden Vest.
Along the Banks of *Thams* his Empire ran,
Wide was his Range, and populous his Clan.
When cleanly Servants, if we trust old Tales,
Beside their Wages had good fairy Vails,
Whole Heaps of silver Tokens, nightly paid
The careful Wife or the neat Dairy-maid,
Sunk not his Stores. With Smiles and powerful Bribes
He gain'd the Leaders of his neighbour Tribes,

And

And e'er the Night the Face of Heav'n had chang'd,
Beneath his Banners half the Fairies rang'd,

Mean-while driven back to Earth, a lonely Way
The chearless *Albion* wander'd half the Day,
A long long Journey, choak'd with Brakes and Thorns
Ill-measur'd by ten thousand Barley-corns.

Tir'd out at length, a spreading Stream he spy'd
Fed by old *Thame*, a Daughter of the Tide:
Twas then a spreading Stream, tho' now, its Fame
Obscur'd, it bears the *Creek's* inglorious Name,
And creeps, as through contracted Bounds it strays,
A Leap for Boys in these degenerate Days.

On the clear Crystal's verdant Bank he stood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal Wood,
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his Breast,
And thus in Tears his kindred Gods address'd.

' If true, ye watery Powers, my Lineage came
' From *Neptune* mingling with a mortal Dame;
' Down to his Court, with coral Garlands crown'd,
' Through all your Grottoes waft my plaintive Sound,
' And urge the God, whose Trident shakes the Earth,
' To grace his Offspring, and assert my Birth.

He said. A gentle *Naiad* heard his Prayer,
And, touch'd with Pity for a Lover's Care,
Shoots to the Sea, where low beneath the Tides
Old *Neptune* in th' unfathom'd Deep resides.
Rous'd at the News the Sea's stern Sultan swore
Revenge, and scarce from present Arms forbore:
But first the Nymph his Harbinger he sends,
And to her Care the fav'rite Boy commends.

As through the *Thames* her backward Course she guides,
Driven up his Current by the reflux Tides,
Along his Banks the Pygmy Legions spread
She spies, and haughty *Oriel* at their Head.
Soon with wrong'd *Albion's* Name the Host she fires,
And counts the Ocean's God among his Sires;
' The Ocean's God, by whom shall be o'erthrown,
' (*Stryx* heard his Oath) the Tyrant *Oberon*.

' See here beneath a Toadstool's deadly Gloom
' Lies *Albion*: Him the Fates your Leader doom.
' Hear and obey; 'tis *Neptune's* powerful Call,
' By him *Azuriel* and his King shall fall.

She said. They bow'd: and on their Shields up-bore
With Shouts their new-saluted Emperor.

Even *Oriel* smil'd: at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of Vengeance triumph'd over Love.

See now the Mourner of the lonely Shade
By Gods protected, and by Hosts obey'd,
A Slave, a Chief, by fickle Fortune's Play,
In the short Course of one revolving Day.

What wonder if the Youth, so strangely blest,
Felt his Heart flutter in his little Breast!
His thick embattel'd Troops, with secret Pride,
He views extended half an Acre wide;
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a Straw-breadth nearer to the Skies.

O for thy Muse. * great Bard, whose lofty Strains
In Battle join'd the *Pygmies* and the *Cranes*!
Each gaudy Knight, had I that Warmth divine,
Each colour'd Legion in my Verse should shine.
But simple I, and innocent of Art,
The Tale, that sooth'd my infant Years, impart,
The Tale I heard whole Winter-eves, untir'd,
And sing the Battles, that my Nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill Corn-pipes, echoing loud to Arms,
To Rank and File reduce the straggling Swarms,
Thick Rows of Spears at once, with sudden Glare,
A Grove of Needles, glitter in the Air;
Loose in the Winds small Ribbon-streamers flow,
Dipt in all Colours of the heavenly Bow,
And the gay Host, that now its March pursues,
Gleams o'er the Meadows in a thousand Hues.

On *Buda's* Plains thus formidably bright,
Shone *Asia's* Sons, a pleasing dreadful Sight.

* Mr. Addison.

In

In various Robes their filken Troops were seen,
The Blue, the Red, and Prophet's sacred Green :
When blooming *Brunswick* near the *Danube's* Flood,
First stain'd his maiden Sword in *Turkish* Blood.

Unseen and silent march the slow Brigades
Through pathless Wildes, and unfrequented Shades.
In hope already, vanquish'd by Surprise,
In *Albion's* Power the fairy Empire lies ;
Already has he seiz'd on *Kenna's* Charms,
And the glad Beauty trembles in his Arms.

The March concludes : and now in Prospect near,
But fenc'd with Arms, the hostile Towers appear.
For *Oberon*, or Druids falsely sing,
Wore his Prime *Vifser* in a magic Ring,
A subtle Spright, that opening Plots foretold
By sudden Dimness on the beamy Gold.
Hence, in a Crescent form'd, his Legions bright
With beating Bosoms waited for the Fight ;
To charge their Foes they march, a glittering Band,
And in their Van doth bold *Azuriel* stand.

What Rage that Hour did *Albion's* Soul possess,
Let Chiefs imagine and let Lovers guess !
Forth issuing from his Ranks, that strove in vain
To check his Course, athwart the dreadful Plain
He strides indignant : and with haughty Cries
To single Fight the fairy Prince defies.

Forbear, rash Youth, th' unequal War to try :
Nor, sprung from Mortals, with Immortals vie.
No God stands ready to avert thy Doom,
Nor yet thy Grandfire of the Waves is come.
My Words are vain—no Words the Wretch can move,
By Beauty dazled, and bewitch'd by Love :
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious Prize,
And sees no Danger, while he sees her Eyes.

Now from each Host the eager Warriors start,
And furious *Albion* flings his hasty Dart.
'Twas feather'd from the Bee's transparent Wing,
And its Shaft ended in a Horret's Sting :

But,

But, tost in Rage, it flew without a Wound,
High o'er the Foe, and guiltless pierc'd the Ground.
Not so *Azuris*'s: with un-erring Aim

Too near the needle-pointed Javelin came,
Drove through the seven-fold Shield, and silken vest,
And lightly ras'd the Lover's ivory Breast.

Rous'd at the Smart, and rising to the Blow,
With his keen Sword he cleaves his fairy Foe,
Sheer from the Shoulder to the Waste he cleaves,
And of one Arm the tott'ring Trunk bereaves.

His useless Steel brave *Albion* wields no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the Combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal Strain,
Or less than Fairy, felt the deadly Pain.

But empyreal Forms, howe'er in Fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.

As some frail Cup of *China*'s purest Mold,
With Azure varnish'd, and bedropt with Gold,
Tho' broke, if cur'd by some nice Virgin's Hands,
In its old Strength and pristine Beauty stands;

The Tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,
And holds secure the Coffee's sable Waves:
So did *Azuris*'s Arm, if Fame say true,
Rejoin the vital Trunk whence first it grew;
And, whilst in wonder fixt poor *Albion* stood,
Plung'd the curst Sabre in his Heart's warm Blood.

The golden Broidery, tender *Milkah* wove,
The Breast, to *Kenna* sacred and to Love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping Wound
Pours out a Flood of Purple on the Ground.

The jetty Lustre sickens in his Eyes:
On his cold Cheeks the bloomy Freshness dies;

' Oh *Kenna*, *Kenna*, thrice he try'd to say,
' *Kenna* farewell: and sigh'd his Soul away,

His Fall the *Dryads* with loud Shrieks deplore,
By Sister *Naiads* echo'd from the Shore,
Thence down to *Neptune*'s secret Realms convey'd,
Through Grotts, and Glooms, and many a coral Shade.

The

The Sea's great Sire, with Looks denouncing War,
 The Trident shakes, and mounts the pearly Carr:
 With one stern Frown the wide-spread Deep deforms,
 And works the madding Ocean into Storms.
 O'er foaming Mountains, and through bursting Tides,
 Now high, now low, the bounding Chariot rides,
 'Till through the *Thames* in a loud Whirlwind's Roar
 It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd Shore.

Now fix'd on Earth his tow'ring Stature stood,
 Hung o'er the Mountains, and o'erlook'd the Wood.
 To *Brumpton's* Grove one ample Stride he took,
 (The Valleys trembled, and the Forests shook)
 The next huge Step reach'd the devoted Shade,
 Where choak'd in Blood was wretched *Albion* laid:
 Where now the Vanquish'd, with the Victors join'd,
 Beneath the regal Banners stood combin'd.

Th' embattel'd Dwarfs with Rage and Scorn he past,
 And on their Town his Eye vindictive cast.
 Its deep Foundations his strong Trident cleaves,
 And high in Air th' up-rooted Empire heaves;
 On his broad Engine the vast Ruin hung,
 Which on the Foe with force divine he flung:
 Aghast the Legions in th' approaching Shade,
 Th' inverted Spires and rocking Domes survey'd,
 That downward tumbling on the Host below
 Crush'd the whole Nation at one dreadful Blow.
 Towers, Arms, Nymphs, Warriors, are together lost,
 And a whole Empire falls to sooth sad *Albion's* Ghost.

Such was the Period, long restrain'd by Fate,
 And such the downfall of the fairy State.
 This Dale, a pleasing Region, not unblest,
 This Dale possess they; and had still possess;
 Had not their Monarch, with a Father's Pride,
 Rent from her Lord th' inviolable Bride,
 Rash to dissolve the Contract seal'd above,
 The solemn Vows and sacred Bonds of Love.
 Now, where his Elves so sprightly danc'd the Round,
 No Violet breathes, nor Daisy paints the Ground,

His

His Towers and People fill one common Grave,
A shapeless Ruin, and a barren Cave.

Beneath huge Hills of smoking Piles he lay
Stun'd and confounded a whole Summer's Day,
At length awak'd (for what can long restrain
Unbody'd Spirits!) but awak'd in Pain:

And as he saw the desolated Wood,
And the dark Den where once his Empire stood,
Grief chill'd his Heart: to his half-open'd Eyes
In every Oak a *Neptune* seem'd to rise:

He fled: and left, with all his trembling Peers,
The long Possession of a thousand Years.

Through Bush, through Brake, through Groves and
gloomy Dales,

Through dank and dry, o'er Streams and flowery Vales,
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,

And stop'd and started at each rustling Wind.

Wing'd with like Fear his abdicated Bands,

Disperse and wander into different Lands.

Part hid beneath the *Peak's* deep Caverns lie,

In silent Glooms impervious to the Sky;

Part on fair *Avon's* Margin seek Repose,

Whose Stream o'er *Britain's* midmost Region flows,

Where formidable *Neptune* never came,

And Seas and Oceans are but known by Fame:

Some to dark Woods and secret Shade retreat:

And some on Mountains choose their airy Seat.

There haply by the ruddy Damsel seen,

Or Shepherd-boy, they featly foot the Green,

While from their Steps a circling Verdure springs;

But fly from Towns, and dread the Courts of Kings.

Mean-while sad *Kenna*, loth to quit the Grove,

Hung o'er the Body of her breathless Love,

Try'd every Art, (vain Arts!) to change his Doom,

And vow'd (vain Vows!) to join him in the Tomb.

What could she do? the Fates alike deny

The Dead to live, or fairy Forms to die.

An Herb there grows (the same old * *Homer* tells
Ulysses bore to rival *Circe's* Spells)

Its Root is ebon-black, but sends to light
A Stem that bends with Flowrets milky-white;
Moly the Plant, which Gods and Fairies know,
But secret kept from mortal Men below.

On his pale Limbs its virtuous Juice she shed,
And murmur'd mystic Numbers o'er the Dead,
When lo! the little Shape by magic Power
Grew less and less, contracted to a Flower,
A Flower, that first in this sweet Garden smil'd,
To Virgins sacred, and the *Snow-drop* styl'd.

The new-born Plant with sweet Regret she view'd,
Warm'd with her Sighs, and with her Tears bedew'd,
Its ripen'd Seeds from Bank to Bank convey'd,
And with her Lover whiten'd half the Shade.

Thus won from Death each Spring she sees him grow,
And glories in the vegetable Snow,
Which now increas'd through wide *Britannia's* Plains,
Its Parent's Warmth and spotless Name retains,
First Leader of the flowery Race aspires,
And foremost catches the Sun's genial Fires,
Mid Frosts and Snows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the Seasons, and leads on the Year.

Deserted now of all the Pygmy Race,
Nor Man nor Fairy touch'd this guilty Place.
In Heaps on Heaps, for many a rolling Age,
It lay accurst, the Mark of *Neptune's* Rage,
'Till great *Nassau* recloth'd the desert Shade,
Thence sacred to *Britannia's* Monarchs made.
'Twas then the green-rob'd Nymph, fair *Kenna*, came,
(*Kenna* that gave the neighb'ring Town its Name.)
Proud when she saw th' enobled Garden shine,
With Nymphs and Heroes of her Lover's Line,
She vow'd to grace the Mansions once her own,
And picture out in Plants the fairy Town.

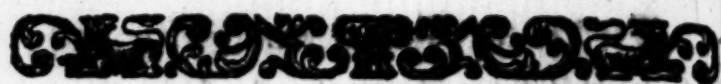
To far-fam'd *Wife* her Flight unseen she sped,
And with gay Prospects fill'd the Craftsman's Head,
Soft in his Fancy drew a pleasing Scheme,
And plann'd that Landskip in a Morning Dream.

With the sweet View the Sire of Gardens fir'd,
Attempts the Labour by the Nymph inspir'd,
The Walls and Streets in Rows of Yew designs,
And forms the Town in all its ancient Lines;
The corner Trees he lifts more high in Air,
And girds the Palace with a verdant Square;
Nor knows, while round he views the rising Scenes,
He builds a City as he plants his Greens.

With a sad Pleasure the Aërial Maid,
This Image of her ancient Realm survey'd,
How chang'd, how fallen from its primæval Pride!
Yet here each Moon, the Hour her Lover dy'd,
Each Moon his solemn Obsequies she pays,
And leads the Dance beneath pale *Cynthia's* Rays;
Pleas'd in these Shades to head her fairy Train,
And grace the Groves where *Albion's* Kinsmen reign.



CON-



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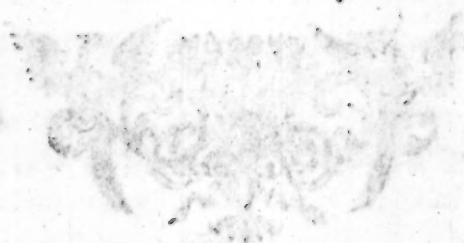
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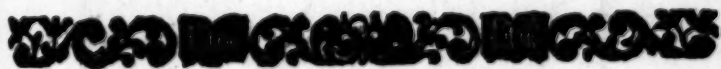




P O E M S

B Y

Dr. SPRAT, Bishop of ROCHESTER.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

P O T M S



DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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To the Reverend

Dr. *W I L K I N S*,

Warden of *Wadham* College in *Oxford*.

S I R,

SEEING you are pleased to think fit that these Papers should come into the Public, which were at first designed to live only in a Desk, or some private Friend's Hands; I humbly take the Boldness to commit them to the Security which your Name and Protection will give them with the most knowing Part of the World. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your Defence: One is, That they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius of that excellent Poet, who made this way of Writing free of our Nation: The other, That they are so little proportioned and equal to the Renown of that Prince, on whom

VOL. II. Q they

DEDICATION.

they were written. Such great Actions and Lives deserving rather to be the Subjects of the noblest Pens and divine Fancies, than of such small Beginners and weak Essayers in Poetry as myself. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other Shield, than the universal Esteem and Authority which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The Right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the Account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the general Favour which all Arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that Obligation and Zeal with which I am bound to dedicate myself to your Service: For having been a long time the Object of your Care and Indulgence towards the Advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded, as it were, by your own Hands, and formed under your Government, not to intitle you to any thing which my Meanness produces, would not only be Injustice, but Sacrilege: So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves Pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your most devoted,

and obliged Servant,

THO. SPRAT



To the happy MEMORY of the late]

LORD PROTECTOR.

I.



IS true, great Name, thou art secure
From the Forgetfulness and Rage
Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
Thou canst the Force and Teeth of Time
endure:

Thy Fame, like Men, the elder it doth grow,

Will of itself turn whiter too,

Without what needless Art can do;

Will live beyond thy Breath, beyond thy Hearse,

Tho' it were never heard or sung in Verse.

Without our Help, thy Memory is safe;

They only want an Epitaph,

That do remain alone

Alive in an Inscription,

Remembred only on the Brass, or Marble-stone,

'Tis all in vain what we can do:

All our Roses and Perfumes

Will but officious Folly show,

And pious Nothings to such mighty Tombs,

All our Incense, Gums and Balm,

Are but unnecessary Duties here:

The Poets may their Spices spare,

Their costly Numbers, and their tuneful Feet:

That need not be imbalmd, which of itself is sweet.

Q 2

II. We

II.

We know to praise thee is a dangerous Proof
 Of our Obedience and our Love:
 For when the Sun and Fire meet,
 The one's extinguish'd quite ;
 And yet the other never is more bright.
 So they that write of thee, and join
 Their feeble Names with thine ;
 Their weaker Sparks with thy illustrious Light,
 Will lose themselves in that ambitious Thought ;
 And yet no Fame to thee from hence be brought.
 We know, bless'd Spirit, thy mighty Name
 Wants no Addition of another's Beam ;
 It's for our Pens too high, and full of Theme :
 The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them,
 Thy Fame's eternal Lamp will live,
 And in thy sacred Urn survive,
 Without the Food of Oil, which we can give.
 'Tis true ; but yet our Duty calls our Songs ;
 Duty commands our Tongues :
 Tho' thou want not our Praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee ;
 For so Men from Religion are not freed,
 But from the Altars Clouds must rise,
 Tho' Heaven itself doth nothing need,
 And tho' the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice.

III.

Great Life of Wonders, whose each Year
 Full of new Miracles did appear !
 Whose every Month might be
 Alone a Chronicle, or History !
 Others great Actions are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there ;
 At best, but all one single Star ;
 But thine the Milky-way,
 All one continued Light, of undistinguish'd Day ;

They

They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
Scarce any common Sky did come between:

What shall I say, or where begin?

Thou may'st in double Shapes be shown,
Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown;
Like *Jove*, sometimes with warlike Thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in his Hand;

Or in the Field, or on the Throne.

In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done,
All that thou didst was so refin'd,
So full of Substance, and so strongly join'd,
So pure, so weighty Gold,
That the least Grain of it,
If fully spread and beat,

Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy Name was publish'd, and whilst yet

Thou only to thyself wert great,

Whilst yet the happy *Bud*

Was not quite seen or understood,

It then sure Signs of future Greatness shew'd:

Then thy domestic Worth

Did tell the World what it would be,

When it should fit Occasion see,

When a full Spring should call it forth:

As Bodies in the Dark and Night,

Have the same Colours, the same Red and White,

As in the open Day and Light;

The Sun doth only shew

That they are bright, not make them so.

So whilst but private Walls did know

What we to such a mighty Mind should owe,

Then the same Virtues did appear,

Tho' in a less and more contracted Sphere,

As full, tho' not as large as since they were:

And like great Rivers, Fountains, tho'

At first so deep thou didst not go:

366 POEMS by Dr. SPRAT,

'Tho' then thine was not so enlarg'd a Flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou was not born unto a Crown,
Thy Scepter's not thy Father's, but thy own:
Thy Purple was not made at once in haste,
But after many other Colours past,
It took the deepest princely Dye at last.
Thou didst begin with lesser Cares,
And private Thoughts took up thy private Years:
Those Hands which were ordain'd by Fates
To change the World and alter States,
Practis'd at first that vast Design
On meaner Things with equal Mien.
That Soul which should so many Scepters sway,
To whom so many Kingdoms should obey,
Learn'd first to rule in a domestic way:
So Government itself began
From Family, and single Man,
Was by the small Relation first
Of Husband and of Father nurs'd,
And from those less Beginnings past,
To spread itself o'er all the World at last.

VI.

But when thy Country (then almost enthrall'd)
Thy Virtue and thy Courage call'd;
When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
And't had been Sin in thee not to be Great:
When every Stream, and every Flood,
Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood;
When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
Fill'd every Place, and every Ear;
When the great Storms and dismal Night
Did all the Land affright;
'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our Light.

Thou left'st thy more delightful Peace,
Thy private Life and better Ease;
Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
Wishing that it still hung upon the Hook:
When Death had got a large Commission out,
Throwing the Arrows and her Sting about;
Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)
Wast lifted up, not for thyself, but us.

VII.

Thy Country wounded was, and sick, before
Thy Wars and Arms did her restore:
Thou knew'st where the Disease did lie,
And like the Cure of Sympathy,
The strong and certain Remedy
Unto the Weapon didst apply:
Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so
Away the Scabbard throw,
As if thy Country shou'd
Be the Inheritance of Mars and Blood:
But that when the great Work was spun,
War in itself should be undone;
That Peace might land again upon the Shore,
Richer and better than before:
The Husbandmen no Steel shall know,
None but the useful Iron of the Plow:
That Bays might creep on every Spear:
And tho' our Sky was overspread
With a destructive Red;
'Twas but till thou our Sun didst in full Light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* dy'd, the purple Blood,
That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into Letter, every Leaf
Had on it wrote his Epitaph:
So from that crimson Flood,

Which thou by Fate of Times wert led
 Unwillingly to shed,
 Letters, and Learning rose, and renewed:
 Thou fought'st, not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,
 But to refine the Church and State;
 And like the *Romans*, whate'er thou
 In the Field of *Mars* didst mow,
 Was, that a holy Island hence might grow.
 Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shower,
 Which welcome Clouds do pour,
 Tho' they at first may seem
 To carry all away with an enraged Stream;
 Yet did not happen that they might destroy,
 Or the better Parts annoy:
 But all the Filth and Mud to scour,
 And leave behind another Slime,
 To give a Birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and so well
 Thou didst in Battles and in Arms excel;
 That steely Arms themselves might be
 Worn out in War as soon as thee;
 Success so close upon thy Troops did wait,
 As if thou first hadst conquer'd Fate;
 As if uncertain Victory
 Had been first o'ercome by thee;
 As if her Wings were clipt, and could not flee,
 Whilst thou didst only serve,
 Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve.
 Others by thee did great Things do,
 Triumph'dst thyself, and mad'st them triumph too;
 Tho' they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher Sphere:
 Thou, the great Sun, gav'st Light to every Star;
 Thyself an Army wert alone,
 And mighty Troops contain'd in one.

Bishop of ROCHESTER. 369

Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
Like that which flaming in the Angel's Hand,
From Men God's Garden did defend:
But yet thy Sword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise.

X.

Thou fought'st not to be High or Great,
Nor for a Scepter or a Crown,
Or Ermin, Purple, or the Throne:
But as the Vestal Heat,
Thy Fire was kindled from above alone;
Religion putting on thy Shield,
Brought thee Victorious to the Field.
Thy Arms, like those which ancient Heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou didst adore:
And all the Words thy Armies had,
Were on an heavenly Avil made:
Not Int'rest, or any weak Desire
Of Rule or Empire, did thy Mind inspire:
Thy Valour like the Holy Fire,
Which did before the Persian Armies go,
Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was sacred too:
Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
What was desired by Heaven and those blest Seats,
And makes the Church triumphant here below.

XI.

Tho' Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
And did obey thy mighty Word:
Tho' Fortune, for thy Side and thee,
Forgot her lov'd Inconstancy:
Amidst thy Arms and Trophies thou
Wert valiant and gentle too:
Woundedst thyself, when thou didst kill thy Foe,
Like Steel, when it much Work has past,
That which was rough does shine at last,
Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did smother grow.

370 POEMS by Dr. SPRAT,

Nor did thy Battles make thee proud or high,
 Thy Conquest rais'd the State, not thee:
 'Thou over'cam'st thyself in every Victory.
 As when the Sun in a directer Line,
 Upon a polish'd golden Shield doth shine,
 The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light:
 So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight;
 When thy propitious God had lent
 Success and Victory to thy Tent;
 To Heav'n again the Victory was sent.

XII.

England, 'till thou did'st come,
 Confin'd her Valour home;
 Then our own Rocks did stand
 Bounds to our Fame as well as Land,
 And were to us as well
 As to our Enemies unpassable:
 We were asham'd at what we read,
 And blush'd at what our Fathers did,
 Because we came so far behind the Dead.
 The *British* Lion hung his Main, and droop'd,
 To Slavery and Burden stoop'd,
 With a degenerate Sleep and Fear
 Lay in his Den, and languish'd there;
 At whose least Voice before,
 A trembling Echo run through every Shore,
 And shook the World at every Roar:
 Thou his subdu'd Courage didst restore,
 Sharpen his Claws, and from his Eyes
 Mad'st the same dreadful Lightning rise;
 Mad'st him again affright the neighbouring Floods,
 His mighty Thunder sounds through all the Woods:
 Thou hast our military Fame redeem'd,
 Which was lost, or clouded seem'd:
 Nay, more, Heaven did by thee bestow
 On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

XIII.

'Till thou command'dst, that azure Chain of Waves,
 Which Nature round about us sent,
 Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
 Was rather Burden than an Ornament;
 Those Fields of Sea, that wash'd our Shores,
 Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hands than ours:
 To us, the liquid Mass,
 Which doth about us run,
 As it is to the Sun,
 Only a Bed to sleep on was:
 And not as now a powerful Throne,
 To shake and sway the World thereon.
 Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did shew,
 But not a perfect one,
 Compos'd of Earth and Water too.
 But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
 Thou all the Wilderness of Water sway'd;
 Thou did'st not only wed the Sea,
 Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.
Neptune himself did bear thy Yoke,
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy Stroke:
 He that ruled all the Main,
 Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign:
 And now the conquer'd Sea doth pay
 More Tribute to thy *Thames* than that unto the Sea,

XIV.

'Till now our Valour did ourselves more hurt:
 Our Wounds to other Nations were a Sport;
 And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
 Iron and Steel, which should to tear ourselves be us'd:
 Our Strength within itself did break,
 Like thund'ring Cannons crack,
 And kill'd those that were near,
 While the Enemies secur'd and untouch'd were.

But

Till

But now our Trumpets thou hast made to sound
Against their Enemies Walls in foreign Ground ;
And yet no Echo back to us returning found.

England is now the happy peaceful Isle,

And all the World the while

Is exercising Arms and Wars

With Foreign or Intestine Jars.

The Torch extinguish'd here, we lent to others Oil.

We give to all, yet know ourselves no Fear ;

We reach the Flame of Ruin and of Death,

Where-e'er we please our Swords to masheath,

Whilst we in calm and temperate Regions breathe :

Like to the Sun, whose Heat is hurl'd

Through every Corner of the World ;

Whose Flame through all the Air doth go,

And yet the Sun himself the while no Fire does know.

XV.

Besides, the Glories of thy Peace

Are not in Number, nor in Value less.

Thy Hand did cure, and close the Scars

Of our bloody Civil Wars ;

Not only lanc'd but heal'd the Wound,

Made us again as healthy and as sound :

When now the Ship was well nigh lost,

After the Storm upon the Coast,

By its Mariners endanger'd most ;

When they their Ropes and Helms had left,

When the Planks asunder cleft,

And Floods came roaring in with mighty Sound,

Thou a safe Land and Harbour for us found,

And savedst those that would themselves have drown'd :

A Work which none but Heaven and Thee could do,

Thou mad'st us happy whether we would or no :

Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great,

As if those Virtues only in thy Mind had Seat :

Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,

When Heaven seem'd to be wanted least ;

Thy

Thy Temples not like *Janus* only were
Open in Time of War,
When thou hadst greater Cause to fear:
Religion and the awe of Heaven possess
All Places and all Times alike thy Breast.

XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy Age provide,
But for the Years to come beside;
Our After-times, and late Posterity,
Shall pay unto thy Fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
And when thy mortal Work was done,
When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
Thou him to bear thy Burden chose,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy Loss;
Nor hadst thou him design'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy Blood, but Virtue kin,
Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind:
'Tis he shall perfect all thy Cures,
And with a fine Thread weave out thy Loom:
So one did bring the chosen People from
Their Slavery and Fears,
Led them through their pathless Road,
Guided himself by God.
H'as brought them to the Borders; but a second Hand
Did settle and secure them in the promis'd Land.

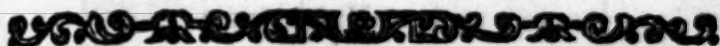




To a Person of Honour, (Mr. EDWARD HOWARD) upon his Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem, intituled the British Princes.

YOUR Book our old Knight-Errants Fame revives,
 Writ in a Stile agreeing with their Lives.
 All Rumours Strength their Prowess did out-go,
 All Rumours Skill your Verses far out-do:
 To praise the *Welch* the World must now combine,
 Since to their Leeks you do your Laurel join:
 Such lofty Strains your Country's Story fit,
 Whose Mountain nothing equals, but your Wit.
Bonduca, were she such, as here we see
 (In *British* Paint) none could more dreadful be:
 With naked Armies she encounter'd *Rome*,
 Whose Strength with naked Nature you o'ercome.
 Nor let small Criticks blame this mighty Queen,
 That in King *Arthur's* Time she here is seen:
 You that can make Immortal by your Song,
 May well one Life four hundred Years prolong.
 Thus *Virgil* bravely dar'd for *Dido's* Love,
 The settled Course of Time and Years to move.
 Though him you imitate in this alone,
 In all things else you borrow Help from none:
 No antick Tale of *Greece* or *Rome* you take,
 Their Fables and Examples you forsake.
 With true heroic Glory you display
 A Subject new, writ in the newest way.

Go forth, great Author, for the World's Delight;
 Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write;
 They talk strange Things that ancient Poets did;
 How Trees, and Stones they into Buildings lead:
 For Poems to raise Cities, now, 'tis hard,
 But yours, at least, will build half *Paul's* Churchyard.



On his MISTRESS Drown'd.

SWEET Stream, that dost with equal Pace
Both thyself fly, and thyself chace,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And listen to my Woe.

Then go, and tell the Sea that all its Brine
Is fresh, compar'd to mine;

Inform it that the gentler Dame,
Who was the Life of all my Flame,

In th' Glory of her Bud
Has pass'd the fatal Flood,

Death by this only Stroke triumphs above
The greatest Power of Love:

Alas, alas! I must give o'er,

My Sighs will let me add no more.

Go on, sweet Stream, and henceforth rest

No more than does my troubled Breast;

And if my sad Complaints have made thee stay,

These Tears, these Tears shall mend thy Way.



10-10-1968

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On the Matter of the

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THE



THE
PLAGUE *of* ATHENS,

Which happen'd in the

Second Year of the Peloponnesian War.

First describ'd in *Greek* by THUCYDIDES;
Then in *Latin* by LUCRETIVS.





THE

PLAQUE OF ATHENS

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE

SCULPTURE OF THE PARRICIDE

BY THE REV. J. H. W. L. ...
... BY THE REV. J. H. W. L. ...



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To my Worthy and Learned Friend,

Dr. *WALTER POPE*,

Late Professor of the

University of *OXFORD*.

S I R,



Know not what Pleasure you could take in bestowing your Commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which Nature sometimes cherishes and allows Monsters, the Love of Variety. This only Delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolish'd Copy, and comparing it with my excellent Patterns, the *Greek* and *Latin*. By this you will see how much a noble Subject is changed and disfigured by an ill Hand, and what Reason *Alexander* had to forbid his Picture to be drawn but by some celebrated Pencil. In *Greek*, *Thucydides* so well and so lively expresses it, that I know not which is more a Poem, his Description or that of *Lueretius*. Though it must be said, that the Historian had a vast Advantage over the Poet; he having been present on the Place, and assaulted by the Disease himself, had the Horror familiar to his Eyes, and all the Shapes of the Misery
still

The Epistle Dedicatory.

still remaining on his Mind, which must needs make a great Impression on his Pen and Fancy; whereas the Poet was forced to follow his Footsteps, and only work on that Matter he allowed him. This I speak, because it may in some Measure too excuse my own Defects: For being so far removed from the Place whereon the Disease acted his Tragedy, and Time having denied us many of the Circumstances, Customs of the Country, and other small things which would be of great use to any one who did intend to be perfect on the Subject; besides, only writing by an Idea of that which I never yet saw, nor care to feel, (being not of the Humour of the Painter in Sir *Philip Sidney*, who thrust himself into the midst of a Fight, that he might the better delineate it.) Having, I say, all these Disadvantages, and many more for which I must only blame myself, it cannot be expected that I should come near equalling him, in whom none of the contrary Advantages were wanting. Thus then, Sir, by emboldening me to this rash Attempt, you have given opportunity to the *Greek* and *Latin* to triumph over our Mother-Tongue. Yet I would not have the Honour of the Countries or Languages engaged in the Comparison, but that the Inequality should reach no farther than the Authors. But I have much reason to fear the just Indignation of that Excellent Person, (the present Ornament and Honour of our Nation) whose way of Writing I imitate: For he may think himself as much injured by my following him, as were the Heavens by that bold Man's counterfeiting the sacred and unimitable Noise of Thunder, by the Sound of Brass and Horses Hoofs. I shall only say for myself, that I took *Cicero's* Advice, who bids us, in Imitation, propose the noblest Pattern to our Thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common Level, tho' we come infinitely short of what we aim at.

Yet

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Yet I hope that renowned Poet will have none of my Crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any Fault in the excellent Musician, that the weak Bird, endeavouring by straining its Throat to follow its Notes, destroyed herself in the Attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have chosen rather to expose myself than to be disobedient, you may guess with what Zeal and Hazard I strive to approve myself,

S I R,

Your most Humble and

Affectionate Servant,

THO. SPRAT.

THU



THUCYDIDES, LIB. II.

As it is excellently translated by Mr. HOBBS.

IN the very beginning of Summer, the *Peloponnesians*, and their Confederates, with two Thirds of their Forces, as before, invaded *Attica*, under the Conduct of *Archidamus*, the Son of *Zeuxidamas*, King of *Lacedæmon*; and after they had encamped themselves, wasted the Country about them.

They had not been many Days in *Attica*, when the Plague first began amongst the *Athenians*, said also to have seized formerly on divers other Parts, as about *Lemnos*, and elsewhere; but so great a Plague, and Mortality of Men was never remembred to have happened in any Place before. For at first neither were the Physicians able to cure it, through Ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the Men that most approached the Sick, nor any other Art of Man availed whatsoever. All Supplications to the Gods, and Enquiries of Oracles, and whatsoever other means they used of that kind proved all unprofitable; insomuch, as subdued with the greatness of the Evil, they gave them all over. It began (by Report) first in that Part of *Æthiopia* that lieth upon *Ægypt*, and thence fell down into *Ægypt* and *Africk*, and into the greatest Part of the Territories of the King. It invaded *Athens* on a sudden, and touched first upon those that dwelt in *Pyraus*, insomuch as they reported that the *Peloponnesians* had cast Poison into their Wells; for Springs there were not any in that Place. But afterwards it came up into the high City, and then they died a great deal faster. Now let every Man, Physician or other, concerning the Ground of this Sickness, whence it sprung,

sprung, and what Causes he thinks able to produce so
 great an Alteration, speak according to his own Know-
 ledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner
 of it, and lay open only such things as one may take his
 Mark by to discover the same if it come again, having
 been both sick of it myself, and seen others sick of the
 same. This Year, by Confession of all Men, was of all
 other, for other Diseases, most free and healthful. If any
 Man were sick before, his Disease turned to this; if not,
 yet suddenly, without any apparent Cause preceding, and
 being in perfect Health, they were taken first with an
 extreme Ach in their Heads, Redness and Inflammation
 in the Eyes; and then inwardly their Throats and
 Tongues grew presently bloody, and their Breath noisom
 and unsavoury. Upon this followed a Sneezing and
 Hoarseness, and not long after, the Pain, together with
 a mighty Cough, came down into the Breast. And when
 once it was settled in the Stomach it caused Vomit, and
 with great Torment came up all manner of bilious Pur-
 gation that Physicians ever named. Most of them had
 also the Hickyexe, which brought with it a strong Con-
 vulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was
 long before it gave over. Their Bodies outwardly to the
 Touch, were neither very hot nor pale, but reddish,
 livid, and beset with little Pimples and Wheelks;
 but so burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lightest
 Cloaths or Linen Garment to be upon them, nor any
 thing but mere Nakedness, but rather most willingly to
 have cast themselves into the cold Water. And many
 of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate
 Thirst, ran unto the Wells; and to drink much, or little,
 was indifferent, being still from Ease and Power to sleep as
 far as ever. As long as the Disease was at the Height,
 their Bodies wasted not, but resisted the Torment beyond
 all Expectation, insomuch as the most of them either
 died of their inward Burning in nine or seven Days, whilst
 they had yet Strength; or if they escaped that, then
 the Disease falling down in their Bellies, and causing
 there

there great Exulcerations and immoderate Looseness, they died many of them afterwards through Weakness: For the Disease (which first took the Head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole Body: And he that overcame the worst of it, was yet marked with the Loss of his extreme Parts; for breaking out both at their privy Members, and at their Fingers and Toes, many with the Loss of these escaped. There were also some that lost their Eyes, and many that presently upon their Recovery were taken with such an Oblivion of all things whatsoever, as they neither knew themselves nor their Acquaintance. For this was a kind of Sickness which far surmounted all Expression of Words, and both exceeded human Nature in the Cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared also otherwise to be none of those Diseases that are bred among us, and that especially by this: For all, both Birds and Beasts, that use to feed on human Flesh, though many Men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or tasting perished. An Argument whereof, as touching the Birds, was the manifest Defect of such Fowl, which were not then seen, neither about the Carcases, or anywhere else; but by the Dogs, because they are familiar with Men, this Effect was seen much clearer. So that this Disease (to pass over many strange Particulars of the Accidents that some had differently from others) was in general such as I have shewn; and for other usual Sicknesses at that time, no Man was troubled with any. Now they died, some for want of Attendance, and some again with all the Care and Physick that could be used. Nor was there any, to say, certain Medicine that applied must have helped them; for if it did Good to one, it did Harm to another; nor any Difference of Body for Strength or Weakness that was able to resist it; but carried all away, what Physick soever has administered. But the greatest Misery of all was, the Defection of Mind in such as found themselves beginning to be sick (for they grew

grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without making any Resistance) as also their dying thus like Sheep, infected by mutual Visitation : For if Men forbore to visit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many Families became empty, for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themselves, and principally the honestest Men : For out of Shame they would not spare themselves, but went in unto their Friends, especially after it was come to that pass, that even their Domesticks, wearied with the Lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the Greatness of the Calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But those that were recovered, had much Compassion both on them that died, and on them that lay sick, as having both known the Misery themselves; and now no more subject to the like Danger ; For this Disease never took a Man the second Time so as to be mortal. And these Men were both by others counted happy, and they also themselves, through Excess of present Joy, conceived a kind of light Hope never to die of any other Sickness hereafter. Besides the present Affliction, the Reception of the Country People, and of their Substance into the City, oppressed both them, and much more the People themselves that so came in. For having no Houses, but dwelling at that time of the Year in stifling Booths, the Mortality was now without all Form ; and dying Men lay tumbling one upon another in the Streets, and Men half dead about every Conduit through desire of Water. The Temples also where they dwelt in Tents, were all full of the Dead that died within them ; for oppressed with the Violence of the Calamity, and not knowing what to do, Men grew careless, both of Holy and Profane Things alike. And the Laws which they formerly used touching Funerals, were all now broken, every one burying where he could find Room. And many for want of things necessary, after so many Deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the Funerals

of their Friends. For when one had made a Funeral Pile, another getting before him, would throw on his Dead, and give it Fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great Licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the City, began at first from this Disease. For that which a Man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done for Voluptuousness, he durst now do freely, seeing before his Eyes such quick Revolution, of the rich Dying, and Men worth nothing inheriting their Estates; insomuch as they justified a speedy Fruition of their Goods, even for their Pleasure, as Men that thought they held their Lives but by the Day. As for Pains, no Man was forward in any Action of Honour, to take any, because they thought it uncertain whether they should die or not before they atchieved it. But what any Man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to Pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the Fear of the Gods, nor Laws of Men, awed any Man. Not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship or not worship, from seeing that alike they all perished: Nor the latter, because no Man expected that his Life wou'd last 'till he received Punishment of his Crimes by Judgment. But they thought there was now over their Heads some far greater Judgment decreed against them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy some little Part of their Lives.





THE
PLAGUE of *ATHENS*.

I.



Unhappy Man ! By Nature made to sway,
And yet is every Creature's Prey,
Destroy'd by those that should his Power
obey.

Of the whole World we call Mankind the
Lords,

Flatt'ring ourselves with mighty Words ;
Of all things we the Monarchs are,
And so we rule, and so we domineer ;
All Creatures else about us stand
Like some *Prætorian Band*,
To guard, to help, and to defend ;
Yet they sometimes prove Enemies,
Sometimes against us rise ;

Our very Guards rebel, and tyrannize.

Thousand Diseases sent by Fate,
(Unhappy Servants !) on us wait ;
A thousand Treacheries within
Are laid, weak Life to win ;
Huge Troops of Maladies without,
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful Rout :)
Some formal Sieges make,
And with sure Slowness do our Bodies take ;

388 POEMS by Dr. SPRAT,

Some with quick Violence storm the Town,
 And throw all in a Moment down:
 Some one peculiar Fort assail,
 Some by general Attempts prevail.
 Small Herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
 And small is the Assistance they can give:
 How can the fading Offspring of the Field
 Sure Health and Succour yield?
 What strong and certain Remedy,
 What firm and lasting Life can ours be,
 When that which makes us live, doth ev'ry Winter die?

II.

Nor is this all: we do not only breed
 Within ourselves the fatal Seed
 Of Change, and of Decrease in ev'ry Part,
 Head, Belly, Stomach, and Root of Life, the Heart,
 Not only have our Autumn, when we must
 Of our own Nature turn to Dust;
 When Leaves and Fruit must fall;
 But are expos'd to mighty Tempests too,
 Which do at once what they would slowly do,
 Which throw down Fruit and Tree of Life withal.
 From Ruin we in vain
 Our Bodies by Repair maintain,
 Bodies compos'd of Stuff
 Mouldring and frail enough;
 Yet from without as well we fear
 A dangerous and destructive War.
 From Heaven, from Earth, from Sea, from Air,
 We like the *Roman* Empire should decay,
 And our own Force would melt away
 By the intestine Jar
 Of Elements, which on each other prey,
 The *Cæsars* and the *Pompeys* which within we bear:
 Yet are (like that) in danger too
 Of foreign Armies, and external Foe.
 Sometimes the *Gothish* and the barbarous Rage
 Of Plague or Pestilence attends Man's Age,
 Which neither Force nor Arts assuage; Which

Which cannot be avoided or withstood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected Flood.

III.

On *Æthiopia*, and the Southern Sands,
The unfrequented Coasts, and parched Lands,
Whither the Sun too kind a Heat doth send,
(The Sun, which the worst Neighbour is, and the best
Friend,)

Hither a mortal Influence came,
A fatal and unhappy Flame,
Kindled by Heaven's angry Beam.

With dreadful Frowns, the Heavens scatter'd here
Cruel infectious Heats into the Air :
Now all the Stores of Poison sent,

Threatning at once a general Doom,
Lavish'd out all their Hate, and meant
In future Ages to be innocent,
Not to disturb the World for many Years to come.
Hold ! Heavens hold ! why should your sacred Fire,
Which doth to all things Life inspire,
By whose kind Beams you bring
Forth Yearly every thing, !

Which doth th' original Seed
Of all things in the Womb of Earth that breed,
With vital Heat and quick'ning feed ;
Why should you now that Heat employ,
The Earth, the Air, the Fields, the Cities to annoy ?
That which before reviv'd, why should it now destroy ?

IV.

Those *Africk* Desarts straight were double Desarts
grown,
The rav'nous Beasts were left alone,
The rav'nous Beasts then first began
To pity their old Enemy Man,
And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves
have done.

Nor staid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one Air :

Plagues presently forsake
 The Wilderness which they themselves do make :
 Away the deadly Breaths their Journey take,
 Driven by a mighty Wind,
 They a new Booty and fresh Forage find :
 The loaded Wind went swiftly on,
 And as it past was heard to sigh and groan.
 On *Egypt* next it seiz'd,
 Nor could but by a general Ruin be appeas'd,
Egypt in Rage back on the South did look,
 And wondred thence should come th' unhappy stroke,
 From whence before her Fruitfulness she took.
Egypt did now curse and revile
 Those very Lands from whence she has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another *Hebrew* God,
 Another Angel's Hand, a second *Aaron's* Rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the sacred Land
 Its angry Forces did command;
 But God did place an Angel there,
 Its Violence to withstand,
 And turn into another Road the putrid Air.
 To *Tyre* it came, and there did all devour;
 Though that by Seas might think itself secure:
 Nor staid, as the great Conqueror did,
 'Till it had fill'd and stopp'd the Tide,
 Which did it from the Shore divide,
 But past the Waters, and did all possess,
 And quickly all was Wilderness.
 Thence it did *Persia* over-run,
 And all that sacrifice unto the Sun :
 In every Limb a dreadful Pain they felt,
 Tortur'd with secret Coals they melt;
 The *Persians* call'd their Sun in vain,
 Their God increas'd the Pain.
 They look'd up to their God no more,
 But curse the Beams they worshipp'd before,
 And hate the very Fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with Ruin of the East,
 She took her Wings and down to *Athens* past;
 Just Plague! which dost no Parties take,
 But *Greece* as well as *Persia* sack.
 While in unnatural Quarrels they
 (Like Frogs and Mice) each other slay;
 Thou in thy ravenous Claws took'st both away.
 Thither it came, and did destroy the Town,
 Whilst all its Ships and Soldiers looked on;
 And now the *Asian* Plague did more
 Than all the *Asian* Force cou'd do before.
 Without the Wall the *Spartan* Army fate,
 The *Spartan* Army came too late:
 For now there was no farther Work for Fate.
 They saw the City open lay,
 An easy and a bootless Prey;
 They saw the Rampiers empty stand,
 The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unmann'd.
 No need of Cruelty or Slaughters now,
 The Plague had finish'd what they came to do:
 They might now unresisted enter there,
 Did they not the very Air
 More than the *Athenians* fear.
 The Air itself to them was Wall, and Bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy *Athens*! it is true thou wert
 The proudest Work of Nature and of Art:
 Learning and Strength did thee compose,
 As Soul and Body us:
 But yet thou only thence art made
 A nobler Prey for Fates t'invade;
 Those mighty Numbers that within thee breathe,
 Do only serve to make a fatter Feast for Death.
 Death in the most frequented Places lives;
 Most Tribute from the Crowd receives;
 And though it bears a Scythe, and seems to own
 A rustick Life alone,

It loves no Wilderness,
 No scatter'd Villages,
 But mighty populous Palaces,
 The Throng, the Tumult, and the Town.
 What strange unheard-of Conqueror is this,
 Which by the Forces that resist it doth increase!
 When other Conquerors are
 Oblig'd to make a slower War,
 Nay sometimes for themselves may fear,
 And must proceed with watchful Care,
 When thicker Troops of Enemies appear;
 This stronger still, and more successful grows,
 Down sooner all before it throws,
 If greater Multitudes of Men do it oppose.

VIII.

The Tyrant first the Haven did subdue;
 Lately th' *Athenians* (it knew)
 Themselves by wooden Walls did save,
 And therefore first to them th' Infection gave,
 Lest they new Succour thence receive.
 Cruel *Pyræus*! now thou hast undone
 The Honour thou before hadst won;
 Not all thy Merchandize,
 Thy Wealth, thy Treasuries,
 Which from all Coasts thy Fleet supplies,
 Can to atone this Crime suffice.
 Next o'er the upper Town it spread,
 With mad and undiscerned Speed;
 In every Corner, every Street,
 Without a Guide did set its Feet,
 And too familiar every House did greet.
 Unhappy *Greece* of *Greece*! Great *Theseus* now
 Did thee a mortal Injury do,
 When first in Walls he did thee close,
 When first he did thy Citizens reduce,
 Houses and Government, and Laws to use.

It had been better if thy People still
 Dispersed in some Field or Hill,
 Though savage and undisciplin'd, did dwell,
 Though barbarous, untame and rude,
 Than by their Numbers thus to be subdu'd,
 To be by their own Swarms annoy'd,
 And to be civiliz'd only to be destroy'd.

IX.

Minerva started when she heard the Noise,
 And dying Mens confused Voice.
 From Heaven in haste she came, to see
 What was the mighty Prodigie.
 Upon the Castle Pinnacles she sat,
 And dar'd not nearer fly,
 Nor midst so many Deaths to trust her very Deity.
 With pitying Look she saw at every Gate
 Death and Destruction wait;
 She wrung her Hands, and call'd on *Jove*,
 And all th' immortal Powers above;
 But though a Goddess now did pray,
 The Heav'ns refus'd, and turn'd their Ear away.
 She brought her Olive, and her Shield,
 Neither of these, alas! Assistance yield.
 She lookt upon *Medusa's* Face,
 Was angry that she was
 Herself of an immortal Race,
 Was angry that her *Gorgon's* Head
 Could not strike her as well as others dead;
 She sat and wept awhile, and then away she fled.

X.

Now Death began her Sword to whet,
 Not all the *Cyclops* sweat,
 Nor *Vulcan's* mighty Anvils could prepare
 Weapons enough for her.
 No Weapon large enough, but all the Age
 Men felt the Heat within 'em rage,
 And hop'd the Air would it allwage,

394 POEMS by Dr. SPRAT,

Call'd for its Help, but th' Air did them deceive,
 And aggravate the Ills it should relieve.
 The Air no more was vital now,
 But did a mortal Poison grow;
 The Lungs which us'd to fan the Heart,
 Only now serv'd to fire each Part;
 What should refresh, increas'd the Smart:
 And now their very Breath,
 The chiefest Sign of Life, was turn'd the Cause of Death.

XI.

Upon the Head first the Disease,
 As a bold Conqueror, doth seize,
 Begins with Man's Metropolis,
 Secur'd the Capitol, and then it knew
 It cou'd at Pleasure weaker Parts subdue.
 Blood started through each Eye;
 The Redness of that Sky
 Foretold a Tempest nigh.
 The Tongue did flow all o'er
 With clotted Filth and Gore;
 As doth a Lion's when some innocent Prey
 He hath devour'd and brought away:
 Hoarseness and Sores the Throat did fill,
 And stopt the Passages of Speech and Life;
 No room was left for Groans or Grief;
 Too cruel and imperious Ill!
 Which not content to kill,
 With tyrannous and dreadful Pain,
 Dost take from Men the very Power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the Breast,
 There all the Seats and Shops of Life possess'd.
 Such noisome Smells from thence did come,
 As if the Stomach were a Tomb;
 No Food would there abide,
 Or if it did, turn'd to the Enemy's Side,
 The very Meat new Poisons to the Plague supply'd.

Next,

Next, to the Heart the Fires came,
The Heart did wonder what usurping Flame,
What unknown Furnace shou'd
On its more natural Heat intrude ;
Straight call'd its Spirits up, but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel.

The tainted Blood its Course began,
And carried Death where-e'er it ran ;
That which before was Nature's noblest Art,
The Circulation from the Heart,
Was most destructful now,
And Nature speedier did undo,
For that the sooner did impart

The Poison and the Smart,
Th' infectious Blood to every distant Part.

XIII.

The Belly felt at last its Share,
And all the Subtile Labyrinths there
Of winding Bowels did new Monsters bear.
Here seven Days it rul'd and sway'd,
And oftner kill'd because it Death so long delay'd.
But if through strength and heat of Age
The Body overcame its Rage,
The Plague departed as the Devil doth,
When driven by Pray'rs away he goeth.
If Pray'rs and Heaven do him control
And if he cannot have the Soul,

Himself out of the Roof or Window throws,

And will not all his Labour lose,
But takes away with him Part of the House :
So here the vanquish'd Evil took from them

Who conquer'd it, some Part, some Limb ;
Some lost the Use of Hands and Eyes,
Some Arms, some Legs, some Thighs ;
Some all their Lives before forgot,
Their Minds were but one darker Blot ;
Those various Pictures in the Head,
And all the numerous Shapes were fled ;

And

And now the ransack'd Memory
 Languish'd in naked Poverty,
 Had lost its mighty Treasury ;
 They past the *Lethe* Lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever lesser Maladies Men had,
 They all gave Place and vanished ;
 Those petty Tyrants fled,
 And at this mighty Conqueror shrunk their Head.
 Fevers, Agues, Palsies, Stone,
 Gout, Colick and Consumption,
 And all the milder Generation,
 By which Mankind is by Degrees undone,
 Quickly were rooted out and gone ;
 Men saw themselves freed from the Pain,
 Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain :
 'Twas an unhappy Remedy,
 Which cur'd 'em that they might both worse and sooner
 die.

XV.

Physicians now could naught prevail,
 They the first Spoils to the proud Victor fall,
 Nor would the Plague their Knowledge trust,
 But fear'd their Skill, and therefore slew them first :
 So Tyrants when they would confirm their Yoke,
 First make the chiefeft Men to feel the Stroke,
 The chiefeft and the wisest Heads, lest they
 Should soonest disobey,
 Should first rebel, and others learn from them the way.
 No Aid of Herbs, or Juices Power,
 None of *Apollo's* Art could cure,
 But help'd the Plague the speedier to devour.
 Physick itself was a Disease,
 Physick the fatal Tortures did increase,
 Prescriptions did the Pains renew,
 And *Æsculapius* to the Sick did come,
 As afterwards to *Rome*,
 In form of Serpent, brought new Poisons with him too.

The

XVI.

The Streams did wonder that so soon
As they were from their native Mountains gone,
They saw themselves drunk up, and fear
Another *Xerxes*' Army near.
Some cast into the Pit the Urn,
And drink it dry at its return :
Again they drew, again they drank ;
At first the Coolness of the Stream did thank,
But straight the more were scorch'd, the more did burn ;
And drunk with Water, in their drinking fank :
That Urn which now to quench their Thirst they use,
Shortly their Ashes shall inclose,
Others into the Crystal Brook,
With faint and wondering Eyes did look,
Saw what a ghastly Shape themselves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their Legs forsook.
Some snatch the Waters up,
Their Hands, their Mouths the Cup ;
They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning Store.
So have I seen on Lime cold Water thrown,
Straight all was to a Ferment grown,
And hidden Seeds of Fire together run :
The Heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the Finger could endure ;
But when the Moistures it provoke,
Did rage, did swell, did smoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and straight to Ashes broke:

XVII.

So strong the Heat, so strong the Torments were,
They like some mighty Burden bear
The lightest covering of Air.
All Sexes and all Ages do invade
The Bounds which Nature laid,
The Laws of Modesty which Nature made ;
The Virgins blush not, yet uncloath'd appear,
Undress'd to run about, yet never fear.

The

The Pain and the Disease did now
 Unwillingly reduce Men to
 That Nakedness once more,
 Which perfect Health and Innocence caus'd before.
 No Sleep, no Peace, no Rest,
 Their wand'ring and affrighted Minds possess'd ;
 Upon their Souls and Eyes
 Hell and eternal Horror lies,
 Unusual Shapes and Images,
 Dark Pictures and Resemblances
 Of Things to come, and of the World below,
 O'er their distemper'd Fancies go :
 Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
 The Gods above, the Gods beneath ;
 Sometimes they Cruelties and Fury breathe,
 Not Sleep, but waking now was Sister unto Death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in Fields the Bodies lay,
 The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take their Flesh away.
 In vain she call'd, they come not nigh,
 Nor would their Food with their own Ruin buy :
 But at full Meals they hunger, pine and die.
 The Vultures afar off did see the Feast,
 Rejoic'd, and call'd their Friends to taste,
 They rallied up their Troops in haste ;
 Along came mighty Doves,
 Forsook their young Ones, and their Groves,
 Each one his Native Mountain and his Nest ;
 They come, but all their Carcases abhor,
 And now avoid the dead Men more
 Than weaker Birds did living Men before.
 But if some bolder Fowls the Flesh assay,
 They were destroy'd by their own Prey.
 The Dog no longer bark'd at coming Guest,
 Repents its being a Domestick Beast,
 Did to the Woods and Mountains haste :
 The very Owls at *Athen* are
 But seldom seen and rare,

The Owls depart in open Day,
Rather than in infected Ivy more to stay.

XIX.

Mountains of Bones and Carcases,
The Streets, the Market-place possess,
Threatning to raise a new *Acropolis*.
Here lies a Mother and her Child,
The Infant suck'd as yet and smil'd,
But straight by its own Food was kill'd.
There Parents hugg'd their Children last,
Here parting Lovers last embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here Pris'ners in the Dungeon die,
And gain a twofold Liberty;
They meet and thank their Pains,
Which them from double Chains
Of Body and of Iron free.
Here others poison'd by the Scent
Which from corrupted Bodies went,
Quickly return the Death they did receive,
And Death to others give;
Themselves now dead the Air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before,
Their Bodies kill all that come near,
And even after Death they all are Murderers here.

XX.

The Friend doth hear his Friend's last Cries,
Parteth his Grief for him, and dies,
Lives not enough to close his Eyes.
The Father at his Death
Speaks his Son Heir with an infectious Breath;
In the same Hour the Son doth take
His Father's Will, and his own make.
The Servant need not here be slain,
To serve his Master in the other World again;
They languishing together lie,
Their Souls away together fly;

The

400 POEMS by Dr. SPRAT,

The Husband gaspeth, and his Wife lies by;
 It must be her Turn next to die:
 The Husband and the Wife
 Too truly now are one, and live one Life.
 That Couple which the Gods did entertain,
 Had made their Prayer here in vain;
 No Fates in Death could them divide,
 They must without their Privilege together both have dy'd.

XXI.

There was no Number now of Death,
 The Sisters scarce stood still themselves to breathe:
 The Sisters now quite wearied
 In cutting single Thread,
 Began at once to part whole Looms,
 One Stroke did give whole Houses Dooms:
 Now dy'd the frosty Hairs,
 The aged and decrepid Years;
 They fell, and only begg'd of Fate
 Some few Months more, but 'twas alas too late.
 Then Death, as if asham'd of that,
 A Conquest so degenerate,
 Cut off the Young and Lusty too;
 The Young were reckoning o'er
 What happy Days, what Joys they had in store:
 But Fate, ere they had finish'd their Account, them flew.
 The wretched Usurer died,
 And had no time to tell where he his Treasures hid;
 The Merchant did behold
 His Ships return with Spice and Gold;
 He saw't, and turn'd aside his Head,
 Nor thank'd the Gods, but fell amidst his Riches dead.

XXII.

The Meetings and Assemblies cease, no more:
 The People throng about the Orator,
 No Course of Justice did appear,
 No Noise of Lawyers fill'd the Ear,
 The Senate cast away

The Robe of Honour, and obey
 Death's more resistless Sway,

Whilst

Whilst that with dictatorian Power
Doth all the great and lesser Officers devour.
No Magistrates did walk about;

No Purple aw'd the Rout:

The common People too

A Purple of their own did shew:

And all their Bodies o'er

The ruling Colours bore.

No Judge, no Legislators sit,

Since this new *Draco* came,

And harsher Laws did frame,

Laws that, like his, in Blood are writ.

The Benches and the Pleading-place they leave,

About the Streets they run and rave:

The Madness which great *Solon* did of late

But only counterfeit

For the Advantage of the State,

Now his Successors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up starts the Soldier from his Bed,

He, though Death's Servant, is not freed,

Death him cashier'd, 'cause now his Help she did not need.

He that ne'er knew before to yield,

Or to give back, or leave the Field,

Would fain now from himself have fled.

He snatch'd his Sword now rusted o'er,

Dreadful and sparkling now no more,

And thus in open Streets did roar:

How have I, Death, so ill deserv'd of thee,

That now thyself thou should'st revenge on me?

Have I so many Lives on thee bestow'd?

Have I the Earth so often dy'd in Blood?

Have I, to flatter thee, so many slain?

And must I now thy Prey remain?

Let me at least, if I must die,

Meet in the Field some gallant Enemy.

Send, Gods, the *Persian* Troops again:

No, they're a base and a degenerate Train;

They by our Women may be slain.

Give

402 POEMS by Dr. SPRAT,

Give me, great Heav'ns, some manful Foes,
 Let me my Death amidst some valiant *Grecians* choofe,
 Let me survive to die at *Syracuse*,
 Where my dear Country shall her Glory lose.
 For you, Great Gods! into my Mind infuse,
 What Miseries, what Doom
 Must on my *Athens* shortly come :
 My Thoughts inspir'd presage
 Slaughters and Battles to the coming Age ;
 Oh ! might I die upon that glorious Stage :
 Oh ! that but then he grasp'd his Sword, and Death con-
 cludes his Rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy Sword, O Fate !
 Lest thou repent when 'tis too late,
 Lest by thy making now so great a Waste,
 By spending all Mankind upon one Feast,
 Thou starve thyself at last :
 What Men wilt thou reserve in Store,
 Whom in the time to come thou may'st devour,
 When thou shalt have destroyed all before ?
 But if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
 If yet thy greedy Stomach calls for more,
 If more remain whom thou must kill,
 And if thy Jaws are craving still,
 Carry thy Fury to the *Scythian* Coasts,
 The northern Wilderness, and eternal Frosts !
 Against those barb'rous Crowds thy Arrows whet,
 Where Arts and Laws are Strangers yet ;
 Where thou may'st kill, and yet the Loss will not be great.
 There rage, there spread, and there infect the Air,
 Murder whole Towns and Families there,
 Thy worst against those savage Nations dare,
 Those whom Mankind can spare,
 Those whom Mankind itself doth fear ;
 Amidst that dreadful Night and fatal Cold,
 There thou may'st walk unseen, and bold,
 There let thy Flames their Empire hold.

Unto the farthest Seas, and Nature's Ends,
Where never Summer's Sun its Beams extends,
Carry thy Plagues, thy Pains, thy Heats,
Thy raging Fires, thy torturing Sweats,
Where never Ray or Heat did come,
They will rejoice at such a Doom.
They'll bless thy pestilential Fire,
Though by it they expire,
They'll thank the very Flames with which they do
consume.

XXV.

Then if that Banquet will not thee suffice,
Seek out new Lands where thou may'st tyrannize;
Search every Forest, every Hill,
And all that in the hollow Mountains dwell;
Those wild and untame Troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the rest of Men secure,
And that the rest of Men will thank thee for.
Let all those human Beasts be slain,
'Till scarce their Memory remain;
Thyself with that ignoble Slaughter fill,
'Twill be permitted thee that Blood to spill.
Measure the ruder World throughout,
March all the Ocean's Shores about,
Only pass by and spare the *British Isle*.
Go on, and (what *Columbus* once shall do,
When Days and Time unto their Ripeness grow)
Find out new Lands, and unknown Countries too:
Attempt those Lands which yet are hid
From all Mortality beside:
There thou may'st steal a Victory,
And none of this World hear the Cry
Of those that by thy Wounds shall die;
No *Greek* shall know thy Cruelty,
And tell it to Posterity.
Go, and unpeople all those mighty Lands,
Destroy with unrelenting Hands;

Go,

Go, and the *Spaniard's* Sword prevent ;
 Go make the *Spaniard* innocent ;
 Go, and root out all Mankind there,
 That when the *European* Armies shall appear,
 Their Sin may be the less,
 They may find all a Wilderness,
 And without Blood the Gold and Silver there possess.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant ;
 Rather than thou shouldst full Employment want,
 (We do permit) in *Greece* thy Kingdom plant.
 Ranfack *Lycurgus'* Streets throughout,
 They've no Defence of Walls to keep thee out.
 On wanton, and proud *Corinth* seize,
 Nor let her double Waves thy Flames appease.
 Let *Cyprus* feel more Fires than those of Love :
 Let *Delos*, which at first did give the Sun,
 See unknown Flames in her begun,
 Now let her with the might unconstant prove,
 And from her Place might truly move :
 Let *Lemnos* all thy Anger feel,
 And think that a new *Vulkan* fell,
 And brought with him new Anvils, and new Hell,
 Nay, at *Athens* too we give thee up,
 All that thou find'st in Field, or Camp, or Shop :
 Make havock there without Control
 Of every ignorant and common Soul.
 But then, kind Plague, thy Conquests stop :
 Let Arts, and let the Learned there escape,
 Upon *Minerva's* self commit no Rape ;
 Touch not the sacred Throng,
 And let *Apollo's* Priests, be, like him, young.
 Let him be healthful too, and strong.
 But ah ! too ravenous Plague, whilst I
 Strive to keep off the Misery,
 The Learned too, as fast as others, round me die ;
 They from Corruption are not free,
 Are Mortal, though they give an Immortality.

XXVII.

XXVII.

They turn'd their Authors o'er, to try
What Help, what Cure, what Remedy
All Nature's Stores against this Plague supply;
And though besides they shunn'd it every where,
They search'd it in their Books, and fain would meet it
there,

They turn'd the Records of the ancient Times;
And chiefly those that were made famous by their Crimes,
To find if Men were punish'd so before;
But found not the Disease nor Cure.
Nature, alas! was now surpris'd,
And all her Forces seiz'd,
Before she was how to resist advis'd.
So when the Elephants did first affright
The *Romans* with unusual fight,
They many Battles lose,
Before they knew their Foes,
Before they understood such dreadful Troops t' oppose.

XXVIII.

Now ev'ry different Sect agrees
Against their common Adversary, the Disease,
And all their little Wranglings cease;
The *Pythagoreans* from their Precepts swerve,
No more their Silence they observe,
Out of their Schools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan;
They now desir'd their Metempsychosis;
Not only to dispute, but with
That they might turn to Beasts, or Fowls, or Fish.
If the *Platonicks* had been here,
They would have curs'd their Master's Year,
When all things shall be as they were,
When they again the same Disease should bear:
All the Philosophers would now,
What the great *Stagyrite* shall do,
Themselves into the Waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

XXIX.

The *Stoicks* felt the deadly Stroke,
 At first Assault their Courage was not broke,
 They call'd in all the Cobweb Aid
 Of Rules and Precepts, which in Store they had;
 They bid their Hearts stand out,
 Bid them be calm and stout,
 But all the Strength of Precepts will not do't.
 They can't the Storms of Passions now assuage;
 As common Men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
 The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
 The Gods gave no Release unto their Pain,
 The Gods to fear even for themselves began.
 For now the Sick unto their Temples came,
 And brought more than an holy Flame,
 There at the Altars made their Prayer,
 They sacrific'd and died there,
 A Sacrifice not seen before;
 That Heaven, only us'd unto the Gore
 Of Lambs or Bulls, should now
 Loaded with Priests see its own Altars too!

XXX.

The Woods gave fun'ral Piles no more,
 The Dead the very Fire devour,
 And that almighty Conqueror o'er-power.
 The noble and the common Dust
 Into each other's Graves are thrust,
 No Place is sacred, and no Tomb,
 'Tis now a Privilege to consume;
 Their Ashes no distinction had;
 Too truly all by Death are equal made.
 The Ghosts of those great Heroes that had fled
 From *Athens* long since banished,
 Now o'er the City hovered;
 Their Anger yielded to their Love,
 They left th' immortal Joys above,
 So much their *Athens* Danger did them move.

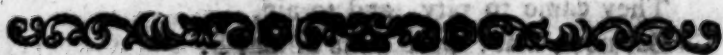
They

They came to pity, and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite dismay'd,
When they beheld the Marbles open lay'd,
And poor Mens Bones the noble Urns invade:
Back to the blessed Seats they went,
And now did thank their Banishment,
By which they were to die, in foreign Countries sent.

XXXI.

But what, Great Gods! was worst of all,
Hell forth its Magazines of Lust did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick Troops of Souls were thither sent;
Into the upper World it went.
Such Guilt, such Wickedness,
Such Irreligion did increase,
That the few Good which did survive,
Were angry with the Plague for suffering them to live;
More for the Living than the Dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very Dead,
Tho' sure to be infected ere they fled,
Tho' in the very Air sure to be punished.
Some nor the Shrines nor Temples spar'd,
Nor Gods, nor Heavens fear'd,
Tho' such Example of their Power appear'd.
Virtue was now esteem'd an empty Name,
And Honesty the foolish Voice of Fame;
For having past those tort'ring Flames before,
They thought the Punishment already o'er,
Thought Heaven no worse Torments had in Store;
Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.





*Upon the Poems of the English Ovid, Anacreon,
Pindar and Virgil, ABRAHAM COWLEY,
in Imitation of his own Pindarick Odes.*

I.

LET all this meaner Rout of Books stand by
The common People of our Library;
Let them make way for *Cowley's* Leaves to come,
And be hung up within this Sacred Room:
Let no prophane Hands break the Chain,
Or give them unwish'd Liberty again.
But let his Holy Relick be laid here,
With the same Religious Care,
As *Numa* once the Target kept,
Which down from Heav'n leapt;
Just such another is this Book,
Which its Original from Divine Hands took,
And brings as much good too, to those that on it look.
But yet in this they differ, that cou'd be
Eleven times likened by a mortal Hand,
But this which here doth stand
Will never any of its own sort see,
But must still live without such Company.
For never yet was writ,
In the two learned Ages which Time left behind,
Nor in this ever shall we find,
Nor any one like to it,
Of all the numerous Monuments of Wit.

II.

Cowley! What God did fill thy Breast,
And taught thy Hand t' indite?
(For God's a Poet too,
He doth create, and so do you)
Or else at least

What

What Angel sat upon thy Pen when thou didst write?
There he sat and mov'd thy Hand
As proud of his Command,
As when he makes the dancing Orbs to reel,
And spins out Poetry from Heaven's Wheel.
Thy Hand too, like a better Sphere,
Gives us more ravishing Musick, made for Men to hear.
Thy Hand too like the Sun which Angels move,
Has the same Influence from above,
Produces Gold and Silver of a nobler Kind;
Of greater Price and more refin'd.
Yet in this it exceeds the Sun, 't has no degenerate Race,
Brings forth no Lead, nor any thing so base.

III.

What holy vestal Hearth,
What Immortal Breath,
Did give so pure Poetic Flame its Birth?
Just such a Fire as thine,
Of such an unmixt glorious Shine,
Was *Prometheus's* Flames,
Which from no less than Heav'n came,
Along he brought the sparkling Coal,
From some Celestial Chimney stole,
Quickly the plundred Stars he left,
And as he hastned down
With the robb'd Flames his Hands still shone,
And seem'd as if they were burnt for the Theft,
Thy Poetry's compounded of the same,
Such a bright Immortal Flame,
Just so temper'd is thy Rage,
Thy Fires as light and pure as they,
And go as high as his did, if not higher,
That thou may'st seem to us
A true *Prometheus*,
But that thou didst not steal the least Spark of thy Fire.

IV.

Such as thine was *Arion's* Verse,
Which he did to the list'ning Fish rehearse;

410 POEMS by Dr. SPRAT.

Which when they heard play'd on his Lute,
 They first curst Nature that she made them mute.
 So noble were his Lines, which made the very Waves
 Strive to turn his Slaves,
 Lay down their boisterous Noise,
 And dance to his harmonious Voice,
 Which made the *Sirens* lend their Ear,
 And from his sweeter Tunes some Treachery fear;
 Which made the *Dolphin* proud,
 That he was allow'd,
 With *Atlas*, the great Porter of the Skies, to take
 Such Heav'nly Musick up, and carry't on his Back.
 So full and graceful thy Words go,
 And with the same Majestick Sweetness flow,
 Yet his Verse only carry'd him o'er the Seas,
 But there's a very Sea of Wit in these,
 As Salt and Boundless as the other Ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great *Amphion's* Song,
 Which brought the wond'ring Stones along;
 The wond'ring Stones skipt from their Mother Earth,
 And left their Father cold, as his first Breath,
 They rose, and knew not by what magic Force they hung.
 So were his Words, so plac'd his Sounds,
 Which forc'd the Marbles rise from out their Grounds,
 Which cut and carved, made them shine,
 A Work which can be out-done by none but thine.
 The amazed Poet saw the Building rise,
 And knew not how to trust his Eyes:
 The willing Mortar came, and all the Trees
 Leapt into Beams he sees.
 He saw the Streets appear,
 Streets, that must needs be Harmonious there:
 He saw the Walls dance round t' his Pipe,
 The Glorious Temple shew its Head,
 He saw the Infant City ripe,
 And all like the Creation by a Word was bred.

Bishop of ROCHESTER. 411

So great a Verse is thine, which tho' it will not raise
Marble Monuments to thy Praise ;
Yet 'tis no matter, Cities they must fall,
And Houses, by the greatest Glutton Time be eaten all :
But thy Verse builds a Fame for thee,
Which Fire cannot devour, nor purify,
Which Sword and Thunder doth defy,
As round, and full, as the great Circle of Eternity.

VI.

To thee the *English* Tongue doth owe,
That it need not seek
For Elegancy from the round-mouth'd *Greek* ;
To thee, that *Roman* Poets now may hide,
In their own *Latium*, their Head :
To thee, that our enlarged Speech can shew,
Far more than the three western Daughters born
Out of the Ashes of the *Roman* Urn :
Daughters born of a Mother, which did yield to admit
The adulterate Seed of several Tongues with it :
More than the smooth *Italian*, tho' Nature gave
That Tongue in Poetry a Genius to have.
And that she might the better fit it to't,
Made the very Land a Foot,
More than the *Spanish*, tho' that in one Mass,
The *Morish*, *Jewish*, *Gotbish* Treasures has,
And just as in their Kingdom, in their Tongue,
Most Quarters of the Earth together throng.
More than the courtly *French*, tho' that doth pace,
And not trot o'er the Tongue its Race :
That has not any Thing, so elaborate Wit ;
Tho' it by its sliding seems to have more Oil in it.
Thy Soul hath gone thro' all the Muses Track ;
Where never Poets Feet were seen before,
Hath pass'd those Sands where others left their Wrecks.
And sailed an Ocean through, which some thought had
no Shore,
Thy Spirit has discover'd all Poetry ;
Thou found'st no Tropicks in the Poets Sky.

412 POEMS by Dr. SPRAT,

More than the Sun can do, hast brought a sacred Flower
To Mount *Parnassus* ; and hast open'd to our Hand
Apollo's Holy Land,

Which yet hid in the frigid Zone did lie.

Thou hast sail'd the Muses Globes,
Not as the other *Drake*, or *Ca'ndish* did, to Rob.

Thou hast brought home the Treasure too,
Which yet no *Spaniard* can claim his due :

Thou hast search'd thro' every Creek,
From the *East-Indies* of the Poets World, the *Greek*,
To the *America* of Wit,

Which was last known, and has most Gold in it;

That Mother-Tongue which we do speak,
This World thy greater Spirit has run through,

And view'd and conquer'd too,

A World as round and large as th' other is,

And yet in it there can be no Antipodes,

For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets 'till now deserv'd Excuse, not Praise,
'Till now the Muses liv'd in Taverns, and the Bays

That they were truly Trees did shew,
Because by sucking Liquor they did only grow.

Verses were counted Fiction, and a Lye

The very Nature of good Poetry.

He was a Poet that cou'd speak least Truth :

Sober and grave Men scorn'd the Name,

Which once was thought the greatest Fame.

Poets had nought else of *Apollo*, but his Youth :

Few ever spake in Rhime, but that their Feet

The Trencher of some liberal Man might meet.

Or else they did some rotten Mistress paint,

Call her their Goddess, or their Saint.

Tho' contrary in this, they to their Matter run,

For the great God of Wit, the Sun,

When he doth shew his Mistress, the white Moon,

He makes her Spots, as well as Beauty, to be shewn.

'Till now the Sisters were too old, and therefore grew
Extremely Fabulous too:
'Till you, Sir, came, they were despis'd;
They were all Heathens yet,
Nor ever into the Church could get;
And tho' they had a Font so long, yet never were baptis'd.

VIII.

You, Sir, have rais'd the Price of Wit,
By bringing in more Store of it:
Poetry, the Queen of Arts, can now
Reign, without dissembling too.
You have shewed a Poet must not needs be bad;
That one may be *Apollo's* Priest,
And be fill'd with his Oracles, without being mad;
'Till now, Wit was a Curse (as to *Lot's* Wife,
'Twas to be turn'd to Salt)
Because it made Men lead a Life,
Which was nought else but one continual Fault.
You first the Muses to the *Christians* brought,
And you then first the holy Language taught:
In you good Poetry and Divinity meet,
You are the first Bird of Paradise with Feet.

IX.

Your *Miscellanies* do appear,
Just such another glorious indigested Heap,
As the first Mass was, where
All Heav'ns and Stars inclosed were,
Before they each one to their Place did leap.
Before God the great Censor them bestow'd,
According to their Ranks, in several Tribes abroad;
Whilst yet Sun and Moon
Were in perpetual Conjunction:
Whilst all the Stars were but one milky Way,
And in natural Embraces lay.
Whilst yet none of the Lamps of Heav'n might
Call this their own, and that another's Light.
So glorious a Lump is thine,
Which Chymistry may separate, but not refine:

414 POEMS by Dr. SPRAT,

Sa mixt, so pure, so united does it shine,
A Chain of Sand, of which each Link is all Divine.

X.

Thy Mistress shews, that *Cupid* is not always blind,
Where we a pure exalted Muse do find,
Such as may well become a glorified Mind.

Such Songs tune Angels when they love,
And do make Courtship to some Sister-Mind above.

(For Angels need not scorn such soft Desires,
Seeing thy Heart is touch'd with the same Fires.)

So when they clothe themselves in Flesh,
And their Light in some human Shapes do dress,
(For which they fetch'd Stuff from the neighbouring Air:)

So when they stoop, to like some mortal Fair,
Such Words, such Odes as thine they use,
With such soft Strains, Love into her Heart infuse.

Thy Love is on the top, if not above Mortality;

Clean, and from Corruption free,
Such as Affections in Eternity shall be;
Which shall remain unspotted there,
Only to shew what once they were:

Thy *Cupid's* Shafts all golden are;
Thy *Venus* has the Salt, but not the Froth o' th' Sea.

XI.

Thy high *Pindaricks* soar
So high, where never any Wing till now could get;
And yet thy Wit

Doth seem so great, as those that do fly lower.

Thou stand'st on *Pindar's* Back;
And therefore thou a higher Flight dost take:

Only thou art the Eagle, he the Wren,

Thou hast brought him from the Dust,

And made him live again.

Pindar has left his barbarous *Greece*, and thinks it just

To be led by thee to the *English* Shore;
An Honour to him: *Alexander* did no more,
Nor scarce so much, when he did save his House before,

When his Word did assuage

A warlike Army's violent Rage:

Thou

Thou hast given to his Name,
Than that great Conqueror sav'd him from, a brighter
Flame.

He only left some Walls where *Pindar's* Name might stay,

Which with Time and Age decay:

But thou hast made him once again to live;

Thou didst to him new Life and Breathing give.

And as in the last Resurrection,

Thou hast made him rise more glorious, and put on

More Majesty; a greater Soul is given to him, by you,

Than ever he in happy *Thebes* or *Greece* could shew.

XII.

Thy *David* too-----

But hold thy headlong Pace, my Muse;

None but the Priest himself doth use

Into the holy'st Place to go.

Check thy young *Pindaric* Heat,

Which makes thy Pen too much to sweat;

'Tis but an Infant yet,

And just now left the Teat,

By *Cowley's* matchless Pattern nurs'd:

Therefore it is not fit,

That it should dare to speak so much at first.

No more, no more for shame.

Let not thy Verse be as his Worth is, infinite:

It is enough that thou hast learn'd, and spoke thy Father's
Name.

He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praise you,

Had need of brassen Lungs and Forehead too.



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The End of the Second Volume.

ERRATA, VOL. I.

Page 83	Line 20 for <i>Ætna</i> read <i>Ætnæan</i>
97	Line 13 for <i>Line</i> read <i>Lines</i>
223	Line 19 for <i>advise</i> read <i>devise</i>
241	Line 14 for <i>Companion</i> read <i>Champion</i>
327	Line 3 for <i>Value</i> read <i>Valour</i>
350	Line 6 for <i>were</i> read <i>were</i>

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9	Line 21 for <i>wing</i> read <i>wing'd</i>
13	Line 26 for <i>with</i> read <i>which</i>
14	Line 15 for <i>once</i> read <i>one</i>
29	Line 33 for <i>for</i> read <i>far</i>
85	Line 10 for <i>to give is</i> read <i>is to give</i>
112	Line 2 for <i>I've</i> read <i>If I've</i>
309	Line 4 for <i>unacquainted</i> read <i>acquainted</i>

